

Sold by Grocers and Perfumers throughout the World.
 The New (Indian) Perfume (Registered.)
 The Scent and Excellence of the Season."
PHUL-NANA
 A Bouquet of Indian Flowers.
 Patronised by H.M. Queen Alexandra.
 Perfume, Soap, Sachet.
 J. GROSSMITH & SON, WHOLESALE PERFUMERS, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

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The Review of Reviews



for Australasia
 Aug. 1903. Price 9d

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"EXCELSIOR" BAKING POWDER
 IS THE BEST OBTAINABLE IN AUSTRALIA.

"Accurate-to-the-Second."

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For Discriminating People who want "The Best."



"All advertise watches, but no one makes watches in America but the 'Dueber-Hampden Company.' Some make Watch Movements, some make Watch Cases; no one can guarantee a watch who makes one-half of it only."



"Lever Set" and Cannot "Set" in the Pocket. Made in the only factory in the world where a complete watch (both case and movement) is made. Every Watch Guaranteed (Case as well as Movement).

"The 400," The Ladies' Watch.

"John Hancock" 21 Jewels, The Gentlemen's Watch.

"Special Railway," 21 and 23 Jewels, for Railway Men, etc.

Look for the name "Dueber" in the case.
Write for our "Guide to Watch Buyers."

**THE
DUEBER=HAMPDEN WATCH WORKS,
CANTON, OHIO.**



THE SCHEME THAT FAILED.

I.

Dr. Seltzer: "These bent lookin'-glasses make a person look awfully funny."

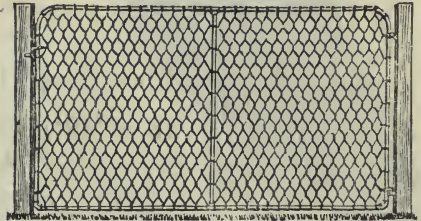
(Continued on page lii.)

"CYCLONE" WOVEN WIRE GATES.

Light, Strong, and Rabbit Proof.

Made of STEEL TUBE, with Malleable IRON FITTINGS; with Galvanised Steel Wire woven on to the frames.

CAN'T SAG OR PULL THE POSTS OVER.



Weight of a 9-foot Gate under 50 lbs. Hinges, Catches and Stops complete. Can be hung in a few minutes.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Fence, Gates, and Droppers.

"CYCLONE"
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THE NEW "OUAKER" THERMAL BATH CABINET

Is a Necessity in Every Home.



Ready for instant use when received. No setting up. No trouble. You can have at home in your own room Turkish, Russian, Hot Air, Vapour, Medicated, Perfumed, Mineral, Salt, Quinine, Hop, or Sulphur Baths. Benefits and cures Sleeplessness, Obesity, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Blood and Skin Diseases. Cures a hard cold with one bath. These baths are highly endorsed by

physicians and such eminent authorities as Dr. Ruddock, Dr. Kellogg, Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

PRICE, 25s. and 45s.

Carriage paid to any Victorian Railway Station, or Australian and N.Z. ports.

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STAR NOVELTY COMPANY,
Premier Buildings, 229-231 Collins Street, Melbourne.

DON'T CAST A SHADOW

Over your life, suffering from defective hearing or Deafness, when you can obtain

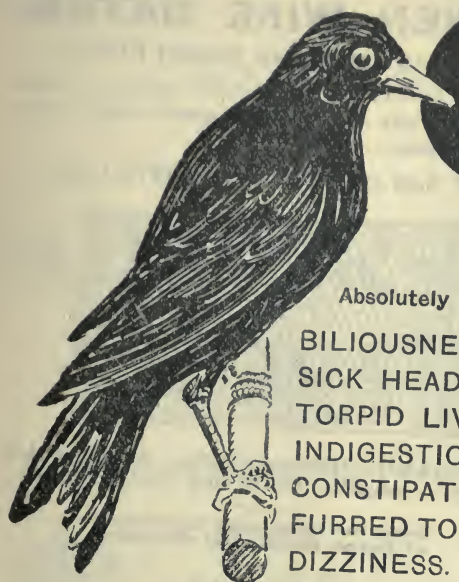
WILSON COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS

They take the shape of the ear—they are as soft as the skin; they concentrate the waves of sound on to the natural drum, restoring the hearing power. They are invisible when in use and perfectly comfortable—one forgets all about them. Simple illustrated directions with every set (pair of Drums, inserter and forceps). The Queensland bushman by himself in his own home gets beneficial results as easily as the city man purchasing a set at our office. The accumulated successes of years uphold the sales. Our delighted patients everywhere recommend them. One says "they are the difference between light and darkness to me." We say, "Don't remain in the shadow."

Book that tells all mailed free. Why not write for one to-day? Sole Australasian Agent for the Wilson Ear Drum Company of Louisville, Ky., U.S.A.,

J. CHALMERS,
Premier Buildings, 229-231 Collins St., Melb.





Absolutely Cure
 BILIOUSNESS.
 SICK HEADACHE.
 TORPID LIVER.
 INDIGESTION.
 CONSTIPATION.
 FURRED TONGUE.
 DIZZINESS.
 SALLOW SKIN.

There's SECURITY in CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

They TOUCH the **LIVER**
 Be Sure they are

CARTER'S

RADIATORS. RADIATORS. RADIATORS.

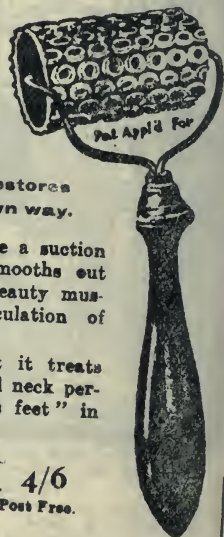
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The "Enterprise" Rubber Massage Roller



Makes, Keeps and Restores
 Beauty in Nature's own way.

The cup-shaped teeth have a suction effect on the skin that smooths out wrinkles, rounds out the beauty muscles, and gives perfect circulation of the blood.

It is so constructed that it treats every portion of the face and neck perfectly, even to the "crow's feet" in the corners of the eyes.

Sample Jar of "SKIN FOOD"
 Given Away with each Roller. 4/6
 Roller and Sample Jar - - Post Free.

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MELBOURNE.



THE SCHEME THAT FAILED.

II.

Dr. Seltzer (at home): "I'm goin' ter make one o' those bent lookin'-glasses I was tellin' yer 'bout t'other day."

(Continued on page vii.)

MR. EDISON'S LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

1st.—The New MOULDED Records, made of a harder material, which is more durable, and wears better than the old type, is not damaged by handling, and is more natural in tone, more distinct, and of exceptional loudness.

2nd.—The new Model "C" Reproducer, for all machines (except Gem), which has two absolutely new and important features, viz.: a built-up, indestructible diaphragm, very highly sensitive, and a new form of sapphire, shaped like a button, and so placed in the Reproducer arm that the edge of the sapphire tracks in the groove of the Record; the contact surface is very much smaller than that of the old ball type, and in consequence can follow the undulations of the Record without that tendency to jump from crest to crest so often the case with the old style. That harshness which has hitherto characterised the reproduction of the Phonograph and kindred machines is now entirely overcome, the result being a perfectly natural and musical effect most pleasing to the ear.

In future the "Gem" will be equipped with the Model B Automatic Reproducer, as previously supplied with the higher-priced machines. This will materially improve the reproduction of the Gem, both with the present style and the new Moulded Record.

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Allcock's POROUS PLASTERS

Are a universal remedy for Pains in the Back (so frequent in the case of women). They give instantaneous relief. Wherever there is pain apply a plaster.

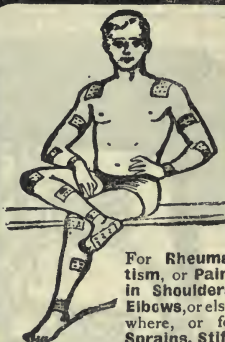


For Pains in the region of the Kidneys, or for a Weak Back, the plaster should be applied as shown above. Wherever there is pain apply Allcock's Plaster.

Rheumatism,
Colds, Coughs,
Bronchitis,
Weak Chest,
Weak Back,
Lumbago,
Sciatica, etc., etc.

Allcock's Plasters are superior to all other Plasters.

B. Bendish



For Rheumatism, or Pains in Shoulders, Elbows, or elsewhere, or for Sprains, Stiffness, etc., and for Aching Feet, cut plaster size and shape required and apply to part affected as shown above.

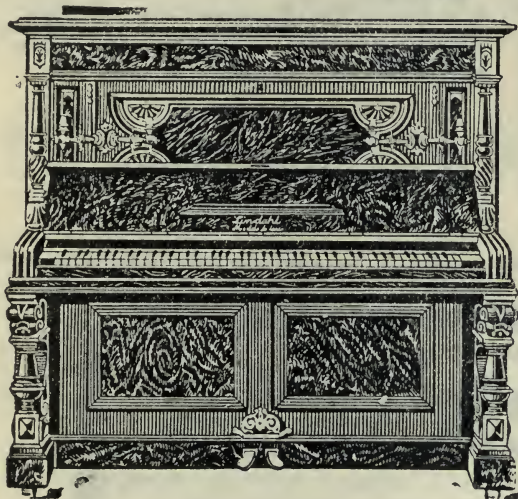
£175 PUZZLE COMPETITION

Open to readers of "The New Idea."

In the issue of "THE NEW IDEA" for JUNE, the proprietors threw open to its readers—the women of Australasia—an engrossing PUZZLE COMPETITION, with prizes valued at £175. Twelve sets of puzzle pictures, representing well-known towns in Australasia, will be published in consecutive numbers of the journal. Prizes will be awarded to the readers sending in the greatest number of correct solutions.

Sets of Pictures and full details are now appearing in "The New Idea."

PRIZES OFFERED.

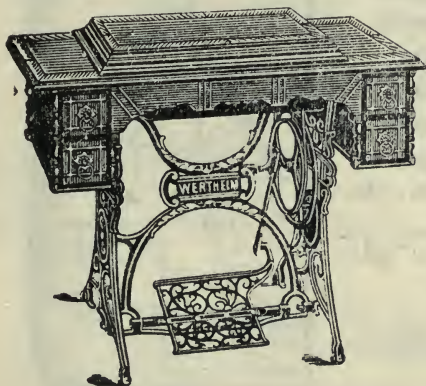


FIRST PRIZE.—Magnificent Grand Upright Lindahl Piano. Price, 100 Guineas. (Agents, **Suttons Proprietary Ltd.**, of Bourke St., Melbourne.) This prize will be awarded to the reader of "The New Idea" from whom the Editor receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions. We chose this instrument as being absolutely the best prize obtainable in Australasia for 100 Guineas. This style of Lindahl Piano is perhaps the finest instrument of its kind in the world. It is open for the inspection of our readers at Suttons Music Warehouses, Bourke Street, Melbourne; 33 and 35 Sturt Street, Ballarat; and 19 Pall Mall, Bendigo.

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Monthly Sets of Puzzle Pictures.
Send 3/- for a Year's Subscription
to **T. SHAW FITCHETT,**
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THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in Australia.

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.



BEWARE OF COUGHS!

Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

CONSUMPTION.

TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.
A COMPLETE CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks—Yours gratefully,

"J. BLAIR.

"Westminster, Bridge-road, S.E., London."

AGONISING COUGH.—NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.

RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergholm, Victoria.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.

"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY."

GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION.

HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The SCIENTIFIC AUSTRALIAN Office, 169 Queen-st., Melbourne.

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips. This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others. We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance. Believe us always to be yours most faithfully,

"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

QUEENSLAND TESTIMONY.

FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"69 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send us 36 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order. We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.

"We are, faithfully yours,

"THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists."

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents.

Prepared only, and sold wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

Small size, 2s. 6d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Forwarded by post to any address when not obtainable locally.

For mutual advantage when you write to an advertiser please mention the Review of Reviews.

ASTHMA.

PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charlesville, Queensland, writes:—"After suffering from Asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the Asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1883 (15 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it."

Writing again on the 4th April, 1899, he states:—"I am keeping very well now. Never have the slightest return of the Asthma."

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—P. F. MULLINS, Cowie's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trinky, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSET, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingegong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quilera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. E. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTER, Bourke, N.S.W."

"Your medicine for Asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yanko Siding, N.S.W."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAWEY, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WHYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Darlington, Victoria."

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure.—ELLIOTT BROS., Ltd., Wholesale Druggists, Sydney, N.S.W."

Alston's Patent Steel Windmills

Made in all sizes from £5 10s.



My Mills are imitated by many, but excelled by none. Hundreds of Testimonials received. Eight Gold Medals awarded.

A Friend in-need,
A Friend in-deed

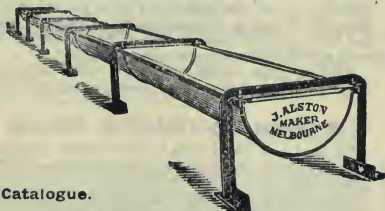
The First Cost
the Only Cost.
No Attention
Required.

The Best Investment
for House,
Stock, or Garden.
I make Wind-
mills a Special
Line, not a side
show.

ALSTON'S STEEL-FRAMED GALVANISED STOCK TROUGH.

The Best Trough
Ever Invented.
Will not crack,
leak, rot, or rust.

All Lengths.
Write me your
requirements.



Send for Catalogue.

JAMES ALSTON,

Patentee and Manufacturer,

Queen's Bridge, SOUTH MELBOURNE.

HAS

No Equal.

The Most
Lasting.

The Most
Reliable.

PRICES :-

10/6,

12/6, 16/6, 21/-

25/- to £20

Of all
Stationers
Ask for
The 'SWAN'



CATALOGUE POST FREE.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,

93, Cheapside, London, Eng.

HAIR PRESERVED AND BEAUTIFIED



The only article which really
affords nourishment to the
hair, prevents baldness,
greyness, preserves and
strengthens it for years,
and resembles the oily mat-
ter which Nature provides
for its preservation, is—

ROWLANDS'

MACASSAR OIL.

Without it the hair becomes dry and weak; it feeds the hair, removes scurf and harshness, and produces a strong and healthy growth; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children, and for those whose hair has become grey.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasant fragrance to the breath.

Ask Stores and Chemists for ROWLANDS' Articles, of Hatton Garden, London, and avoid spurious Imitations.

BRITISH MAKE

"Britannia"



**Unshrinkable
Underwear.**

To get your skin always to act well, is the true key to health according to the highest medical authorities. In order to achieve this you have to pay proper attention to your underwear.

Britannia Vests, Pants, Combinations, &c., also Hose and Half-Hose for Ladies and Gentlemen, and Children's Socks, are the Best Money can Buy. They are reasonable in price and suit all tastes and pockets.

**Insist on Britannia and nothing but
BRITANNIA UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR**

Obtainable at all Drapery and Hosiery Stores.
See that "Britannia" and the above trade mark is stamped on every garment.



THE SCHEME THAT FAILED.
III.

"—Naow, jes' press down easy, 'Mandy."

(Continued on page ix.)

30 DAYS' TRIAL.

WE grant every purchaser of our ELECTRIC BELTS and APPLIANCES a trial of Thirty Days before payment, which is fully explained in our "ELECTRIC ERA." Our



Electric Belts will cure all NERVOUS and other DISEASES in all stages, however caused, and restore the wearer to ROBUST HEALTH.

Our Marvellous Electric Belts give a steady soothing current that can be felt by the wearer through all WEAK PARTS. REMEMBER, we give a written guarantee with each Electric Belt that it will permanently cure you. If it does not we will promptly return the full amount paid. We mean exactly what we say, and do precisely what we promise.

NOTICE.—Before purchasing we prefer that you send for our "ELECTRIC ERA" and Price List (post free), giving illustrations of different appliances for BOTH SEXES, also TESTIMONY which will convince the most sceptical.

ADDRESS—

German Electric Belt Agency,
63 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.



EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'



**A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR PREVENTING AND CURING
BY NATURAL MEANS**

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections and Fevers of all kinds.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous; I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right. Yours truly,——(August 8, 1900)."

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a Disordered, Sleepless, and Feverish Condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—See capsule marked Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

A BOX OF — BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.

A complete library for the children, of the best nursery rhymes, fairy-tales, fables, stories of travel, etc., that have ever been written for the little ones, illustrated with 2,000 drawings. Each set consists of 1,500 pages, in 24 books, bound in 12 volumes, printed on stout paper, with stiff cloth covers, and enclosed in a strong, handsome, cloth-covered cabinet.

No greater happiness can be granted to your little ones than an introduction to these characters, and the host of queer animals—to say nothing of giants, fairies, and other quaint folk—that people this child's fairy-land.

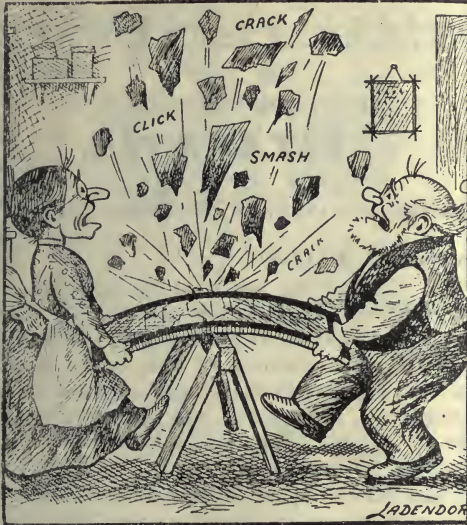
And no other children's library supplies the means as effectively as a Box of Books for the Bairns. Children's literature of every land has been laid under contribution. Every page is illustrated, and the drawings throughout, numbering over 2,000, are original, and executed solely for this series by the well-known children's artists, Miss Gertrude Bradley and Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu.

The Empress of Russia, in acknowledging receipt of a set for the little Grand Duchess, writes: "I am enchanted with the admirable pictures."

Sent Post Free to any address in Australasia on receipt of 10/-.

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA,"

167-169 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.



THE SCHEME THAT FAILED.

IV.
Bing!—("Judge.")

GOOD HAIR FOR ALL.



HOLLAND'S MARVELLOUS HAIR RESTORER

Has gained a world-wide reputation for arresting the premature decay, promoting the growth and giving lustre to the hair. If your hair is falling off, try it. If it is thin, try it.

Price 3s., 4s., 5s. Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S PARASENE,

For Eczema, Ringworm and all Parasitical Diseases of the Head, and for making Hair grow on Bald Patches.

Price 5s. Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S NATURALINE for restoring Grey Hair to its original colour.

Acts quickly, naturally, and effectively. Price 5s. 6d. Postage 9d. extra.

Consult E. HOLLAND for all Diseases of the Hair.

Sold by all Chemists and by Washington Soul & Co., Pitt-st., Sydney.

E. HOLLAND, Hair Specialist,

193 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

"A PERFECT Food for Infants."

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN,
Editress of "Baby."

Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

Neave's Food

For INFANTS and INVALIDS.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—
LANCET.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons."—Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

USED IN THE
RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

GOLD MEDAL

Woman's International Exhibition,
London, 1900.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO.,
Fordingbridge, England.

RUPTURE CURED WITHOUT

operation, pain or dependence
upon Trusses.



Throw away
your Truss.

The only humane treatment
Immediate Relief and Permanent
Cure is obtained by my improved
combined treatment. Send for
Treatise, "Rupture and its Cure."

SURGEON LANGSTON,

M.R.C.S., ENG.

129 COLLINS STREET, MELB.

VITADATIO AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

FURTHER TESTIMONY FROM A GRATEFUL
PERSON.

CONSUMPTION NIPPED IN THE BUD BY
VITADATIO.

HYDATIDS CONQUERED BY
VITADATIO.

Brunswick, 10 Eveline Street, off Glenlyon Road.

March 27, 1901.

Mr. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—My son, who is now 14 years of age, has been very ill off and on since he was four years, and about three years ago he was so ill that the doctor told me he was developing consumption. He had a terrible cough, which was distressing to listen to; he had fallen away to almost a skeleton. At this time, Mr. Luxton, Sydney Road, Coburg, advised me to try VITADATIO, which I did. After the first bottle I saw a great improvement. I continued the medicine; he gradually improved until he became quite well. I consider VITADATIO a wonderful medicine, as it has made a different boy of my son, whom I never expected to see healthy again. I can recommend it to anyone, and will be glad to give any information to anyone suffering the same complaint.—I remain,

EMILY MACKEY.

Sydney Road, Coburg, March 27, 1901.

I hereby certify to the above. I have known the boy for four years, during which time he was in very bad health. I advised his mother to give Vitadatio a trial, with the above results.—Yours faithfully,

F. H. LUXTON, Grocer, Coburg.

Clear Spring Laundry, 107 Elgin Street, Carlton, Vic.

June 8, 1903.

To Mr. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—For the benefit of anyone suffering from Hydatids, this is just to tell them of the wonderful cure that VITADATIO has made in my case. Two years and eight months ago I went to the South African war, but after twelve months' service I contracted enteric fever, and before I was thoroughly well I was sent to the field again, and at last had to return to Australia, feeling very bad indeed.

I saw Mr. S. Wood, of Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, and he said to me, "Come to my shop, and I will give you a bottle of Vitadatio, and if it does not cure you, you need not pay me for it." Before I had finished the bottle I felt a great relief of the pains in my inside. I continued taking the Vitadatio, and after the fourth bottle I was one day taken very sick, and vomited up a black jelly substance full of hydatids.

I am now in the best of health, and anyone who would like to see me can learn what your medicine has done for me.—I am, yours faithfully,

K. FERGUSON.

I have much pleasure in certifying to the correctness of the above testimonial. It was through my recommendation that Mr. K. Ferguson took VITADATIO. The result has been highly satisfactory, and he is now in the best of health.

S. WOODS.

371 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy.

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Suburbanite: "Great Scott! I guess you don't know my neighbour's hens."

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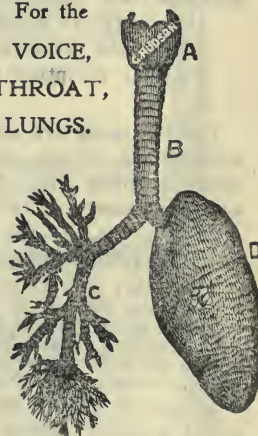
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LUNGS.



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BOARDERS are assured of wise training in social habits, perfect comfort, refined companions, and a happy College life.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.—Each Boarder attends the Church to which her parents belong, and is under the Pastoral Charge of its Minister. Regular Scripture teaching by the President.

BOARDERS FROM A DISTANCE.—Girls are attracted by the reputation of the College, and by the pre-eminent advantages in Health, Happiness, and Education it offers, from all the Seven States.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.—Young Ladies are received who wish to pursue Special Lines of Study without taking up the full course of ordinary school work.

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.—At the last Matriculation Examinations, fourteen students of the M.L.C. passed, out of seventeen officially "sent up," and two of the unsuccessful missed by only one point each! This is the highest proportion of passes secured by any college. There were no failures in Greek, Algebra, French, German, Botany, Geography, and Music, and only one in English and Physiology. Thirteen "Honours" were obtained in English, French, and German.

The following are unsought testimonials to the work of the College, taken from letters of parents received during 1901. They are samples, it may be added, of scores of similar letters received:

A parent whose girls have been, for some years, day-girls at the College, writes:

"Now that their school years are coming to an end, it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say what I hope will be the life-long benefit they have derived from being alumnae of the M.L.C. Their progress amply repays my wife and myself for any sacrifice we have made to secure them this great advantage."

A country banker, whose two daughters were resident students, writes:

"I am satisfied that my daughters have the good fortune to be where they have every advantage that talent, tone, and exceptional kindness can give to school-girls."

From a country minister:

"The College was a very happy home to our girl for the two years she was there. She is never weary

telling us of the great kindness and care she always received."

A South Australian lady writes:

"I wanted my girl to be brought up amongst lady-like companions, and to be happy; and I must congratulate you on accomplishing what is not only my desire, but what, I am sure, is the desire of hundreds of other mothers as well."

From a parent whose daughters have been day-students:

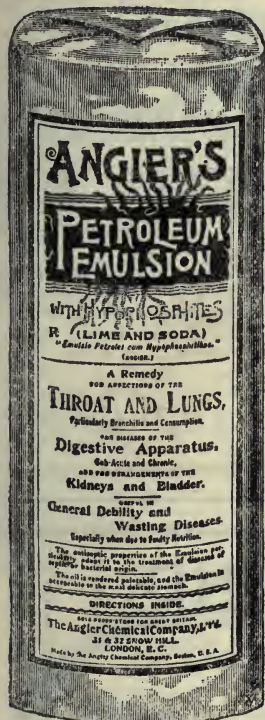
"I look upon the M.L.C. as a real temple of purity, kindness, and happy girl-life."

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"British readers will probably have but little idea of the national importance of this institution. It has earned the reputation of being one of the best High Schools for girls, not in Australia only, but in all the world."

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"Puck."]

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"Yes; but I'm afraid breakfast may not give you an appetite for work."



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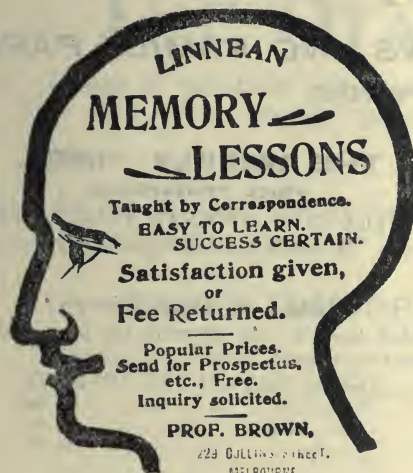
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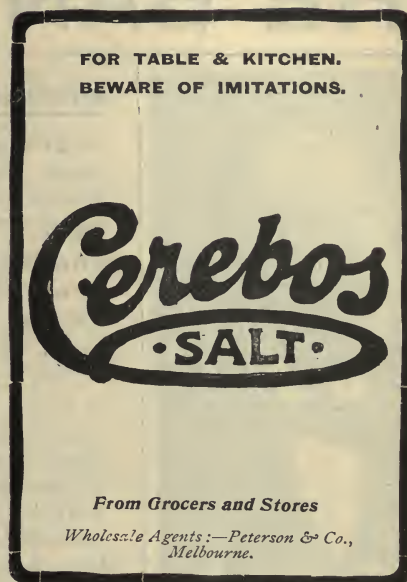
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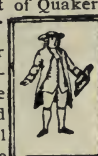
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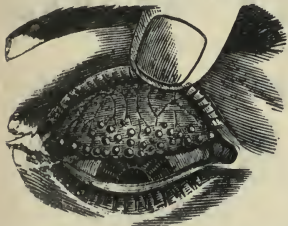
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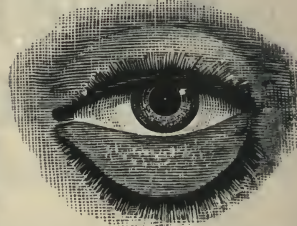
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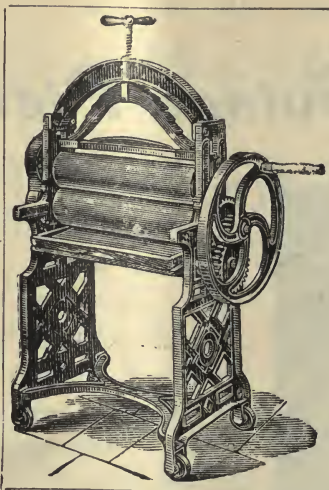
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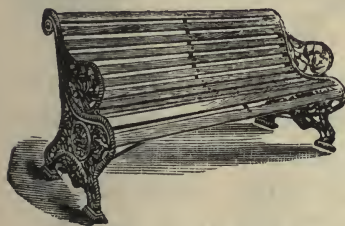
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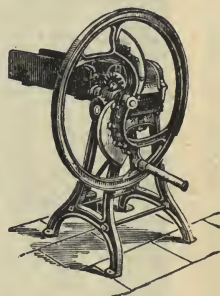
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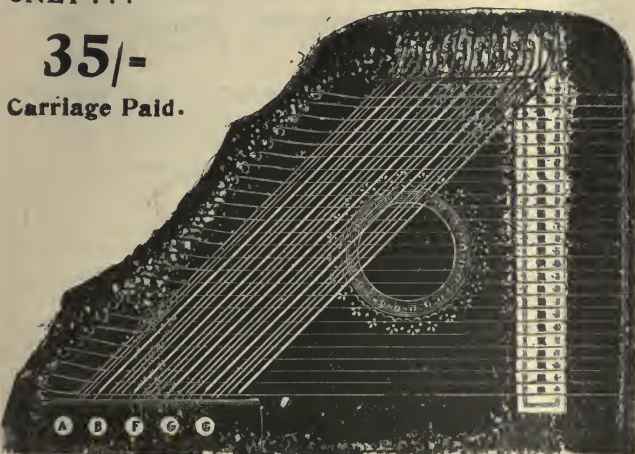


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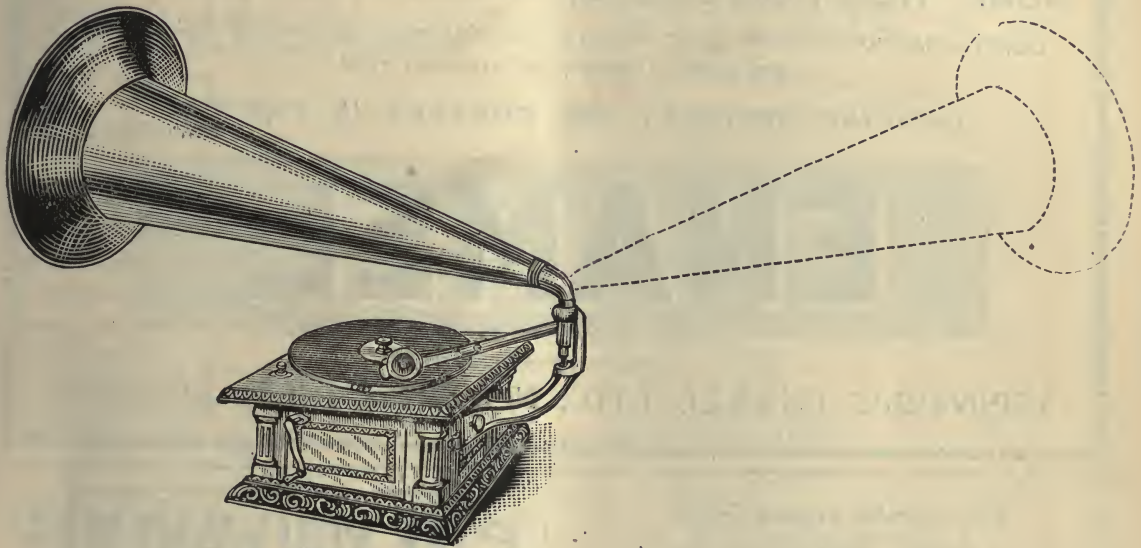
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W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.,
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FOR AUSTRALASIA.

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Editor: W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D.

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Annual Subscription for Australasia, 8/6.

Vol. XXIII. No. 2.

AUGUST 20, 1903.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

Finance

There is what can only be described as a cycle of surpluses in the State finances of Australasia. New Zealand, of course, leads the way with a credit balance, including that of last year, of £570,000. Queensland, struggling gallantly with adverse forces, has an estimated surplus of £4,106—this sum being due almost exclusively to the new income tax, which was expected to produce £100,000, and actually produced £141,894. South Australia, too, has an actual surplus of £3,492, and the South Australian Treasurer is once more a cheerful man. These surpluses are microscopic in scale, but they are as significant as the rise of the mercury in the barometer. They prove a whole change in political climate. The resolution with which the State Governments have devoted themselves to safe finance is bearing fruit.

Shut Pockets

The danger-signal to Australian finance, however, still flies. The Queensland loan of £750,000, issued at £96, and generously advertised, was solidly underwritten; yet only 30 per cent. of the amount was applied for by the general public. The cost of floating the loan was no less than £2 10s. per cent.; and the whole result is highly significant. For a few years new Australian loans will fare ill in the open market of the world.

The Risks of Success

New Zealand, oddly enough, is suffering from its own success. It has turned its flocks into frozen mutton with such diligence that at last New Zealand flocks themselves begin to dwindle. There is a falling off of 1,340,678

in the number of sheep as compared with the figures of a year ago. Lambs cannot be produced at one end of the industry as quickly as mutton is frozen at the other end; and yet new freezing companies are coming constantly into existence, and new freezing establishments are being erected. All this shows how hungry the world is for New Zealand mutton. And with a demand so active, the production is certain to increase proportionately. Here is, at least, one natural industry with an illimitable horizon.

Mr. Chamberlain's Scheme

Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff scheme threatens to revolutionise British politics. It may destroy the Imperial Cabinet, and rend the Unionist party in twain as completely and as disastrously as Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill rent the Liberal party in two, and banished it from office for well-nigh a generation. The debate in England has an almost amusing scale and intensity. It fills all the journals and magazines, awakens echoes from a hundred platforms, and threatens to reshape all party lines. But it cannot be said that any similar interest on the subject is awakened in either Australia or New Zealand. Mr. Seddon, indeed, with characteristic decision, has committed himself to the Chamberlain scheme, and is announcing at the top of his voice that the future of the Empire turns upon it. Sir Edmund Barton is constitutionally incapable of being very much convinced about anything, and he always believes in leading a crowd from the rear. So opinion in Australia, on the whole question, lacks a spokesman.

**Australian
Opinion**

As far as any definite opinions on the subject of a preferential tariff exist, they are not favourable to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. Free-traders object to his proposal, since it represents the triumph of protection. Protectionists, of course, welcome the scheme of a preferential tariff, because it represents for them a dialectical triumph. But their ideal does not in the least resemble that of Mr. Chamberlain. What Australian protectionists will accept is the doubling of the existing tariff against all foreigners, but no lowering of the present tariff against Great Britain. Local manufactures must be protected against British competition first; after that, the tariff may be built sky-high round the whole Empire against the rest of manufacturing mankind. There are limits, in brief, to the sacrifices that Australia is prepared to make for the Empire. If war broke out again Australians would, no doubt, cheerfully fight for the mother-country. But though Australian protectionists would sacrifice their blood for the Empire, they are not in the least disposed to sacrifice their ad valorem duties in its interests!

**The
Ties of
Empire**

Mr. Chamberlain, it is to be noted, says, bluntly, that "a system of preferential tariffs is the only system by which this Empire can be kept together." From the Australian point of view that dictum is in open quarrel with both history and common sense. When the Australian contingents were sailing eastward to South Africa, to fight and die for the flag, was there any notion of tariffs—preferential or non-preferential—in their heads? The ties which link the colonies to the mother-land are certainly not woven of Customs duties. Pride of race and blood; the sense of kinship; exultation in the scale and strength of the Empire, and gladness in the shelter it offers—these are the things which count in Australian loyalty, and explain it. Certainly an Empire bound into unity by the clauses of a tariff would hardly stand the strain of conflicting interests, let alone the shock of adverse external forces.

**Dying
Interest**

A slow pulse of interest in the approaching Federal elections, which must take place at the end of the year, is stirring throughout Australia; but it is curious, on the whole, to note the general decline of political feeling throughout the Commonwealth. Australians at the

present moment will neither talk politics, nor think politics; and it is easy to understand the causes to which this is due. In part, it is due to the strain and anxiety of business interests. The average Australian finds that his private affairs absorb all his working energy, and he is glad to dismiss politics from his thoughts. But this political torpor has, in addition, a political root. State politics have grown less interesting as their area has narrowed; and Federal politics have proved a general disappointment. In many people they excite a yet more active feeling, an emotion of almost exasperated disgust. Some personal forces have helped to produce this mood. Sir Edmund Barton has none of the gifts of leader; round his loitering, undecided figure no enthusiasms can crystallise. Mr. Kingston, with the most virtuous intentions, has discharged the office of a blister to whole classes. The general drift of Federal politics, too, has had the effect of disillusionising multitudes. There is no general sentiment of pride in either Federation or its results. The sentiment may be unreasonable; but that it exists is undoubted, and serves to explain the absence of keen political interest, except of an angry sort, in the Australian mind.

Exceptions

There are large exceptions, of course, to this general statement. The interest of the Labour party is keen—keen with all the eagerness of hope; and the interest of the whole class of employers is acute—acute with all the sharpness of anxiety! It is possible that both hopes and fears are exaggerated; but the Labour party certainly believe that the path to their ideal—a semi-socialistic community, ruled by labour and for the ends of labour—lies through politics, and through Federal politics most of all. A majority there will shape the policy of the continent, and commit all Australia to tremendous social experiments; experiments which are not attended with any great risk to the Labour party itself, but which may mean ruin to every other class. And employers, as a whole, fear that the Parliaments—State or Federal—may be used to deprive them of the control of their own affairs—if not to their extinction as a class. For the extreme wing of the Labour party certainly aims at a state of things in which the State will be the sole employer, as well as the sole owner!

The Coming Struggle These opposing hopes and fears will certainly give animation, if not desperation, to the approaching Federal elections. One party will fight—or believe that it is fighting—for supremacy; the other party will believe, with equal conviction, that it is fighting for existence. On both sides the forces are being organised with energy and skill. There is more money amongst the employers than amongst their opponents; but money does not count for very much in such a struggle. Amongst the Labour party, on the other hand, there is a perfect organisation, an almost military severity of party discipline, and a keenness bred both of class and personal interests. Political success for the working man means easy conditions of labour, higher wages, and an equal partnership with his employer—without equal risks!

Tired Politicians It seems probable that many of the notable figures in the first Federal Parliament will be missing in the second Parliament. In this matter the Commonwealth has to pay the price of its too spacious geography. A continent has to be ruled from one centre, and mere geographical distance practically shuts out from Parliamentary life many who are best fitted to take part in it. A merchant in Perth or Hobart cannot neglect his customers, a lawyer in Brisbane or Adelaide cannot throw up his cases, and spend six months out of twelve in listening to parliamentary debates in Melbourne. The temporary, and much-regretted, withdrawal of Sir William McMillan from public life is due to this cause. For such a class—men accustomed to deal energetically with great affairs, and to get through an immense amount of business in a short space of time—the mere tedium of Parliamentary life, at its best, is an infliction; and that there is a huge element of tediousness in Parliamentary life cannot be doubted. Mr. T. P. O'Connor describes this very graphically in "M.A.P.":

I know no life which, as a rule, is drearier than that of a member of Parliament. It may be described as loafing tempered by divisions for nine out of ten of the members; and it is such a life for all members when they are not specially interested in the business that is before the House. . . . To hang round a building for ten hours every day, with nothing to do except wait for divisions, and incapable at the same time of doing other work—for the House of Commons makes men absolutely indifferent to other work—is not a glorious nor an agreeable nor a useful life. Even the greatest members of the House of Commons have felt this waste of time which its habits entail. Edmund

Burke was constantly making complaints on that score. Edmund Burke, with all his greatness, was a comparative failure, for he never attained the rank of Cabinet Minister, though that is more the reproach of his contemporaries than his. But Gladstone had exhausted all the triumphs of the House of Commons; and yet once, when he was on a yachting cruise with Sir Donald Currie, he declared that if he had to choose his occupation again in life, he would not take up politics, and mainly because it involved so much waste of time.

This tediousness is raised to an almost unbearable point when its victim has to spend whole months away from home and business. A bush capital would, for such a class, intensify greatly these evils.

The Coming Politician Australian geography, however, is a political force wholly in favour of the Labour party. A Labour representative makes politics his business. He lives by it and for it. He has no other business to divide his interests. A bush capital would suit him quite as well as either Melbourne or Sydney; perhaps even better, for it would be more remote from personal criticism. The conditions of the Federal Parliament, it seems inevitable, must develop a new type of representative: politicians who make politics a trade, and have no other trade. It is unnecessary to suppose they will be less honest, or less able—though they will probably be of a narrower and less educated type—than the present race of politicians. But it will be a public disaster if in Australia—as is already the case in America—there is any permanent divorce betwixt the political interests of the Commonwealth and its general life; if the professional men, and men who are carrying on great trading and manufacturing concerns, cease, that is, to take a personal share in public affairs.

A Bush Capital The new Federal capital, if it comes into existence, will increase this evil trend in Australian politics. Mr. Reid urges that since the new capital is to be built in the bush, it ought to be constructed on the bush pattern, and should be characterised by a more than Spartan simplicity. Why should a virtuous member of Parliament have his principles exposed to the snare of dwelling beneath painted ceilings and walking over tessellated pavements? A simple Parliament House is what Mr. Reid sighs for, with a modest villa residence for the Governor-General, and "a little, inexpensive tramway" linking it to the nearest town with its railway station. "Plain living and high

thinking" are the true ideals of a virtuous mind. Nature, in her unkindness, may make high thinking a difficult task, but the plain living is certainly within our own reach. A bush capital, in which the rurally minded fathers of their country might legislate, say, under a bark roof, and within wattle and dab walls, has many obvious advantages, not the least of which is that of economy. Australia has already too many cities; and that one more should be created, at the general cost, as a political centre, is a somewhat disquieting prospect. But if the construction of the capital of federated Australia is once undertaken, the marble walls and tessellated pavements are sure to follow on a very big scale. The gravest objection to a bush capital, simple or costly, is, however, that it will increase the already too great inconveniences of public life, and remove the Federal Parliament still further from touch with the actual life of the nation. Even Victorians, we suspect, would rather see Sydney become the Federal capital than see a brand-new city created, at vast cost, as a home for the Federal Parliament.

The Cost of It The Federal elections are, in mere scale, a stupendous business. No less than 4,000 electoral registrars will be required, and these must be supplemented by 5,000 returning officers, or their deputies, all entitled to generous fees. The money cost of the elections will be nearly £50,000. So huge an electoral machinery for a population less than half that of London seems absurd; but the spaciousness of Australian geography makes it necessary.

A Distressed City Perhaps the most serious outbreak of small-pox Australasia has yet seen has taken place in Launceston. Launceston is a prosperous city, with a very robust self-respect, and set in beautiful surroundings; and the astonished disgust of its citizens on discovering that, out of the whole area of Australasia, small-pox had chosen their bonny city for its habitation, can hardly be expressed in words. The real nature of the outbreak was not recognised early enough, and it cannot be said that its treatment has been very happy or successful. An absurd attempt was made to button up within a zone of guards the entire city, whereupon the citizens, in solid procession, some thousands strong, headed by a brass band, marched along the police-guarded roads; and, as nobody can arrest a whole

crowd, the attempt to imprison a city ended in deserved failure. A contributor tells the whole story elsewhere; but it may be added here that Launceston feels, more deeply than even the anxieties and terrors of small-pox, the apparent lack of sympathy on the part of the rest of Tasmania. At a public meeting in Hobart, a suggestion to pass a vote of sympathy with Launceston was drowned in shouts of "No." Launceston and Hobart are already separated from each other more widely by sentiment than even by geography, and the small-pox outbreak will make that interval, we fear, still wider.

A Century's Growth As an incidental result of the small-pox outbreak, the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Tasmania is postponed. As a matter of fact, though the "Nelson," one of Bowen's ships, cast anchor off Risdon on September 7, 1803, it was not till February in 1804 that Collins selected Sullivan's Cove, where Hobart now stands, as the site of the new settlement. In that choice Collins showed the shrewdest insight, for no more beautiful site for a great city can be imagined than that on which Hobart now stands. The growth of Tasmania, with its rich orchards and beautiful towns, within one brief century, well deserves rejoicing celebration.

Mr. Kingston The political sensation of the month has been the sudden resignation of Mr. Kingston. He wished to bring the whole shipping trade of the Australian coast—British, foreign, and local—within the scope of his Conciliation and Arbitration Bill. The rest of the Cabinet agreed in the object Mr. Kingston sought, but disagreed with him as to method. The shipping trade, the other Ministers held, must be dealt with in the forthcoming Navigation Act. But Mr. Kingston must not only have exactly what he wanted, he must have it in exactly his own way. His colleagues, he held, were all wrong; hopelessly wrong; disgracefully wrong! He could not reconcile it with his self-respect to yield to them, but held that they ought to find it easy and even soothing to give way to him! But they, somehow, did not take this view of affairs, and so Mr. Kingston resigned. In a sense the act was fine, for he gave up power and pay—sweet to all men—on a point of what he thought was honour. As a matter of fact Mr. Kingston resembles the proverbial



Swiss Studios.]

THE HON. C. C. KINGSTON,
Ex-Minister of Customs.

jurymen who declared that "eleven more shamefully obstinate men than the rest of the jury he had never known"!

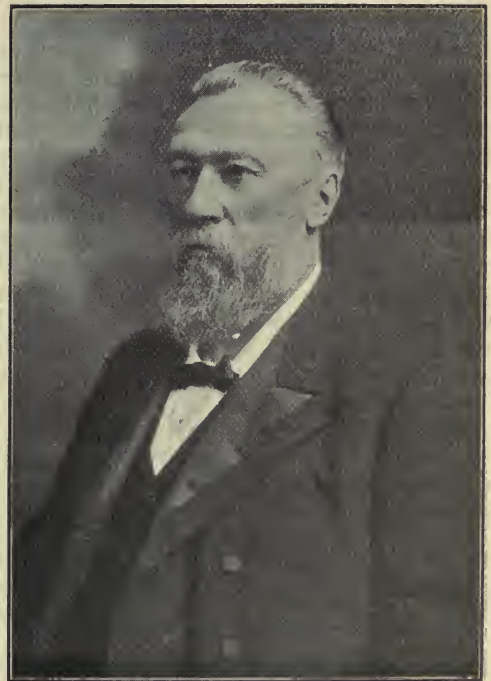
**The
Reason
of It**

Of course, there are other reasons for his resignation than those Mr. Kingston assigns publicly. He had given a copy of the Conciliation and Arbitration Bill to a particular journal before it had been finally revised by the Cabinet or laid before Parliament; and he then declared he had been betrayed by the journal when the Bill was published. But Mr. Kingston is the last man in Australasia to give a public document to a reporter without a very distinct understanding as to the use to be made of it. The Bill was, no doubt, published a day or so earlier than Mr. Kingston intended; but there can be little doubt it was intended for publication. And its publication was a device for driving the Cabinet to accept clauses about which it hesitated; and this incident has some relation to Mr. Kingston's resignation.

**The
Future**

Mr. Kingston's departure from office was, in some respects, a relief to everybody. For his administration of the Customs there

is no defence. It was, by mere delay, seriously embarrassing trade, was gathering round the Cabinet itself an extraordinary amount of bitter feeling, and threatened to become a public jest. Mr. Kingston certainly achieved one end he never contemplated; he completely robbed all Customs prosecutions of moral significance! It used to be a grave reproach to a mercantile house that it had been prosecuted and fined for a breach of the tariff; but under Mr. Kingston's administration it was a "common form" for the prosecuting counsel to begin by saying that the honour and integrity of the firm then being prosecuted were beyond suspicion; it was only a question of inaccuracy, or of a clerk's carelessness, etc. For Mr. Kingston himself, his resignation creates a curious situation. In the Cabinet he was the representative and spokesman of the Labour party; but out of the Cabinet his use for that party practically ceases. They will not accept him as leader, and he certainly will not become a private in their ranks. At present he is playing a lone hand, but a group is certain to gather about him. He is a man of so much energy, and with so many of the gifts of a leader, that he is sure to be a commanding force in the Federal Parliament.



Johnstone, O'Shannessy.]

THE HON. SIR W. J. LYNE,
The New Minister of Customs.

**The
Vacant
Portfolio**

The long delay in reconstructing the Ministry threatened to make the situation ridiculous. It took three days to elect a new Pope; but poor Sir Edmund Barton had to meditate and drift for three weeks before he could make up his mind about a new Commissioner of Customs. Perhaps, however, the delay was due as much to the clash of rival wills and ambitions within the Cabinet itself as to Sir Edmund Barton's native gifts for loitering. Sir William Lyne takes the Customs, and to its administration he will bring a business mind; Sir John Forrest goes to the department of Home Affairs, an office sweetened to him by the fact that it puts him in direct charge of the transcontinental railway; Mr. Drake takes Defences; and Sir Philip Fysh, who, again, is a man of business gifts, takes the Post Office. The new arrangement is, on the whole, sensible; but the Cabinet has lost one strong and commanding figure, and no one fills his place.

**Lord
Northcote**

Lord Northcote is to succeed Lord Tennyson as Governor-General of Australia, and will enter upon his new office in September. The choice is apparently a very happy one. The new Governor-General is the son of Sir Stafford Northcote, who played a great part in Imperial politics; he has served a long apprenticeship to public life, and is at the present moment Governor of Bombay. By virtue both of blood and training, Lord Northcote, therefore, ought to be eminently fit for the great office he is to fill. Lady Northcote, it may be added, belongs to a colonial family; her father being Lord Mountstephen, the constructor of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the new Governor-General and his wife the best elements of British and colonial life and training meet, and the appointment meets with universal approval.

Arbitration

It seems clear that the Conciliation and Arbitration Bill will become law. A second reading of the measure is assured, though strange things may happen in committee. Mr. Deakin introduced the measure in a speech which cynics hinted ought to have been set to music, so mellifluous was the flow of the sonorous syllables. The new measure, Mr. Deakin has persuaded himself, is the consummate flower of the human reason; all civilisation reaches its culmination

in its clauses; it must bring in the golden age! Mr. Reid, the leader of the Opposition, went through the process which, for him, has grown into a habit: he made a strong speech against the measure, then announced he would vote for it. The Bill, he says, is unconstitutional; it is impracticable; it may easily become the instrument of a tyranny. All history was against it. The "Common Rule" clause, under which a thousand employers might find all the conditions of their industry changed, as the result of a dispute to which they had been no parties, and in which they have not been heard, "shocked," Mr. Reid declared, "all his instincts of what was fair and just." Having thus proved that he ought to vote against the Bill, Mr. Reid announced that he would vote for it! He explained that he was supporting the Bill "with the full knowledge that it was one of the worst violations of the principles on which our politics and justice were administered." It will be seen how carefully Mr. Reid maintains the habit of keeping his arguments and his vote in separate and water-tight compartments.

Shipping

Sir Malcolm McEacharn supports the Bill, especially in its application to the intercolonial shipping trade, by a logical process as curious as that of Mr. Reid himself. The total value of the coastal trade is about £2,500,000; of this, the British and foreign shipping secure £125,000—the bulk of it consisting of passenger fares earned by the mail steamers betwixt Western Australia and the eastern ports. The mailships do not undercut the fares, and they offer travelling facilities which have great public advantages. But for the sake of blotting out that tiny little bit of foreign competition, Sir Malcolm McEacharn votes to bring the ships of all flags, as long as they are in Australian waters, under the clauses of the Conciliation and Arbitration Bill. The local shipping companies already form a ring; the new legislation will give that ring the absolute monopoly of the coastal trade, and the public must then accept what rates and conditions it may please the ring to impose. A ship-owner, interviewed by the "South Australian Register," puts the case with undiplomatic frankness:

"Are some ship-owners and labour unions working together to exclude outside vessels doing any coastal business?"

"Yes, for some time past there has been an agitation for a tax on foreign bottoms. You see, protection is the settled policy of Australia, and ship-

owners do not see why they should not participate in the bonus business."

"What would be the effect of that?"

"It would be to put up coastal freights."

"Then that would work against the producer?"

"As you will; but our way of stating the position is that it will place coastal freights on a higher level and keep them there."

Federal Judges

The Bill creating the new High Court of Justice has practically become law, and before another issue of this journal the new judges will probably be appointed. There will probably be no difficulty in finding amongst Australian lawyers men who, by ability and character, will do honour to the new bench; and although the emoluments of the new judges are severely curtailed, and the office carries with it no pension, yet the distinction of being the first occupants of the Federal Bench will tempt some able and ambitious men to accept seats. The office, indeed, might well tempt a lazy man, even though the salaries were lower; for the new Court, though it may have to try some issues of great importance, is not in the least likely to be overburdened with work. Sir Edmund Barton has announced that he will not take a seat on the Federal bench; if one of the State judges is to be Federal Chief Justice, the choice will lie betwixt Sir Samuel Way and Sir Samuel Griffith, and among the names mentioned for vacant seats are those of Mr. O'Connor—whose acceptance of the office would be a loss to the public life of Australia—Mr. Isaacs, and Sir Josiah Symon.

Petticoats in Parliament The question of whether women are eligible for a seat in the Federal Parliament is being keenly debated, and there seems no doubt that sex is no disqualification for a Parliamentary seat. Miss Vida Goldstein, who will be a candidate for the Senate, pleads the cause of her sex, in another column, with a refreshing directness and vigour. When the vision of a senator in petticoats breaks upon the astonished eyes of the Federal Parliament, it may be suspected some curious results will follow. Hon. members will have to debate, so to speak, in kid gloves when a lady is an actor in the fray; while the lady will probably have a quickness of wit and an incisiveness of speech which male politicians will find disconcerting. One feature of parliamentary life—its loitering delay—will prove intolerable to the feminine mind. A woman usually



[Swiss Studios.]

MISS VIDA GOLDSTEIN,

The first lady aspirant for Parliamentary honours in Australia.

wants to get something done, and to get it done promptly. Her patience has its limits; it does not extend to costly and helpless idleness. And the large spaces of irrelevant speech and of wasted time which characterise male politics will be, to the impatient feminine mind, simply intolerable.

Mr. Seddon's Views

New Zealand women have for some time enjoyed the privilege of assisting to elect male members of Parliament, and now they want the chance of being themselves elected. The franchise, logically, carries with it eligibility for Parliament, and a deputation from the National Council of Women waited upon Mr. Seddon to argue this point. The interview had some decidedly humorous features. Mr. Seddon, with a courage which nine men out of every ten will be disposed to regard as almost heroic, proceeded to argue that nature had placed some disabilities upon women. They were, for example, physically weaker than men! Whereupon he was promptly contradicted by the ladies; in many instances,

they declared, they were the stronger sex, as tested by mere muscle—though how they had ascertained this can hardly be guessed. Mr. Seddon discovered in the existence of babies an argument why their mothers should not betake themselves to parliamentary life; he further suggested there were probably enough "old women" already occupying seats in the House; but this was rude to both sexes. He then proceeded to discuss with the deputation the interesting subject of the quality in women which most appeals to his own sensibilities:

Mr. Seddon suggested that women were too emotional to sit as justices, and invited the ladies to deny it. One of them did so, whereupon Mr. Seddon said that such was not his experience. He preferred women to be emotional. That was what he loved them for. He liked them to be impulsive, and this added to his doubts about women presiding as justices. He had found them uncharitable with their own sex, and would not like to see them the sole judges of their own sex. One lady remarked, in a disgusted tone, that this was an old-fashioned story.

This view of the sex was, of course, received in a very chilly manner by the deputation, and, on the whole, the ladies did not score very much off Mr. Seddon. But the interview supplied some good "copy" to the press.

Harvests

The kiss of the abundant rains is clothing the soil over two-thirds of the continent with richest verdure. It will take many good seasons, of course, to replace the losses the pastoral industry has sustained; for the millions of perished sheep and cattle cannot be restored by a few showers of rain. But the farmers may step from empty paddocks to overflowing harvests and full barns in the interval of a single season. On the whole, the harvest outlook in Australia is of the most golden sort. In Victoria, last year, for example, the whole wheat harvest did not reach 3,000,000 bushels; the yield this year will probably be more than 20,000,000 bushels! Let this increase be multiplied over the whole area of wheat-growing Australia, and some idea of the scale of the next harvest may be formed.

The War Against Colour

A great deputation waited on Sir Edmund Barton in Melbourne urging him to abandon the utterly ridiculous policy of requiring ships that carry Australian letters in any sea to employ no man guilty of possessing a skin of the wrong tint. The members of the deputation argued their case with great vigour; the clause, they contended, puts Australia in quarrel with the Empire; it must involve great

cost to ourselves; it means a worse and slower service betwixt Australia and Europe; it tends to make the whole policy of a "white Australia" a scandal and a jest. Sir Edmund Barton could only reply that as the hated clause found a place in an Act of Parliament it must be tried before it could be repealed. He invited the deputation to approach him again, say, five years hence, when a mail contract under the new conditions had been carried out. This is as though someone protested against the use of certain materials as likely to set fire to the house; and Sir Edmund Barton's reply practically is, that when the house is actually burnt down then he will be prepared to consider the question of whether the materials used were really inflammable!

A Dramatic Resignation

Through the increasing torpor and weariness of the Federal House of Representatives a sort of electrical shock has been sent by the sudden resignation of Mr. Reid. That resignation is made as an appeal to public opinion outside Parliament against the action of Ministers in the matter of the re-adjustment of Federal electorates in New South Wales. The business of re-shaping electoral boundaries is always perilous; it offers such temptations to gerrymandering! In this case the business was referred by Act of Parliament to a Commissioner, and the House, if unable to accept his scheme absolutely, had power to refer it to him again for reconsideration. Ministers adopted neither course. They threw overboard their own Commissioner and his report, their critics declare, because his scheme probably meant the loss of a seat to the party. Mr. Reid holds that this is an act of treachery against the fundamental principle of the constitution that all votes should have an equal value, and he resigns, and will offer himself for re-election, by way of dramatic protest. If he is re-elected, Sir William Lyne says, "this will prove nothing;" and that is true. But the whole incident sets the matter in debate in a high light before the popular mind, and so Mr. Reid's end is secured.

LONDON, July 1.

The Servian Massacre

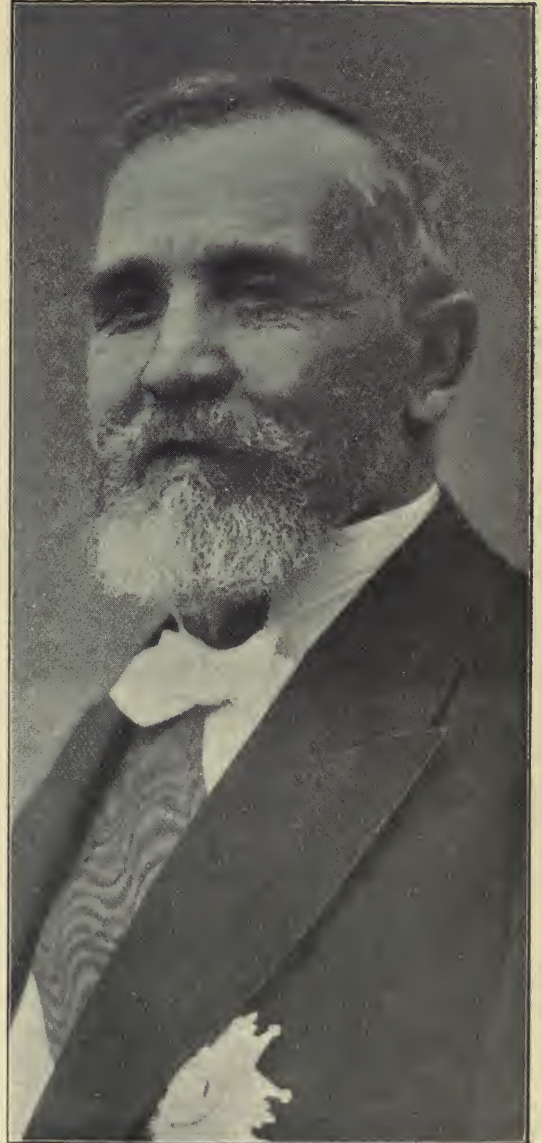
The civilised world was startled last month by the news that the King and Queen of Servia had been assassinated in their palace at Belgrade by officers of the army who had sworn them allegiance. It was even more

amazed when it learned that the perpetrators of the massacre considered themselves marvels of heroic patriotism, and that in the midst of the acclamations of the populace they had marched to the Cathedral in order to render praise and thanks to Almighty God for His share in the bloody business. The disgust of the outside world did not abate when it was realised that the Servian conspirators actually believed that they had earned the gratitude of humanity and the benediction of the Almighty. That they had, sorely against their will, adopted methods of barbarism in their attack upon their Sovereigns they admitted, but the responsibility, they pointed out—with an obvious sincerity which recalls some recent passages in our own history—did not lie at their door. It was all the fault of the Royal aide-de-camp who, finding the palace threatened by the conspirators, made an attack upon the heroic Servian army by firing his revolver. They no more intended to kill the king than Lord Salisbury intended to annex territory or to seize goldfields. But what could the gallant patriots of the heroic Servian army do when aides-de-camp take the initiative in such lawless and high-handed fashion? The people who begin the war must bear its burden.

The Self-approbation of Assassins So, with a clear conscience and an invincible conviction of their own rectitude, the officers rushed from room to room in the dark—the electric light having been turned off at the main—hunting for their prey. Their blood was up. Some of their number were killed and wounded by the easily overpowered resistance of the faithful few, and so it came to pass, when they found the royal lovers hidden behind a secret door leading from the bathroom, they riddled them with bullets, slashed them with sabres, and then flung them out of the window into the park, in strict accordance with the precedent of Jezebel. But they lived for two hours after they fell. No scavenger dogs, as in the case of the queen of Ahab, came to remove the royal carrion, and after it was day, when the Russian Minister, M. Tcharykoff, passed the palace, he recognised in the mangled corpses the bodies of the Sovereigns to whom he was accredited. Belgrade gave itself up to jubilant rejoicings. The gory-handed assassins were feted in cafes and eulogised in the Cathedral by the Archbishop, whose flexibility proclaims him a veritable Vicar of Bray of the Balkans.

**The
Censure
of Europe**

The Servian National Assembly, which the late King had caused to be elected for the purpose of approving his recent coup d'état, and, according to current report, of appointing Queen Draga's brother as heir to the Servian throne, unanimously elected Peter Karageorgevitch to the vacant throne, after having passed what was equivalent to an act of indemnity for the assassins, or, as they regarded themselves, the executioners of the late King.



Photo]

PRESIDENT EMILE LOUBET.

[Boyer.

The old exile on the shores of Lake Lemán promptly responded to the summons, and hastened to Belgrade to mount the blood-stained steps of the Servian throne. Scandalised monarchs in Vienna and in St. Petersburg saluted him on his accession, but suggested more or less emphatically that his first business should be to punish the murderers of his predecessor. England, however, withdrew her representative from Belgrade, and her lead was followed by the representatives of France, the United States, and several smaller Powers. As for King Peter, he could not help himself. He could not hang the men who had summoned him to the throne, and who were his only support. So he let bygones be bygones, and rides out in the park with no other escort but that of Colonel Maschine, who blew up the palace gate with dynamite and began the whole bloody business.

The Victory of the Social Democrats

The victory of the Social Democrats at the German General Election is a more significant sign of the times than the Servian massacres. The Social Democrats were exposed before the election to a vigorous frontal attack by the German Emperor. He let himself go at Essen with a vehemence which astonished everybody, and exhorted every good citizen to have no communion or relationship with the editor of the "Vorwärts," the Berlin organ of the Social Democratic party. As a reply the Socialist vote in the Essen district went up from 4,000 to 20,000, a remarkable result of Imperial electioneering. In Saxony the Socialists have simply swept the board. They return 22 out of 23 members. As one of the leaders of the British democracy remarked to me the other day, the voting at Essen and in Saxony is the reply of the democracy to scandalous immorality in high places. The spectacle of Krupp at Capri and the Crown Princess and her husband filled the ballot-boxes with Socialist tickets.

Its Causes and Con- sequences

The fact that the Social Democrats have increased their total votes from two millions to three, and have now 81 members in the Reichstag instead of 58, will have far-reaching results. It will encourage the Socialists everywhere to regard themselves as the party of the future. Although they have won the greatest success of the elections—the other parties remaining very much where they were—they have only eighty-one votes in the

Reichstag. They have polled one-third of the Electorate, and have secured just one-fifth of the seats. They are, however, increasing at the rate of 200,000 votes per annum. They represent the protest of the people against the arbitrary power, the militarism, the excessive expenditure of the present régime. These Social Democrats may not be altogether cut according to the English Liberal's pattern. But they stand for Peace, Retrenchment and Reform, and, more than all else, they stand for Liberty. Why should we not rejoice at their success, and hasten to hail them as the rising power in the Fatherland? They have given a shake to the foundations of the Kaiser's self-confidence. If he does not take heed, the next warning may be, not a shake, but an earthquake.

When Parliament re-assembled **A Ministry at Sixes and Sevens** after the Whitsuntide Recess, expectation was on tiptoe as to the effect which Mr. Chamberlain's plunge in favour of Protection would have upon the Cabinet. It was known that some at least of the Ministers were strongly opposed to any tampering with the bases of our commercial prosperity, and there was the keenest curiosity as to whether the Free Traders and the Protectionists could contrive any modus vivendi which would avert an immediate break-up. The question was raised by Mr. Chaplin's amendment, directed against the repeal of the shilling duty on corn. When the debate began, the Speaker, Mr. Gully, who has hardly added to the lustre of his high office, announced that he would not permit any discussion of Mr. Chamberlain's new departure. But if the Speaker proposes, the House disposes, and for two days no other subject was discussed than that which he declared had not to be alluded to. The first sensation of the debate was the reappearance of Sir Michael Hicks Beach. He was burning with indignation—first, against the Ministry, because it had repealed the corn tax which he had imposed as a permanent tax for revenue only; secondly, against the Prime Minister for his failure to support him in the repeated protests which he had made against the enormous increase in our national expenditure; and thirdly, and most of all, with Mr. Chamberlain for bringing forward a policy which was not only economically unsound, but was much more calculated to disunite than to unite the Empire. Black Michael spoke with authority and not as the scribes, and when he sat down anything seemed possible.

**Mr. Ritchie
and the
Concordat**

It was soon apparent, however, that Ministers had patched up a Concordat. The blessed word "Inquiry" was invoked as a spell to keep the Cabinet from going to pieces. Ministers were going to inquire with open minds into the subject brought forward by Mr. Chamberlain. The conditions of this Concordat appear to have been two. The first was that Mr. Chamberlain was to hold his tongue and take no part in the debate. The second, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was to have his way with the Budget, and was to be permitted to make the following emphatic statement as to his own views on the matter:

So far as members of the Government who have spoken on this matter are concerned, all that has been said has been that the question of the preferential treatment of the Colonies should be discussed and inquired into. For my own part, I feel bound to say that I should be surprised if inquiry should show any practical means of carrying out that policy. I avow myself a convinced Free Trader; and I do not share the views of those who think that any practical means can be devised for overcoming the difficulties which present themselves to me in connection with their proposals; and, as at present advised, I cannot be a party to a policy which, in my opinion, would be detrimental both to the country and to the Colonies.

Mr. Arthur Elliott followed on the same side. Speaking with the authority of the Secretary to the Treasury, he emphatically condemned any departure from the settled policy of Free Trade. He spoke with vehemence and conviction. And all the time Mr. Chamberlain spoke never a word.



WHAT TURKEY THINKS.

Europa (musingly): "Wonder if you are going to be roasted, after all?"

Turkey: "They have been trying to do it, ma'am, these many years, but somehow I have managed to escape their tender mercies, and by the grace of Allah hope to again, and again, and yet again."—("Hindi Punch.")



"South African Review."]

THE EXTREMELY ANTI-CAPITALIST BOND.
(A cartoon which speaks for itself.)

**A Premier
with no
Settled
Convictions**

When the debate was resumed next day, it seemed as if the Cabinet might go to pieces at any moment. Vigorous speeches were made by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, but the situation was saved by Mr. Balfour, who, in a speech of singular ingenuousness, proclaimed that he had no settled opinions upon the subject, and therefore he appealed to the House to allow him and his colleagues time to inquire into the whole subject. The following passage is characteristic of the author of a Defence of Philosophic Doubt:

Supposing that, as the result of a tax upon food-stuffs, a general tax upon food-stuffs, it were possible to stop this process, by which, not merely in foreign countries, but in our own Colonies, there was being created under a system of Protection an enormous number of vested manufacturing interests—supposing it were possible by such a policy as that, not indeed to obtain full Free Trade, for that is beyond the power of any conceivable combination, but to obtain a large measure of Free Trade in manufactured goods from the Colonies, I am not sure that would not be worth while.

And on these dreamy suppositions he succeeded in staving off disaster. It reminds us of the children's rhyme—"If ifs and ans were pots and pans, there'd be no work for tinkers."

The Duke's Attitude Lord Balfour of Burleigh having asserted his devotion to the principles of Free Trade, the Duke of Devonshire, in his honest ponderous fashion, declared that nothing could be more fatal to the Empire than any policy which inflicted privation upon our people. But as the economic advantage of Free Trade was so clear, why not confound its adversaries by the inquiry for which they were clamouring:

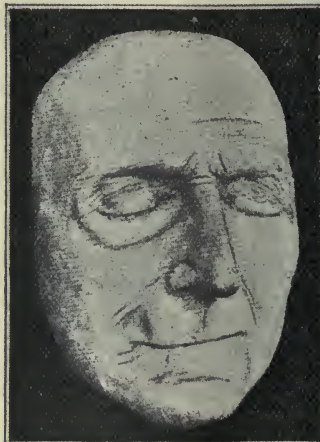
The best friends of Free Trade will be found to be those who are willing usefully to enter into a full and fair inquiry, not as to its principles, which, perhaps, we may take for granted, but as to its consequences and results. And I believe for myself that the result of any such inquiry will be to establish more firmly the essential principles which underlie our policy, although it may be found, possibly, that some modification and alteration of our arrangements may tend to strengthen and consolidate and make more unassailable a system founded on such principles.

So the Concordat held. Mr. Chamberlain went on preparing for his big fight, and the Free Traders of the Cabinet sat still, relying confidently upon the result of the full and fair inquiry which is to confound the Protectionists.

The King's Visit to Ireland It is freely rumoured that if it had not been for the King's determination that nothing should happen to spoil his contemplated visit to Ireland the Ministry would have gone to pieces ere now. The same Royal determination is alleged as the explanation of the readiness of Mr. Wyndham to make concessions to the Nationalists in the Irish Land Bill. He made

a stand at first on the first clause, and secured the defeat of Mr. Redmond's amendment, striking out what is known as the minimum, by a majority of 41. For a moment the Bill seemed to be in danger. But whether owing to Royal pressure or some other cause, Mr. Wyndham found it expedient to meet the views of the Nationalists in substance if not in the precise form they had been originally embodied, and the Bill is now understood to be out of danger. The King will have a right royal welcome to Ireland, although the Nationalist M.P.'s will not grace his progress by their presence. He is believed to have stopped the Boer War, to have stamped out coercion, to have insisted on the Land Bill, and to have a Home Rule Bill up his sleeve. "And faith," whispers many a parish priest, "did he not have a private talk with His Holiness? Who knows but he may have made his confession?"

The Passive Resistance Campaign Meanwhile, amid the alarums and excursions of Protectionists and Free Traders, the Bill for destroying the London School Board is forgotten. The only mention made of it last month was the publication of a report that it was to be withdrawn. In the country the Passive Resistance war has begun in earnest. Mr. Balfour and Dr. Clifford have been writing letters about it, but the matter is not one to be settled by dialectics. All over the country the spirit of resistance is spreading—resistance which, at Hastings, at least, was by no means passive—the roughs of the town having seized the opportunity of chivying an auction-



DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE DEATH-MASK OF JOHN WESLEY.

(Original in Drew Theological Seminary.)

By courtesy of the "Northwestern Christian Advocate."

eer imported to conduct the sales of goods seized on distress warrants for non-payment of the new Church-rate. Every new distraint adds fresh recruits to the army revolt, and, although the West End clubs ignore the movement, it threatens to become very serious. Nor is this surprising. As Dr. Clifford says in his letter in reply to Mr. Balfour:

Let me imagine the impossible! A body of police goes to the palatial abode of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and with them certain bailiffs, charged by the State to compel Dr. Davidson to pay a rate for the support of teachers who insist that Baptismal Regeneration is false, opposed to the teaching of the New Testament, and contrary to the spirit of the Christianity of Christ Jesus; that the Baptist Church is the only true Church of Christ; that the Archbishop, though a good man who may perhaps be saved by the "uncovenanted mercies of God," is a heretic and a schismatic; and that the "Church" over which he presides is not a Church of Christ at all, but only a "body," a "cause," a "sect of a sect," guilty of "the sin of schism;" and suppose that the rate is levied for the purpose of building schools into which many of the children of England must go, and for supporting teachers who have covenanted to impart these ideas, would not His Grace refuse to pay, and say to the bailiffs, "You may take what you please; I cannot consent by any act of mine to any legislation which makes me an accomplice in such teaching"?

"Ragging": The question of military reform has also been forgotten. Even the danger of our forces in Somaliland has attracted but little attention. The French bombardment of Figuié has been ignored. The only military matter that has caused any talk has been the trial and the acquittal of certain British officers who were accused of having behaved indecently on one Forster Stanford, a civilian, to whom they had already paid £1,500 to stop proceedings in a civil court. Much indignation has been expressed at the decision of the court-martial, implying, as it does, that the

conduct of which they were admittedly guilty was not inconsistent with their claim to wear the King's uniform as officers and gentlemen. There were seven of them. They set upon a civilian whose manners they did not like, although they had not been above profiting by his company, and maltreated him. They stripped off his clothes, ducked him in the fountain, cut off half his moustache, photographed him in a humiliating position, and then rapped him with a cane. All this is now declared to be not incompatible with their honour as officers and gentlemen!



THE NEW POPE, PIUS X. (CARDINAL SARTO.)

French Ambassadors of Peace

It is a relief to turn from this to the pleasanter theme of international amity and good feeling suggested by President Loubet's visit to London. It will be over before these pages meet the eye of the reader, but it is to be followed by the visit of M. D'Estournelles, one of the ablest and most resolute of French statesmen, who, on the 23rd inst., will be entertained as an honoured guest by an influential company of members of Parliament in the dining-room of the House of Commons. M. D'Estournelles is following up the admirable work which he accomplished for the cause of peace and arbitration at the Hague Conference. He has formed an influential group of Deputies in the French Chamber, pledged to work for the cause of international peace. He comes to London to explain what has been done in Paris, and to suggest the formation of a similar group in the British Parliament. His visit cannot fail to do good, if only it gives new life and adds new members to the British group of the International Parliamentary Conference.

A Peace Parliament at Vienna

That Conference will meet in September at Vienna, where the building of the Austrian Parliament has been placed at its disposal. There will be soirees and banquets and opera gala nights on each of the four days of its session. But it is more than an International picnic. It will discuss, among other important questions, an admirable suggestion made by Mr. W. R. Cremer, M.P., that the signatories of the Hague Convention should supplement that instrument by making separate treaties among themselves providing for the establishment of Courts of the First Instance consisting solely of their own representatives for the settlement of international disputes. These Courts would settle many controversies without bringing in the foreigner. But in every case, if either disputant were discontented with its decision, he would have a right of appeal to the Hague Tribunal, whose verdict would be final. This Court of the First Instance is a capital idea. It is a variant which is entirely in accord with the spirit of the original type of the Commissions d'Enquete provided for by the Hague Convention, and sooner or later it will be adopted by the Governments of the world.

The Race for Colonies

The London journals are rehearsing afresh the familiar story of the race between France and Great Britain for the possession of New Zealand. The "Daily Chronicle" publishes the story as told by the late Admiral Chapman:

British and French ships met in Australian waters, and fraternised. Britain asked France to dinner, and provided plentiful meat and drink. Over the wine the truth came out—that the Frenchman's business was to hoist his flag in New Zealand. England promptly ordered fresh bottles and despatched a ship—with young Chapman on board—to run up the Union Jack. So the Anglo-Saxon secured New Zealand at the price of a drink.

The story is at least *ben trovato*; and it is certain that the sole ownership of both New Zealand and Australia by the English-speaking race has been often threatened, and sometimes seemed to turn on a very narrow chance. The Portuguese claimed half Australia once by right of a Pope's gift; a French map still exists, drawn up by order of Napoleon, showing one-half the Australian continent under the tricolor. Let anyone imagine what would have been the perplexities of Australasian politics if these great lands were actually divided betwixt two hostile races! History has been kind to both New Zealand and Australia.



"Brooklyn Eagle."]

HIS PRIVATE PRESERVE.

THE POETRY OF THE MONTH.

A Song of the Rain.

We are those who love the dripping of the rain,
 We come from out the Droughty King's domain,
 Where the saltbush seems to shiver
 And the cotton-bush to quiver,
 In the burning blast that sweeps across the plain;
 Where the rolling sandhills glisten.
 Oh! it's there we love to listen
 To the pleasant pitter patter of the rain!
 Yes, it's fine to hear the patter of the rain,
 As the shingles answer back in glad refrain,
 When summer days are ended
 And heat and cool are blended,
 And leaden vapours cloud the earth again;
 When the grassy lands are voicing
 Loud, a rhapsody, rejoicing—
 In the canticle of welcome to the rain!
 Just listen to the splashing of the rain
 As it jingles, hissing on the damp'ning plain,
 Watch the em'rald tints come peeping
 From grass and saltbush, weeping
 In a rapture of rejoicing at the rain;
 See the mulga bow its tresses
 'Neath the pluvial caresses,
 And give its greeting to the welcome rain.
 Oh! it's grand to hear the lashing of the rain
 As the reservoirs of heaven seem to drain;
 There'll be no more slime for drinking,
 To the knees in hot mud sinking,
 For man and beast from off the parching plain.
 When the billabongs get slowing
 And the cattle move a-losing,
 It's then we love the patter of the rain!

—Jay Moore.

Sealed Orders.

Out she swung from her moorings,
 And over the harbour bar.
 As the moon was slowing rising,
 She faded from sight afar,
 And we traced her gleaming canvas
 By the twinkling evening star.
 None knew the port she sailed for,
 Nor whither her course would be;
 Her future course was shrouded
 In silence and mystery;
 She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"
 To be opened up at sea.
 Some souls, cut off from moorings,
 Go drifting into the night,
 Darkness before and around them,
 With scarce a glimmer of light;
 They are acting beneath "sealed orders"
 And sailing by faith, not sight.
 Keeping the line of duty
 Through good and evil report,
 They shall ride the storms out safely,
 Be the passage long or short;
 For the ship that carries God's orders
 Shall anchor at last in port.
 —Helen Chauncey, in "Sailor's Magazine."

Voices of the Rain.

Out of the hard-fought years,
 Out of the aching grief, the want unfed,
 An answer to thy tears
 Wakes in the midnight by thy sleepless bed.
 An answer very low,
 Murmured in muffled cadence, hushed and slow,
 Reiterant rhythms still
 Rising and falling, soft on roof and sill,
 Out of the losing strife,
 Out of the desert where old worlds lie dead,
 An answer to thy life
 Stirs in the starless midnight by thy bed.
 Hast thou forgotten God Who gives the rain?
 Plenteous and merciful the long showers pour
 On parching fields where dust and drouth were sore;
 Yet will thine eyes watch out the night again?
 Peace on the shadowed hills and sky is deep;
 Shall not thine heart be comforted with sleep
 As earth is comforted and lulled of pain?
 Before thy prayer the heavens are brazen still,
 Nor yet to cool thy thirst the fountains fill.
 Nevertheless His word shall not be vain.
 What hope had earth, gasping at yesternoon?
 What hope hast thou, whose comfort shall be soon?
 Are ye not in His hands for bliss or bane?
 To-morrow, where the upland fields lay black,
 Thou shalt go forth and look on life come back;
 Harvest shall follow seedtime yet again.
 To-morrow, where thy heart lay withering,
 Fountains of love before His feet shall spring;
 Peace shall repay thee sevenfold for pain.
 Hast thou forgotten God Who gives the rain?
 —Mabel Earle, in the "Atlantic" for July.

The Four Packmen.

"What's in your Pack, O young and joyous Traveller?"
 "Lovely toys and treasures, and beads that gleam
 and shine."
 "Go upon your way—for my toys are lost and broken;
 All unstrung and fallen are the beads that once were
 mine."
 "What's in your Pack, O gay and lusty Traveller?"
 "Roots that soon will blossom, and seeds with pro-
 mise filled."
 "Go upon your way—for my roses are all faded;
 All my tender seedlings by the cruel frost were
 killed."
 "What's in your Pack, O staid and toilworn Traveller?"
 "Fruits sweet and sour, nuts and stores of grain."
 "Go upon your way—I am weary of the harvest;
 Canker's tooth has gnawed and the labour has been
 vain."
 "What's in your Pack, O lean and weary Traveller?"
 "Long white raiment—very plain and white."
 "Ah, I will buy—I have need of that you carry.
 It will serve to hap me in the long and quiet night."
 —"Macmillan's Magazine."

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT.

One-Legged Democracy.

On this subject, Mr. Christopher Crisp writes in a very robust strain:

"Your 'Tired Australian' should not have been too tired to write his name. It is a one-hatted (silk-hatted) Democracy he desires, because he does not recognise a two-legged one; bipeds of the Labour variety being mere chattels. That was the spirit of the pro-slavery party, and of all opponents of sociological legislation. Those people create a class antagonistic to themselves, and then call it 'one-legged,' or anything else signifying half interests instead of whole interests. They postulate that everything is for the best in the best possible world, provided they are on top. But, in order that they may keep there, they must see that the daily wage class are not too far below them. Our civilisation cannot be maintained at any less price. 'Tired Australian' and his class should welcome labour legislation as the inmates of a house on fire welcome a fire-escape. They should see that the apparatus is the best of its kind, and properly managed. Has 'Tired Australian' ever realised the profound truth contained in the lines in one of the comic operas: 'Every little boy or girl born into this world alive is either a little Lib-er-al, or a little Con-serv-a-tive'? That means that our civilisation in this twentieth century has produced, by heredity and environment, implacable enmities between two halves of the community; for the term Liberals means 'have-nots,' and the term Conservatives means 'tired Australians,' or tired anything else, averse to manual labour. 'God bless the squire and his relations, and keep us all in our proper stations,' was very good theology at one time, but it is no longer good enough, even for a 'one-legged Democracy.' What has been termed 'educating our masters' means that 'Tired Australian' must convert his one-legged Democracy into a two-legged one, by co-operating with it in every possible way. 'The white man's burden' means that, with increasing rigour, every year; and industrial legislation is the inevitable prelude to equally inevitable and perfectly harmless State Socialism, which commenced, by the way, when the State superseded feudalism. No doubt the barons thought the Democracy of their day a very 'one-legged' affair. The State controlled individualism then, and it will have to do it again on an equally large scale, or allow anarchy to rule, in the form of gigantic trusts, tempered by proletarian violence of all kinds."

Mr. Kingston in Verse.

Under the head of "A Vision of Kingston's Other Tour," Mr. F. G. Morton (Cairns, Q.) sends us some verses which, if they have great bitterness, have also great literary merit. Mr. Morton's rhymes run with a lilt that makes them very effective. We can give only part of his verses:

Mr. Kingston has a dream:
Then, as he slept, dark Azrael pressed his eyes with
the blood-red seal,

And reft his clay of its politics—there was never a
soul to steal.
Up! up he went through the thick stardust till the
Marble Gates shone white,
And there he laid his burden down in the sheen of
a wondrous Light—
In the sheen of the Light that fires the Suns as ever
through space they roll,
Until it played through this ghastly thing in the guise
of a human soul.
Then a voice spake out from that blinding light "What
harvest dost thou bring?"
And Azrael answered: "I sickled the soul, on Earth,
of an uncrowned King."
But the voice rang out, and its scorn was flame, "Thou
hast reaped what thou couldst not see;
Or thou hadst not dared, though thy state be high,
to offer this Thing to me.
In Earth and Sky thy fields they lie, from the great
Sun-centre round;
From the outer bounds of Uranus' path to the mists
of the Northern Hound;
From Neptune's track to the nebulous wrack that bor-
ders the Sun-strewn Sea;
From the red dog Mars, to the vagrant Stars, that
ever from him must flee."

The "Voice" invites Mr. Kingston to look down
on his own performances, and he and they are
thus described:

"In the name of ruth, he would strangle Truth did the
murder aid his cause;
There are no tears for the blighted years that he has
caused to be,
For his eyes see not the things that are, but the
things that he wants to see.
Within the walls of his narrow skull he would bound
all thought and act,
And if he should chance on an awkward fact he would
swear it was not a fact.
He has Will to bully a Universe and whistle the gods
to heel,
And their silent scorn might have been unborn, for,
in truth, he cannot feel."

Mr. Kingston shows signs of alarm at the vision:
"Now pardon I crave for the gift I brought, for the
wrong that was not meant,
But mine eyes were dimmed in the murky stench of
that Federal Parliament.
I am free to reap through the star-sown deep, and
mercy I crave for that
I looked for a soul—a bootless task—in a Federal
'Democrat.'"

And the voice replied "Take it down again to its
own poor house of clay
And place it back on its tottering rack or ever the
walls decay.
That it will remember the things it has heard there
is never a cause for fear,
For it only sees what it wants to see and hears what
it wants to hear."

In the House that night, when the great man woke,
he rose in his place and said:

"I have journeyed long, I have travelled far to the realms of the silent dead;
And my friends will glow with pride to know that flattering, warm, though terse,
Was the welcome I got at my journey's end from the Lord of the Universe."

Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals.

On this subject, Mr. H. Beak (Rockhampton) writes:

"Permit me to show your readers the probable benefits and the probable cost of Mr. Chamberlain's proposed scheme; for the real question of a preferential tariff is, Will the probable benefits sufficiently exceed the probable cost?"

"First as regards the probable benefits. By admitting colonial products free, and putting a reasonable tax on similar products of foreign countries, it is probable that the colonies will feel and appreciate the favour.

"The value of their products would increase. Their industries would be encouraged, and their trade with Great Britain would expand. Great Britain would become less dependent for its supply of food and raw materials upon foreign countries which may become hostile. The Empire would become more self-reliant and the silken bonds grow stronger.

"The colonies would be benefited from the start, and the entire cost would fall upon the mother-country.

"I do not include the supposed benefit of a preferential tariff as a weapon of offence and defence against foreign Powers, for such benefit is very small, and no country can use it as a weapon without hurting itself.

"Next as to the cost. It is probable that duties upon

foreign goods would cause the price of such articles to be raised, so that the consumer would have to pay an increased price equal to the duty and the profit, or interest on the duty, required by those who paid the duty in advance, as is usual, and this upon all that is consumed, whether home-grown, or imported from the colonies or foreign countries.

"Such would be the gross cost to the consumers. But the net cost to the country would be less than this, not only by the amount of duty received upon the imports from foreign countries, which sum could be used as revenue, or given back to the consumers by the remission of other duties, but also by the interest or profit on the duty advanced on foreign imports, as well as interest or profit on the increases of prices of colonial imports and the increased profits of the home producers.

"All these items deducted from the gross cost to the consumer will give the immediate net cost to the country.

"But the cost may be quickly or slowly still further reduced, because the check upon foreign imports will be likely to cause a glut of supplies and reduction of price in foreign countries, which will quickly affect the market in Great Britain, and reduce the price there, thus also reducing the cost. Possibly soon, and probably in good time, the stimulus given by the favoured tariff may cause such an increase of production in the colonies as to reduce the price of products to the level of or even below present values, thus terminating the cost, while the gain will continue.

"The result of the navigation laws, which prohibited British goods being carried in foreign ships, shows how a splendid profit may sometimes be gained by a similar sacrifice."

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.

The "slump" in the great American combines is keenly satirised in the American press. Here is a sample of the verse called forth by it:

Songs of the Shipyard.

"Mother, may I go out to combine?"

"Yes, my darling daughter;

Sell your bonds at eighty-nine,

And fill your stocks with water."

Lewis and Charles went up the Street,

With forty millions of water;

The floods swept Lewis off his feet,

And Charles came grumbling after.

Sing a song of sixpence,

Here's the stock to buy!

Four and twenty shipyards

Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened

There was no end of troubles;

Nothing in that pretty dish

But iridescent bubbles.

London "Punch," *more suo*, extracts much fun from the new Irish Land Bill, which is to turn

Ireland into an earthly paradise. Here is a sketch of what is to happen:

Anticipations: or, Ireland as It May Be.

(From the "Daily Mail," 1905.)

"It is time to speak out. We have repeatedly warned the muddlers and blunderers at the War Office that the Rent-Collecting Force of two hundred thousand men in Ireland is entirely insufficient. Unless another Army Corps is sent to the West of Ireland, and a flotilla of torpedo destroyers to the Shannon, the rents for the March quarter will be entirely lost. Already we have spent £200,000,000 in the vain endeavour to collect arrears of rent amounting to less than two millions, and Mr. Brodrick has the audacity to tell the House of Commons that he did not know that the Irish peasantry were arming. Have not our columns during the past year contained ample proof that shillelaghs were being imported into Ireland in piano cases? As we write, the news of another 'regrettable incident' comes to hand. A squadron of Hussars attempted to collect arrears of rent amounting to 4s. 9d. from Bridget Maloney, of Ballyhack, and were cut off to a man. The enemy were armed with empty porter bottles, which quite outranged the Bri-

tish weapons. Are the gentlemen of England all fox-hunting? We confidently appeal to all men of means, and courage, and leisure, to join the Imperial Rent-Collecting Yeomanry."

(From the "Daily News," 1905.)

"We said a year since, when this accursed Government threatened to send military forces to collect Irish rents 'that Ireland would fight, and Ireland would be right.' The simple (but noble) Passive Resistance which contents English Nonconformists—lineal descendants of Cromwell and Milton—does not content the warm-hearted, impulsive Celts. They drive the pig, most faithful of household friends—to the hills, bury their scanty earnings, and then, armed with hedge-stakes and porter bottles, line the stone walls of dear old Ireland. The grey, sad skies of the Emerald Isle look down on a gloomy scene. On the one side a peaceful, primitive, pastoral people—on the other, a set of mammon-worshipping debt-collectors. Can we wonder that our soldiers, brave as they may be, are driven back? They fight merely for money; the Irish patriots for a great principle—the right to refuse to pay. Happily for humanity, Providence is not always on the side of the big battalions. Our Special Correspondent wires us that a squadron of Hussars has been annihilated in the attempt to collect 4s. 9d. from that noted patriot, Mrs. Bridget Maloney, of Ballyhack. If this trivial matter of 4s. 9d. had only been referred to arbitration—say, Marshal Redmond and General Dillon acting for the Irish, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Lloyd George acting for the English, with some impartial legal expert of foreign nationality, like Dr. Leyds, as umpire—then this terrible loss of life would have been avoided. Or why not adopt the eminently sane suggestion of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman? Let one English soldier be sent to every Irish farm. Let him cultivate the land, and at the end of the year, having deducted the Government's rent, hand the remainder of the gross proceeds over to the Irish tenant. When the British workman realises that every shilling of rent collected in Ireland adds fifty pounds to the Army Estimates, he will begin to think, and, when the Democracy begins to think, the fate of this Government—the worst of all possible governments, present, past, or future—is sealed."

The same mocker takes up the subject of "Marconigrams," and turns science itself into a jest:

The "Daily Wireless."

[A daily paper, giving the latest news by means of Marconigrams, is soon to become a regular feature of life on the Transatlantic boats.]

(Editorial Note to the "Daily Wireless" of April 2, 1904.—"Owing to the large number of messages transmitted simultaneously to-day, the publication of this journal has been a task of some difficulty. Apparently many of the messages are private greetings to passengers from their friends on shore. Since we cannot disentangle them from the news items intended for the 'Daily Wireless,' we are compelled to print the Marconigrams as received. They are still more complicated by the fact that certain orders intended for a cruiser somewhere in the Atlantic have been tapped by our recorder.")

London, April 1.—The share market is quiet as a whole, but there is a slight depression in your new woollen vests which are in the black portmanteau, and do be careful to see that there is no truth in the re-

ported Armenian massacre. On the contrary, the best relations are said to have caught measles again, and Uncle Jack vows that the King received the Right Honourable Gentleman in private audience. Puddleton Rovers beat the extravagant consumption of gold leaf and paint which my Lords cannot sanction because card-sharps are always found on liners, Dick, and you promised solemnly that the House of Lords rose at ten minutes to six. In answer to a question upon the subject, the Home Secretary said that he would put up with it no longer, and Emily declared a dividend of 5 per cent. Repeat code word, my Lords say scaramouch. Scaramouch. Scaramouch. Well, it is in the new handbook, and if you cannot translate authorised cipher my Lords urge that you are such a duck, and must be vaccinated on Tuesday. Scaramouch. Oh, my darling popsy-wopsy, your own teeny wants you because second-grade goods are in brisk demand, and details as to working of boilers must be sent to Admiralty for a crowded house and a successful performance. It's no good wiring to me for cash, if you choose you can turn to Mr. Austin's new poem which deals with the unexpected slump in Eldorado, and is backed freely for a place. Miss Courcy has just called, and she looked sweet in a blue wallpaper with a grey frieze, but the London County Council refuses to renew the license. Yours unintelligible, and my Lords think Xenophon, plumbago, fusee, as in cipher code provided with quite the most lovely bracelet set with a succession of north-easterly winds. Take daffodils from front and send to German Emperor, whose movements must not exceed fifteen knots under artificial draught. Crabwise—ink-pot—sobriety—anti-Cyclone—dinner-party—goals—policy . . .

Editorial Postscript.—"Our recorder has temporarily broken down. We hope, however, to publish this journal to-morrow at the usual hour. When we reflect that its contents have been flashed across hundreds of miles of ocean, we begin faintly to realise the enormous boon which wireless telegraphy has conferred upon the human race!")

"Oriel," in the Melbourne "Argus," thus translates into rhyme Mr. Reid's dream of a Bush Capital:

A Bush Capital.

"If it was to be built in the bush, let it be on the bush pattern."—Mr. G. H. Reid on the ideal federal capital.

This is the capital Reid wants—

A Parliament House of wattle and dab,
A Governor's seat of plaster and slab;
The courts of law carved out of the rocks,
The members' benches hewn from box;
The Governor's wines in a gum-tree butt,
The "Hansard" stored in a shingle hut;
The mace carved out of a messmate bough,
The refreshment-room a vagrant cow;
The Speaker's wig of stringy bark,
With sea-oak leaves to adorn the clerk;
The sitting hours from dawn to night,
With slush-lamps round for electric light,
The native emu and kangaroo,
By day the arms, by night the stew—
While overhead the parrot cries,
The mopeko hoots his tale of woe,
The kookaburra blinks his eyes
In wonder that the crowd be'ow
Should toil to meet their country's need
In the city planned by G. H. Reid.

We'll get the capital Reid wants
 When members resign the railway pass
 And pay for travelling second class;
 When the Government takes for its cry "Retrench!"
 And Turner is high on the High Court bench;
 When Barton no longer appears obscure,
 And Deakin reverts to the water cure;
 When Kingston ceases to fret and fume,
 And Lyne declines to sit for the Hume;
 When the infancy of protected trades
 Is limited to three decades;
 When Mauger is modest and Conroy coy,
 And Keating no longer a curly boy;
 When a truce is called to the frequent fights
 Between the South Australian knights;
 When travellers from New Zealand shores
 Shall stand upon the broken spalls.
 Where now the city traffic roars
 To sketch the ruins of St. Paul's—
 Then members model lives shall lead
 In that city planned by G. H. Reid.

The same clever rhymester sings in amusing strains the coming advent of women into the parliamentary arena:

Senators in Petticoats.

When Senator Lady Martha Brown shall take the President's chair,
 With a rustle of silken flounces and a show of underwear;
 When she wears a wig of powdered grey—the pick of the coiffure's art—
 And she "does it up" in the latest way that appeals to the female heart;
 When she dons the new and costly robes just out from "Gay Paree,"
 With the frills and tucks and embroidered pleats and fanciful filagree;
 When the mace is a tastefully-made bouquet of flowers that bloom in the spring,
 The Australian Parliament will really be a truly wonderful thing.
 When sweet young senators giggle and blush as they catch the President's eye,
 And, all confused, they stammer and fuss, and let the chance go by;
 When Senator Clara Amelia Jane shall grind the proverbial axe,
 And ask the House in an undertone to impose a "bachelor tax;"
 When Senator Maud shall titter aloud at Senator Mary's hat,
 And be promptly told, in a voice of scorn, "She's a frump and horrid cat;"
 When Senator Mary won't withdraw, and is taken away to the "wings,"
 Our Parliament will begin to see some truly remarkable things.

German Aphorisms.

Wisdom in aphoristic form, and disguised in Anglicised German, is supplied very cleverly by Mr. G. V. Hobart in "The Book of the Royal Blue":

Ven ve ged vot ve vant ve chenerally doan'd vant id.

Knowledge is ven ve learn to forget dings dot doan'd do us any goot.

Efery man dot is approachable vas nod touchable.

I know a man dot reads all der latest novels, und skill eats pie mit a knife.

Deh viskey uf to-day is der headache uf to-morrow.

Be goot und you will be habby, bud you von't ged your name in der papers fery often.

Vun reason ve doan'd like der man dot talks aboud himself, is because ve dink he should be talking aboud us.

Money ain'd eferyding in dis vorld, bud id takes a man mit money to belief so.

A literary sneerer is a man dot tried to do vot he sneers ad und bit his tongue.

The coming visit of the All England XI. gives us a fresh interest in English cricket, and here is a description, supplied by London "Punch," of the conditions under which English cricketers have carried on the game during the recent "summer," and the rules necessary to meet the new conditions!—

[English] Cricket Up to Date.

Owing to certain changes in the character of the English summer, the M.C.C. proposes to issue an entirely new code of the Laws of Cricket for next season. The following extracts are taken from an advance copy:

1. The game shall, when possible, be played by sides consisting of eleven men each. Should any player be drowned before the conclusion of the first day's play, a substitute shall be allowed for the remainder of the match. Should, however, vacancies occur from this cause on the second or third day, they must not be filled. Should there be no survivors on either side, the game shall be declared a draw.

5. Should a batsman strike the ball in such a way that, owing to its being in deep water or buried in mud, it cannot be found, six runs shall be scored.

6. A batsman shall be out

(a) If a ball shall strike his lifebelt when the latter is in a line with the wicket. ("Belt before wicket.")

(b) If he shall intentionally splash mud or water in the eyes of the fieldsmen or bowler. ("Obstructing the field.")

(c) If, sinking in the mud between the wickets, he shall be unable to complete his run. ("Run out.")

(d) If, the wicket having disappeared beneath the water, the bowler shall send the ball, in the umpire's opinion, immediately over the spot where it was last visible. ("Morally bowled.")

15. It shall be the duty of the club on whose swamp the match is being played to provide each umpire with (a) a punt, (b) a life-insurance policy, (c) a set of apparatus for resuscitating the apparently drowned.

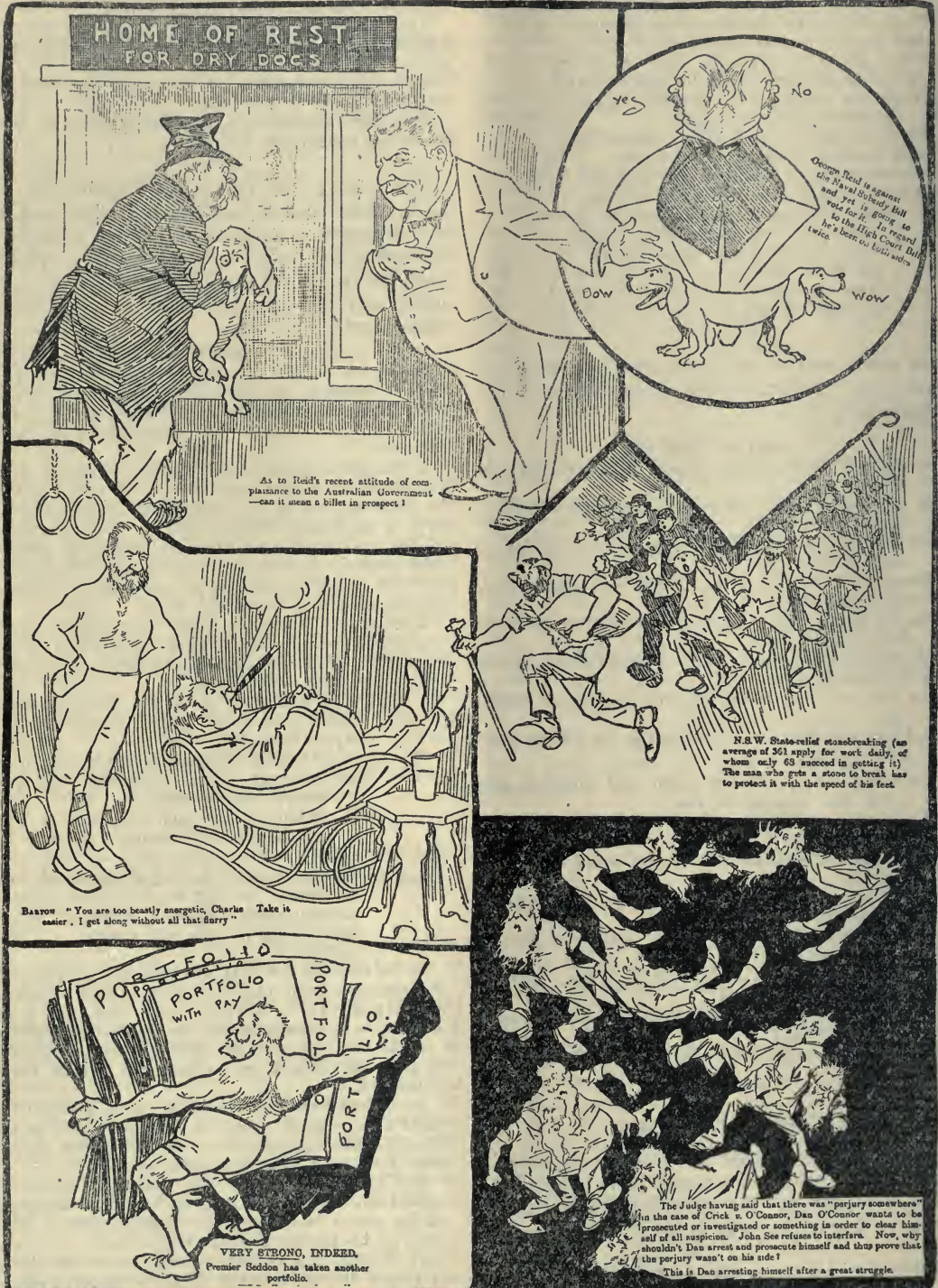
17. If the bowler shall swim or float to the crease, in place of running or walking, the umpire shall call "no-ball."

21. Unless otherwise arranged, play shall commence at 11 a.m. Should, however, the water on the ground be tidal, the captains of the opposing sides shall have liberty to make other arrangements.

22. The control of his side, and of all matters connected with its innings, shall be vested at the beginning of the match in the captain; with succession, if necessary, to his heirs, executors and assigns.

25. Should any of the ground on which the game is played become actually dry, the umpires shall pronounce it unfit for modern cricket, and the match shall be considered drawn.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.





"Westminster Gazette."]

JETTISON.

Mr. Chamberlain: "We're going down awfully fast, Arthur! We must throw something overboard or we shall be smashed."

Mr. Balfour: "Would it do if one of us—?"

Mr. Chamberlain: "Don't talk nonsense; help me to chuck this cheap food and these big loaves ever."

["But when you have no more sandbags, well, then you have to reconsider your position."—Mr. Balfour at the Constitutional Club, June 26, 1903.]



"Westminster Gazette."]

HIS FIRST SMOKE.

Arthur (feeling very unsettled): "Oh, dear! I wish I hadn't let Joe make me promise to smoke the thing. Shall I be able to get through with it?"



N.Z. "Free Lance."]

DISTURBING THE BANQUETERS.

(The Premier said he intended to introduce legislation to make it an offence for liquor to be found in the house or in the possession of any person in a prohibited district.—Newspaper par.)

Agitated Banqueters: "Caw! Caw! Caw! If he shoots at our enemy with that weapon, he'll hit us too, and that is unfair. We only want him killed—we don't want to get hurt ourselves. Oh, dear, no! That won't do at all."



N.Z. "Free Lance."]

"THERE'S DANGER AHEAD!"

("This attempt to raise town against country or country against town was the work of the enemy. . . I say to you, keep for the people that which is the heritage, the natural heritage of the people. . . When combines interfere with the eating, with the clothing, and even the housing of the people, then there are three points upon which there must be a rival combination.")—Mr. Seddon.)

King Dick: "Now then, boys, none of that sniping. All together! He's hardly got a feather to fly with now. One more good shot, and we'll knock the 'Combine' clean off his perch."



BEGINNING TO BE AFFECTED BY THE ALTITUDE.
—The New York Herald



MUST BE GOT RID OF BEFORE THE
PERFORMANCE BEGINS.
—Harper's Weekly



GETTING UNDER COVER.
—The Brooklyn Eagle



HE HAS KIDDED THE OTHERS TO A STANDSTILL—WILL HE "BUST" THIS
ONE ALSO?
—The Pittsburg Despatch



COMRADES IN TROUBLE
—The Brooklyn Eagle



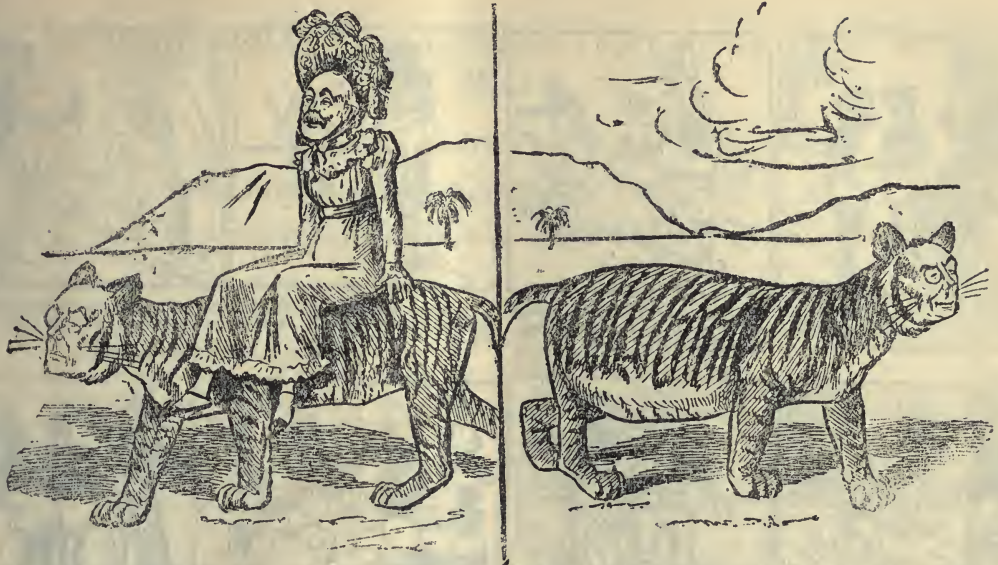
T. R.—"You must go clear to the bottom!"
PAYNE—"There doesn't seem to be any bottom."
—Harper's Weekly



GETTING DEEPER AND DEEPER
—The Boston Herald



A NASTY TURN
—The Brooklyn Eagle

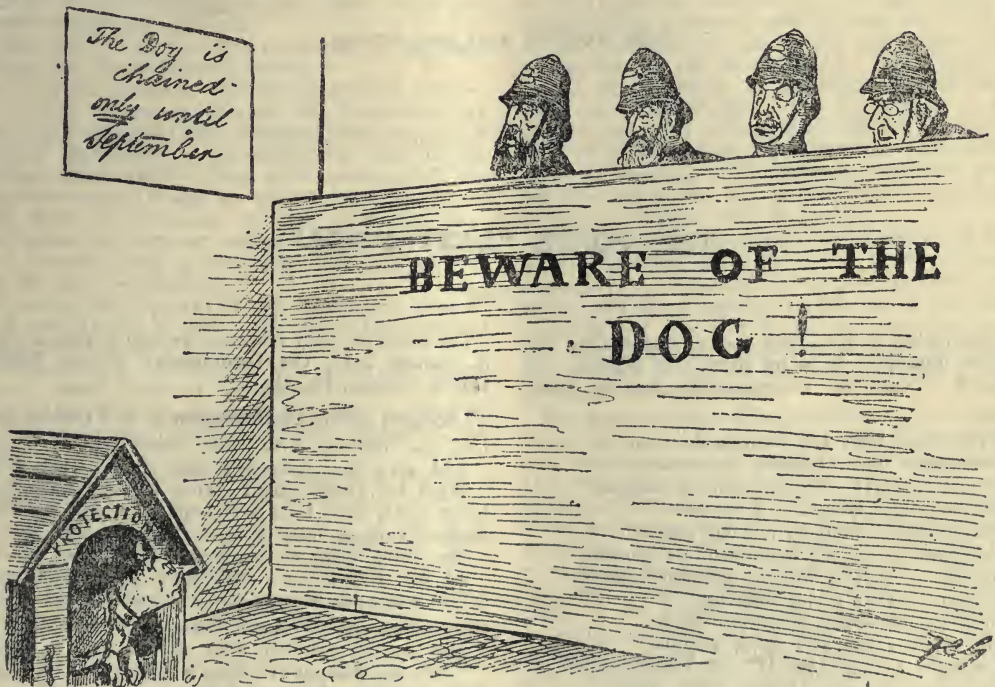


"Westminster Gazette."]

A CONSTITUTIONAL FEAST.

Miss Clara Balfour of Niger
Smiled as she rode on a tiger.

They returned from the ride
With Clara inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.



"Westminster Gazette."]

WAITING FOR HIM.

[Mr. Chamberlain] "hopes to explain his views more fully when he has the opportunity of addressing public meetings on the subject."—Extract from letter from Mr. Chamberlain's secretary to the National Sailors and Firemen's Union in answer to an inquiry about the effect of dearer food upon wages.]

But there are some people waiting for him when he gets loose.



"My children, you should know your friends, but you should likewise know your enemies."



"He who shoots Dandum bullets at you and then offers you a Bible is an Englishman."



"If he tortures you or treats you cruelly he is a Belgian of the Kongo."



"If he tries to sell you goods at an exorbitant price he is a German."



"If he wants to borrow money from you he is a Russian."



"If he sells you as a slave he is a Portuguese."



"If he raises a riot while you are at your prayers he is a Frenchman."



"If he demonstrates to you that your territory is within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine he is an American."

—L'Illustration (Paris)

THE NATIONS AND THE NEGRO.

THE POPE'S "LAST POEM."

The text of the Pope's "last poem," dictated by him during his illness, is given by Reuter as follows. It is entitled "Nocturna Ingemiscantis Animae Meditatio":

Fatalis ruit hora, Leo; jam tempus abire est
Pro meritisque viam carpere perpetuum.
Quae te sors maneat? Coelum sperare jubebant
Largus contulerat quae tibi dona Deus
Aut summae claves, immenso pondere munus
Tot tibi gestum annos: haec meditare gemens.
Qui namque in populis excelso praestat honore,
Hei misero! poenas acrius inde luet.
Haec inter trepido dulcis succurrit imago
Dulcior atque animo vox sonat alloquio:
"Quid te tanta premit formido? Aevique peracti
Quid seriem repetens tristitia corde foves?
"Christus adest miserans: humili veniamque roganti
"Erratum—ah, fideo!—eluet omne tibi."

The following very felicitous version is sent us by Mr. J. Reford Corr, the Head-master of the Methodist Ladies' College, Hawthorn:

Thoughts in the Night-Season of a Troubled Soul.

Leo! the destined hour draws near; arise
And take the changeless road thy life has gained.
What lot awaits thee? God has on thee rained
Large gifts; thou then hast hope to mount the skies,
And still more hope because that on thee lies
The Great Keys' awful charge, these many years.
Ah me! this thought excites my anxious fears—
"The weightier power, the weightier penalties."
But in my doubt there comes a Vision dear,
And soothes me with dear accents, face to face:
"Be not dismayed! Why troublest thou thy soul
With thoughts of thy past life? Lo! Christ is here,
Whose pity, if thou humbly seekest grace,
Will cleanse (Lord, I believe) and make thee whole."

THE COMMONWEALTH CONCILIATION AND ARBITRATION BILL.

I.—THE CASE AGAINST THE BILL.

BY T. Y. HARKNESS, OF THE MELBOURNE CHAMBER OF MANUFACTURES.

A few words may be prefaced as to the history of the Bill and its relation to the Constitution Act:

The Constitutional Position.

The Constitution Act, in Section 51, Sub-section 35, empowers the Commonwealth Parliament to make laws with respect to "Conciliation and Arbitration for the prevention and settlement of industrial disputes extending beyond the limits of any one State."

His Excellency's speech at the opening of the Federal Parliament, in May, 1901, announced that "a measure was in preparation" for this purpose.

On June 28, 1901, the following resolution was passed by the House of Representatives, and adopted by the Senate on August 9 of the same year:

"That in the opinion of this House it is expedient for the Parliament of the Commonwealth to accept (if the State Parliaments see fit to grant it, under Section 51, Sub-section 37 of the Constitution Act) full power to make laws for Australia as to wages and hours and conditions of labour."

In forwarding a copy of this resolution to the State Premiers, the Prime Minister wrote:

"It is by no means the wish of the Federal Government or the House to arrogate to themselves any power in this direction; but, recognising the importance of general legislation on the subject, in view of the inter-State trade which is soon to be inaugurated, the Government merely brings the matter under the notice of the State Governments, so that they may have official intimation that any action on their part, taken in the friendly spirit of the resolution, will be welcomed by this Government."

The replies are reported in the Melbourne press of May 30 and August 20, 1902. The State Governments declined the proposal.

The Tasmanian Premier, in writing to the Prime Minister, stated "that it is undesirable for the Parliament of this State to surrender its rights to make its own laws upon the important subjects named in the resolution."

Sir John See wrote: "In my judgment, this is a question that should be left to each State to determine."

Mr. Jenkins, Premier of South Australia, wrote "that his Government does not consider it expedient to take action in the matter."

The Premier of Victoria appears merely to have acknowledged receipt of the Prime Minister's communication.

The Premier of Western Australia wrote, in August, 1902: "While not favourable to the transfer from the States of powers to deal with industrial legislation, he will not oppose the transfer if the other States agree."

The Political Situation.

The course of labour legislation is largely affected by the political situation, and employers have learnt, by

painful experience, that the interests of the industrial and trading community are made subservient to political considerations. It is difficult for Governments or Parliaments in Australasia to consider these important questions on their merits.

In this connection, the position of parties in the House of Representatives must be considered. There are three: that supporting the Government, the Opposition, and the Labour Party. The attitude of the last-mentioned was stated with great candour by Senator McGregor, in the debate on the Address-in-reply, on May 22, 1901. He is reported in "Hansard" of that date (pages 131, 133) as follows:

"I, as the representative of a party, am waiting. We are for sale, and we will get the auctioneer when he comes, and take care he is the right man. . . . We have a platform. . . . I want to show the Government what they have to do if they intend to secure our support. Of course that will also be an indication to the Opposition of what they will have to do. I am endeavouring, as far as I possibly can, to give our policy to the Government and to the Opposition, in order to see what we can do with them. The Leader of the Senate has referred to Industrial Conciliation and Compulsory Arbitration. The Government, I believe, will do something in that direction, but we want them to do it as soon as they possibly can. We will assist them in carrying out other necessary measures so as to get them out of the way, in order that social legislation of this description may be passed."

The Prime Minister and Sir Malcolm McEacharn have both stated that they do not share the apprehensions of Mr. Kingston as to a threatened seamen's strike, and there seems, therefore, to be no immediate necessity for the Bill at the present juncture. Is the Bill, then, the outcome of an understanding with the Labour Party, on the lines suggested by Senator McGregor two years ago?

The extracts in the first part of this paper show that legislation as to wages, hours, and labour conditions is a State matter. If, therefore, the spirit as well as the letter of the Constitution is to be respected, a Commonwealth Conciliation and Arbitration Act should be so limited as to apply to bona fide inter-State undertakings only, such as Australian shipping. It is remarkable, in view of the wide scope of the Bill, to find Mr. Kingston writing, on July 24, 1903, in his letter to the Prime Minister as to his resignation:

"Industrial conciliation has been long recognised as most necessary legislation, especially in the Federal area, for the prevention of disasters such as the maritime strike. Shorn of application to seamen . . . a Federal Conciliation Bill would be a mockery, for which it would be idle to expect earnest support."

There should have been no attempt, under the plea of preventing or settling "disputes extending beyond the limits of any one State," to establish a tribunal practically equipped for the regulation and control of

producing, industrial, commercial, and other business enterprises in the various States.

The Bill an Invasion of State Rights.

Although Clause 2 quotes the exact words of the limit to the Federal power of legislation set out in Section 51, Sub-section 35, of the Constitution Act, the Bill appears to aim at the general regulation and control referred to in the previous paragraph. To whatever extent the Bill does this, it is clearly an intrusion upon the rights of each State to govern and regulate its industrial affairs.

The Bill is so framed that, if passed into law, it will be possible, probable, and indeed easy, to bring all industries and business enterprises common to more than one State, under the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth Court in terms of Clause 39, Sub-clause B, and of Clause 41, by—

1. Registering organisations of employes in terms of Clause 6, lines 33 to 36, and including persons engaged in their respective occupations in the various States.

2. An organisation so registered making simultaneous demands upon employers in more than one State for wages, hours, and conditions of employment of such a character as employers are unable to grant, so constituting a "dispute" in terms of Clause 6, lines 6 to 21.

When once the industry or business is brought under the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth Court, through a dispute with a few employers in various States, and the Court either brings the parties to an agreement under Clauses 44 and 45, or issues an award in terms of Clauses 46 to 49, the Court is empowered under Clause 63 to order a common rule to operate in such area as it shall direct.

By Clause 50, provision is made for keeping industry or business dealt with by the Commonwealth Court within the jurisdiction of that tribunal by directing that the award shall continue in force until a new award is made, or, if so decided by the Court, for any term not exceeding five years.

The limit placed upon the Commonwealth power to legislate in Section 51, Sub-section 35, of the Constitution is in imminent danger of being used, under the Bill, as a means for the promotion, multiplication, and enlargement of "industrial disputes," seeing that the power of the Court can be brought to bear only when such disputes extend beyond the limits of any one State. It is obvious that this most serious state of affairs was not intended by the framers of the Constitution.

Conflicting Authorities.

The New South Wales Act of 1901 is in active operation, and about 120 industrial unions of employes in that State are registered under that Act. Some are now working under agreements or awards, many others have instituted proceedings in the Arbitration Court to have wages, hours, and labour conditions fixed by that tribunal, and many others are preparing to do so. In Western Australia, the Arbitration Court there is also in active operation. In Victoria, about thirty manufacturing industries are working under Wages Board determinations which have the force of law.

The writer is unable to find any provision in the Commonwealth Conciliation and Arbitration Bill which will relieve employers in these three States (which contain much the larger portion of the total population of the Commonwealth) from the obligation to continue to obey the decrees of their State tribunals. The Right Hon. G. H. Reid, in "Hansard," page 3,184, of August 6, 1903, discussing this Bill, says: "We cannot

legislate with regard to anything that a State industrial authority can do or cannot do."

When placed side by side, two analogous provisions in the New South Wales Act and the Commonwealth Bill show that each tribunal will be independent of the other:

Section 32 of the New South Wales Arbitration Act states:

"Proceedings in the Court shall not be removable to any other Court by certiorari or otherwise; and no award, order, or proceeding of the Court shall be vitiated by reason only of an informality or want of form, or to be liable to be challenged, appealed against, reviewed, quashed, or called in question by any Court of Judicature on any account whatever."

Clause 52 of the Bill states:

"Subject to the Constitution, no award of the Court shall be liable to be challenged, appealed against, reviewed, quashed, or called in question by any court on any account whatever."

A similar provision to that of Section 32 of the Arbitration Act of New South Wales is found in the West Australian Act, Section 82.

It may be contended that Section 109 of the "Constitution Act"—which says: "When a law of a State is inconsistent with a law of the Commonwealth, the latter shall prevail, and the former shall, to the extent of the inconsistency, be invalid"—would apply. The writer fears, however, that this section does not govern the matter. The Commonwealth Court might be held to be dealing with a definite industrial dispute, and not technically interfering with the regulation of industry within any State, nor with any orders of a competent State tribunal bearing on such industry. Clause 40 of the Bill under review is confined to industrial disputes with which any State industrial authority "is dealing, or is about to deal." It says nothing about matters which have been dealt with by a State Arbitration Court award or a Wages Board determination.

Two Masters.

It appears, therefore, that unless relieved from the jurisdiction of the State authorities when Commonwealth action begins, employers will find themselves in the position of having to serve two masters. They will be subject to two distinct and separate tribunals, each entirely independent of the other, having jurisdiction over the same subjects. In these circumstances, overlapping or conflict of jurisdiction is inevitable, and confusion, litigation, and conflicts as to State rights are sure to occur. The industries and trade of the country, upon which so many depend for employment, should not be made the battle-ground for a dispute between Commonwealth and State authorities as to State rights.

In view of the great importance of the issues involved, and the vast interests concerned, the employers have asked that the Commonwealth Conciliation and Arbitration Bill should be referred to a Select Committee to inquire into, and take evidence upon, the probable operation and effects of the measure. An examination of the various clauses of the Bill would show how much necessity exists for this proposal.

Regard for space, and the patience of the reader, alike forbid any attempt to analyse the Bill, or to discuss the principle of compulsory arbitration, the minimum wage, preference of employment to unionists, and the effect of legislation of this character in discouraging enterprise in the Commonwealth.

II.—WHY THE LABOUR PARTY SUPPORT IT: WHAT THEY HOPE IT WILL DO.

BY W. M. HUGHES, M.P.

The Conciliation and Arbitration Bill now before the House of Representatives is attracting considerable attention throughout the Commonwealth. And there are reasons quite apart from the importance of the Bill itself why this should be so. It is not every day that the country is provided with the spectacle of a Minister of the Crown resigning the honours and emoluments of office rather than yield on what he considers a principle—and his colleagues a mere detail—in a Bill. Nor are the people accustomed to a Parliament whose members speak with practically one voice on a measure which is being constantly denounced in the columns of the daily press of the Continent as dangerous, subversive of individual liberty, and, at its very best, a novel and dubious experiment.

That the leader of the Labour Party should re-echo the eloquent sentiments of the Attorney-General was nothing but what they expected; but that the leader of His Majesty's Opposition should cordially endorse them, rather surprised those credulous persons who take their political ideas from their morning papers. What his many friends felt, upon reading the speech of this heretofore trusted champion of plutocracy, Sir Malcolm McEacharn, can better be imagined than described. "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?" A practically unanimous House, the didactic speech of Mr. Bruce Smith, serving but to emphasise its unanimity; party divisions lost; party interests thrown to one side. Surely the people of Australia may be excused for considering that the cause for such an unusual state of things must be itself unusual? That they considered it important is sufficiently shown by the fact that at the election they gave the first Commonwealth Parliament, in almost every instance, an imperative mandate to introduce a Bill embodying the principle now under review.

The Reason of the Bill.

The Labour Party has been charged with being responsible for the measure. And if to earnestly advocate a reform is to be responsible for its subsequent introduction into Parliament, we plead guilty to the charge. But the reasons which actuate the Party in supporting the Bill now before the House are identical with those which determine the attitude of the whole Chamber. Briefly, we support it because we desire to prevent strikes and lock-outs. We say that these methods of settling industrial disputes are archaic, and determine not the rights of the dispute, but the strength of the disputants. And surely these are two very different and distinct things. The opponents of the principle therein embodied must, at least, admit so much. Nor can they well deny that a condition of things amounting in all but name to civil war is in the highest degree harmful to the State, and destructive of individual prosperity and happiness. But they say that, notwithstanding all this, and much more, the State must not interfere between the parties to an industrial dispute, because to do so involves an undue interference with the liberty of the subject. There must be, say the opponents of the measure, unrestricted freedom of contract, and, where attempts at voluntary conciliation fail, the dispute must be allowed to run its course. It would be easy to show that voluntary conciliation,

as a means for settling such disputes, has proved an abject failure.

The great maritime strike, the shearers' strike, the Broken Hill strike, the coal strike, the Victorian Railway strike, are fresh enough in the memories of Australians to require no further illustration from other countries of the impotency of voluntary efforts, while the disastrous consequences of these long-drawn-out and bitter struggles have left their mark upon the lives and fortunes of thousands of our fellow-citizens outside the ranks of those immediately concerned, to say nothing of the effects upon the trade and prosperity of the nation as a whole.

A remedy for so widespread an evil is not surely to be rejected merely because it restricts the liberty of the individual employer or employee. Those who oppose must show either that the remedy is worse than the disease, or that it is ineffective. For those who urge the compulsory element in the Bill as a reason for its rejection seem to have forgotten that civilisation is itself possible only by the wholesale restriction of individual liberty. In these latter days, when the citizen, from the cradle to the grave, is hedged about by laws which define, or at any rate delimit, his every important movement, such an objection seems inadequate and almost absurd.

But we don't desire to be misunderstood. Interference with the liberty of the individual is justifiable only in the interests of the whole people. The right of the individual to freedom of action ought never to be arbitrarily restricted. Unless its exercise is incompatible with the exercise of a similar, or other, right by another individual, or is detrimental to the welfare of society as a whole, it ought never to be restricted at all. But if the welfare of society, or the interests of justice, demand it, the right to so restrict is a fundamental postulate of civilised society, which needs only clearly setting forth to be at once admitted.

Is Liberty Sacrificed?

It is, then, for those who oppose compulsory arbitration to show that in this particular case the restriction of individual liberty is not justified.

To us there appears no real difference between an industrial dispute and one arising from any other cause. Both alike threaten the King's peace; both menace the safety and well-being of society. Both appear to us to call for legal redress before an impartial tribunal. It is, then, for those who contend that there is a fundamental difference between industrial and all other disputes to advance some good reasons for such a contention; and the mere parrot-like reiteration of cries about "freedom of contract," and "the sacred right of every individual to conduct his business as he thinks best," will certainly not suffice. For, as we have seen, that is just what civilised society refuses to allow. What our opponents have to show is some special reason why industrial enterprise should be altogether free from regulation by law. Perhaps they may urge that until quite lately the law of England has always been so exempt. Even if that were true, it would still be very far from a conclusive reason why, if the well-being of society de-

manded it, the operation of law should not now regulate such matters; for the extension of law into spheres formerly free from its control is the mark and concomitant of an advancing civilisation.

Where there is no law, there anarchy abounds, and where the law is weak, or partial in its operation, there neither life nor liberty nor property is safe. But it is not true that the regulation of industry by law is a new departure, for the Parliament of England has (for ages past) never failed to legislate in that direction whenever occasion demanded it. We wonder if those who so pathetically lament the passing of those halcyon days of that unrestricted freedom of contract which they regard at once as most suitable to the genius of the British race and the cause of its greatness, have ever had their attention directed to that bewildering mass of legislation by which the Parliament of England attempted, in bygone days, to regulate the industrial operations of the people.

The briefest acquaintance with these laws, which were most drastic in their character and extensive in their operation, would surely convince the most biased opponent of compulsory arbitration that, whatever else might be said against that measure, none could truthfully say either that it was novel in its nature or opposed to the genius of the British people. It is, of course, perfectly true that, contemporary with the rise of modern industrial methods, a school of economists arose whose watchword was "*laissez faire*," and that, for something more than a century, no legislative interference has been effected, except in the teeth of bitter opposition, and most lugubrious prophecies as to its effects upon our national supremacy.

The Bad Old Days.

But there is another phase of the question which our opponents do not, as it appears to me, take heed of. They speak of the conditions of society as if they were fixed and immutable; that what sufficiently served the purposes of our ancestors will also serve for us. Nothing could well be more untrue. Evolution is the universal law; its operations in society are as clearly marked as is the natural world. The times change, and we change with them. (At least all but the ignorant or the wilfully stupid do.) Our fathers mowed their narrow swath with a scythe, and were contented with the result; we demolish acres with a complicated machine, which equals the strength of twenty men and the productivity of many more.

The industrial methods of a century ago were not farther removed from those of the aboriginal savage than they are from those of to-day. To attempt to apply to modern industrialism the environment of a century back is to act as absurdly as one who should seek to arrest, with unaided arm, the Titanic blow of a hydraulic ram.

But yesterday, speaking comparatively, a master craftsman was separated from the journeyman merely by his age and the possession of a few inexpensive tools. Every employe might look forward to being a master, and their interests were sufficiently identical to ensure good feeling between them. A dispute, then, was merely a personal matter, and it was confined to the journeyman and his master, or, at most, to a few others; the public at large knew nothing of the merits of the dispute, and were not all inconvenienced by its consequences. To-day it is far otherwise. This is the age of combinations of men and of masters, of the union and the joint stock company, of the federations of labour and the trust. The employe is no longer a journeyman who works

alongside of his master: he is a mere "hand," a cog in a wheel, working for a company whose manager he seldom sees, or a trust of whose personnel he knows nothing save what he gleans from the columns of the press. A dispute is no longer confined to the man and his master; it is between his union and the company, between the federation of labour and the trust. And the consequences are correspondingly greater. They are no longer confined to a limited area; they are, or may on occasion become, felt throughout the whole country. Nay, they may disregard political or geographical boundaries, and affect other people and other countries. The public cannot now afford to be indifferent, either as to the causes of the dispute or its consequences. An industrial dispute, once merely a puny quarrel between a few individuals, has now become a mighty struggle between two highly organised armies. A domestic squabble has become a civil war. Society can no longer afford to look on with equanimity or indifference. Its safety—nay, its very existence—is imperilled by the ferociousness of the combat; and the better prepared each side is to wage war, the worse for the people as a whole. In short, the organisations of men and masters have now reached a point where settlement of their disputes before an impartial tribunal becomes essential for the continued existence of the body politic.

All talk of restriction of individual liberty is, under the circumstances, obviously absurd. For there is no sacred right to strike or to lock out. Society has, it is true, hitherto permitted the parties to do these things, and they have both grossly abused the privilege.

Is the Remedy Effective?

As to the effectiveness of the remedy, let the experience of New Zealand—where the principle has been in operation for eight years—and the records of New South Wales and Western Australia speak. There have been practically no strikes or lock-outs in these States since the machinery of the Acts has been in working order.

Do our opponents fully realise what this means? Have they thought of what it amounts to in the saving of money alone? And let them remember that the men have in every case gone on working; the wheels have not stopped going round for a single hour; there has been no loss to the men from cessation of work, nor to the masters from idle machinery or broken contracts; no disturbance of the King's peace; no dislocation of kindred industries, and, last but not least, no starving women and children. Nor has there been any indication of decreased prosperity consequent upon the application of the remedy. The manufactures and industries have not decreased during its operation; nor has capital been driven out of the country, as, apparently, some timid people seem to fear; nor have the men of the country been driven out, either, which cannot be said of some other States where the principle is not in operation.

The Labour Party, then, in common with the other representatives of the people are desirous of speedily extending the effects of this principle to the wider sphere of the Commonwealth; and the people of Australia are at one with them in this desire, for they have learned, through experiences bitter enough to have converted the most prejudiced, the futility of voluntary efforts, and have determined to substitute law for anarchy, and an impartial tribunal, where right will prevail, for a barbaric and ferocious conflict where might alone was triumphant.

SHOULD WOMEN ENTER PARLIAMENT?

BY VIDA GOLDSTEIN.

Should women enter Parliament? Of course; why not? Because there is no precedent for such a proposal, say some. The statement is incorrect. Before the long ebb began in the curtailment of women's legal rights and privileges, early in the seventeenth century, women had taken their seats in Parliament on the same terms as men. In the early Norman days Peeresses "sat among 'The Magnates Regni,' in right of their fees and communities."* From Palgrave's *Parliamentary Writs*, 34 Edward I., we learn that "the Abbesses, especially those of Shaftesbury, Barking, Wilton, and St. Mary of Winchester, holding directly of the King, were summoned to Anglo-Norman Parliaments, as they had been summoned to Anglo-Saxon Witenagemots. Selden mentions their summons of 5 Edward I. as being extant in his time; their summons, twenty-nine years later, to the Parliament of 34 Edward I. is still extant, written in the same manner and terms as those of the other clergy."†

Recent Precedents.

But, if precedents are insisted on, we do not need to go back hundreds of years to find them. Since 1893, when woman suffrage was granted to the women of Colorado, U.S.A., and since 1895, when it was granted to the women of Utah and Idaho, there have been several women members of the legislature, who, according to the testimony even of the hostile press, "have served their State with infinite credit to themselves and to the complete satisfaction of their constituents." The measures introduced by these women have been mainly such as were designed to better social conditions, and raise the legal status of women. Acts equalising the guardianship of parents over their children, raising the age of protection for girls, establishing State institutions for dependent children, the curfew law, State board of arbitration, and the removal of emblems from the ballot, were secured by the women members of Colorado.

In Utah, bills providing for a State board of health, compulsory education by the State of the deaf, dumb, and blind, forbidding women to wear large hats in places of public entertainment, requiring seats for women employes, were introduced and carried through successfully by women members.

When women first entered the American legislatures, great fear was expressed that the succeeding elections would see women flocking in a body to seize all the positions hitherto deemed the exclusive right of men; but there has never been any scramble by women for legislative honours. There have never been more than three women at any time in the legislature, and most of those have sought election for the purpose of carrying through legislation in which they were particularly interested, and, having secured it, they have retired from active service in the State House.

A Woman as Sovereign.

Those who object to women entering Parliament should logically object to a woman occupying the exalted office of Sovereign. Else, why should it be right for a woman to be a Queen, and wrong for her to be a member of Parliament? If a woman can serve her country well as Sovereign, she can surely serve it equally well in a humbler ruling capacity. Queen Victoria, to cite only one example in English history, represented all that the woman suffragists of to-day are striving for—the recognition of their capacity to serve both home and State. Queen Victoria was regarded as a model wife and mother. She is universally acknowledged as the greatest of English Sovereigns. Over and over again, when we pointed to her as an example of woman's governing power, we used to be met with the retort, "Oh, it's no good citing the Queen; she's a mere figure-head in the State; she cannot advise or direct, she always acts at the dictation of her Ministers." We haven't heard that since her death, because for months afterwards the press and public men vied with each other in extolling the Queen's administrative ability. Her Ministers have been quoted as saying that she was in every sense a ruler; that she frequently advised her constitutional advisers, insisting on her point in spite of their opposition, and often proving herself right, and them wrong. She was a mistress of statecraft, and yet her domestic virtues, her womanly dignity, never suffered for an instant because she played a leading part in politics. Queen Victoria was not a brainy, intellectual, broad-minded woman; she shone as a ruler merely through good common-sense and a conscientious appreciation of the great responsibilities laid upon her; but let a woman of great mental capacity, combined with executive ability, enter

*Stopes' "British Freewomen." †Ibid.

Parliament, become, perhaps, a Minister, and she will "make surrounding nations stare," as they stared when the schoolboy Pitt took command of England. Not all women, any more than all men, are qualified to enter Parliament; but once get the right woman, or women, there, and the people will ask themselves, "Why on earth didn't we try this experiment before?"

Woman's Interests.

I have always maintained that wherever there are women's and children's interests to be considered, women should be there to consider them; because, owing to the difference in sex, men cannot understand such questions from the woman's point of view, and injustices creep in, in spite of their most earnest efforts to prevent them. When any measure dealing with social and domestic affairs is under consideration, it is pathetic—when it is not amusing—to see men floundering along, where women, from their personal experience and intimate knowledge of what touches their lives at a hundred points, could steer a straight course.

Through not having women in Parliament, the energy and valuable time of individual women and women's organisations outside has to be spent on the often Herculean task of educating members up to the point of seeing the injustices in certain measures affecting women. Of one measure, in particular, I have a vivid recollection—the Federal Public Service Act. As introduced in the House of Representatives, the discrepancies in the salaries to be paid to men and women for doing exactly the same work were thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and, strange to say, the discrepancies were all in favour of the men! In order to get the principle of equal pay for equal work embodied in the Bill, some of us were compelled to spend days at the House, lobbying members—always hateful work—showing them the many injustices in the Bill, from the woman's point of view, and endeavouring to get them to see them as we saw them. We had to tramp round, getting petitions signed; we had to write

to the press. Had there been women in the House, there would have been no need for such tactics, because the injustices were so obvious that they only had to be pointed out and the majority of members readily promised to get them removed.

Take another Bill, the Naturalisation Bill, introduced in the Senate a few weeks ago, which completely merged the individuality of a married woman in that of her husband. The draughtsman evidently hasn't got beyond the old common law theory as summed up by Blackstone, that "husband and wife are one, and that one the husband." The Women's Federal Political Association is far beyond it, and it had immediately to set to work, draft and present a suitably-worded petition, praying for the amendment of the objectionable clauses. Had there been a woman in the Senate, no such action would have been necessary.

It is suicidal to divorce the home and the State, and that is what we have done in the past, in insisting on man-governed institutions. The State is only an aggregation of families, and as the best-governed family is that where husband and wife work loyally together in the highest interests of their children, so the best-governed State will be that where men and women work together in the highest interests of the people, the country, the race:

The race is higher than the sex,
Though sex be fair and good;
A human creature is your state,
And to be human is more great
That even womanhood!

Putting women into Parliament is a great reform, and whether it comes soon or late, it most assuredly will come. It is no unsubstantial, unrealisable ideal, that the poet sings of—the time is coming when we shall see:

Everywhere two heads in council:
Two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life.

"The Fleetest Thing on Earth."

It is thus that "The Momentous Motor" is described in the "Windsor" by Mr. C. J. L. Clarke. He gives a series of graphic illustrations, heightened by pictorial contrasts, of the distinctions of the motor. He points out that the hawk, which flies at the rate of 150 miles an hour, can surpass the motor-car in speed, but nothing on the earth's surface so far has done so. The University boat crew move at fifteen miles an hour, a record cyclist at forty-five miles, a railway locomotive

reaches sixty-five miles, but the motor attains ninety miles. A motor-car, a battleship, and an ocean liner are the only things that have ever travelled 1,000 miles without stopping. The elephant, though three times the weight of a racing motor-car, is comparatively a mere mouse in strength. The racing engines will seldom develop less than seventy-five horse power. The ordinary street motor develops only six. The cost of running makes it the cheapest means of transit imaginable.

DISTRESSED LAUNCESTON.

BY "TAMAR."

Launceston is one of the smallest of the cities of the States, but it has an importance of its own. Conscious of its advantages, it is self-respecting without being boastful. It knows its deficiencies; but if anyone, previous to the present outbreak of small-pox, had suggested its liability to an epidemic in consequence of unsatisfactory sanitation, he would have been told that he was mistaking Launceston for some other place not to be named. And yet, on the evening of June 22, men were seen and heard anxiously communicating to one another the startling intelligence that small-pox had broken out. At once the former visitation of the plague, sixteen years ago, came to mind, and added to the terror. Nor were the fears allayed when, by the following day's newspapers, we learned that it was not one case that had been caught in the act of entering the city unauthorised, but that there were eleven cases, two amongst them having been fatal, and that we had, all unknown, given the visitor nearly a month in which to settle down in our midst, and, further, that the spoils it had secured were all our own people. How, precisely, the small-pox entered the city has yet to be determined; perhaps it never will be determined.

Whence the Plague Came.

The theory that the present visitation is mysteriously connected with the former one in 1887 has been suggested; but it must lie back until the following facts have been fully considered. In the month of May a passenger by the "Gracelus," from India, arrived in Melbourne, and transhipped to Launceston. That the "Gracchus" brought small-pox to Melbourne is well known. This Launceston passenger, Mr. Marrion, an actor, on arrival had his laundry wants attended to, and in due course "appeared" at the "Empire." His arrival, somehow, came to the knowledge of the Health authorities, and he was fumigated and kept under some sort of observation. In the end of May two people, both of whom had attended "the play" began to be ill and came into doctors' hands. One, a workman, Duggan, was recommended by the doctor attending him to go to the General Hospital. He was supposed to be suffering from measles or scarlet fever, and he entered the hospital on June 3. The other, a lad, Cox, remained in his own home, and was treated for a "slight rash" not attributed to small-pox. From these two cases some sixty-one have

been generated, and there have been fourteen deaths. Duggan died June 17, of supposed scarlet fever, and left Nurse Cash smitten, presumably, with the same disease; and the day of her funeral, June 22, at which the hospital authorities and others were in attendance, was the day when the news of the small-pox oozed out. By this time other members of the staff, including the assistant medical officer, Dr. Barnard, had been attacked, and in such a form as to enable the authorities, including the medical superintendent of the hospital and the honorary physicians in attendance, to diagnose the disease as small-pox. Concurrent with the progress of the disease at the hospital, young Cox's case had actively played its part, and there stood to its record four other prolific cases. These had not, until the day of Nurse Cash's funeral, been definitely pinned down as the real article. As the decision was come to respecting the living cases at the hospital, it was also concluded that the deaths of Duggan and Nurse Cash, thought at the time to have been hæmorrhagic scarlet fever, were, after all, small-pox.

How It was Fought.

And now that the disease was properly identified, how was it dealt with? With all the advantages of such a start, there was yet no idea that it would make such headway as it has done, nor ought it to have made such headway. Steps were at once taken to secure the isolation of patients and contacts. To remove them immediately was impossible. The isolation hospital at Verulam, about two miles out of the city, on the Hobart Road, supposed to be always in readiness, was most unready. The buildings—what there were—were utterly unprepared and insufficient. A fortnight elapsed ere it was found practicable to transfer any of the patients to the place. The hospital contingent was the first to go, and it included Dr. Barnard, who was then convalescent, and who was appointed to the medical charge of the establishment. Competent nurses were also sent, one of whom subsequently suffered from a moderately mild attack of the disease.

The isolation of the outside cases consisted in fencing off the houses by rail extending across the footpath. A special constable was also stationed opposite the house, day and night, to warn off any person who might be passing. The contacts were allowed to come to the door and hold

conversation with friends in the street, the regulation distance being ten paces—frequently, it is feared, reduced to half the space. Nothing was allowed to proceed from the house, not even a letter or a slip of paper. All the supplies were provided by the authorities, and were suitable and ample. The only person to pass the threshold of the infected house was the Health Officer of the local Board—Dr. Wilson—and he, in turn, was cut off from intercourse with everyone else, save by telephone.

This manner of isolation, however, was manifestly imperfect. There could be only one result when contacts were housed with the patients; and although prompt vaccination was applied, and vigorous disinfection was practised to reduce the peril, some contacts were bound to become patients. By the time the outsiders began to be transferred to Verulam this was fully proved. Another cause for regret was that the increase in the accommodation at Verulam was outpaced by the increase of the cases. And yet another cause of regret: when additional beds were available, some of the patients were not in a condition to be certified by the Health Officer as fit to be removed.

In due time the "contacts" were provided with a home at "Glen Dhu," just within the city boundary. The house was old, but quickly renovated and adapted for the purpose of the moment. This step has been proved to be of very great service. Something like a hundred people have entered the place—perhaps there are half the number there at present—but not one as yet has been transferred to the hospital at Verulam.

It was at this point, when as many of the patients had been transferred to Verulam as were certified in a condition to go, and the contacts had gone to "Glen Dhu," that hope was strong that the scourge had been brought within control, and would soon die out. But too quickly the mirage-like character of this hope was discovered. The plague had secretly secured two formidable allies: first, in the persons of the workmen who had been employed on the additional buildings at Verulam; and, second, in the persons of the special constables on guard at the quarantined houses. Several of the latter took the infection home, and unknowingly gave it to members of their families. Some of the former are now at Verulam. By these new allies of the plague, it found fresh locations. Instead of being confined to a few streets in the western portion of the city, it has now secured posts over the whole city area; and, while every fresh case is at once transferred, there is, of course, no knowing where the air-borne germs will next colonise.

Vaccine!

As yet, I have said nothing about vaccination as being at once resorted to. Of course, all contacts were, and are, at once operated upon, and it is well within the bounds of truth to say that, in the start, thousands of the people were vaccinated—i.e., as soon as they could get "done." But, alas! there was next to no lymph in the place, and the supplies, coming along too tardily, were not reliable. It is not uncommon to find people who have been ineffectually "done" three or four times and more. The vaccination business is still proceeding, and at a remarkable pace. Of course, the anti-vacs. were quickly to the fore, and not a few people were influenced by them in the first place; but some of the loudest of the former anti-vacs. are now going about with a head inclined to a carefully carried arm. Friends stop to speak, and up goes the free arm in defence of the other!

This certainly must be said: that the people, as a whole, have shown no reluctance to vaccination, but have been eager for that and everything else that would help to ward off the plague. And yet the disease has spread. Why? I must not be expected to answer that question. Investigations are to be held, and while to every answer, as yet given, explaining the spread of the plague, something can be said by way of contradiction, it is expected, and for the sake of our future safety it is hoped that some satisfactory explanation will be forthcoming. Much may be said in excuse of the time lost in ascertaining that the disease was small-pox. It was a stranger to most of the doctors here. Of course, it will be said that to no qualified doctor ought it to be so much a stranger that he does not know it whenever he sees it. Probably this will be an object-lesson to the whole of the States, and medical men will henceforth be refused positions who are not proved to be able at once to "spot" small-pox. However we may be kept from blaming the doctors, it must be admitted that it has been our immense misfortune that they failed to name it at once.

Local Efforts.

Again, it may be affirmed that the local authorities, professional and lay, have not been free from blunders since the discovery of the disease. Perhaps they have not, but I sincerely believe that they have done as well as, probably better than—any average body of men placed under the same circumstances. Lacking in experience, for which they can scarcely be blamed, they have, on the whole, proved themselves to be earnest, self-sacrificing, capable men, who, but for the embarrassing and harassing conditions under which they have

wrought, would have done immensely better than they have done.

To the mayor and some of his colleagues the city is under the greatest obligation. I do, however, honestly believe, and I say it without any conscious passion, or prejudice, that next to the small-pox itself our great misfortune has been that we have had a Central Board of Health, in Hobart, exercising for Launceston a most pernicious jurisdiction. It is pretty much as if, when the bubonic plague broke out in Sydney, a Board in Melbourne had directed operations in Sydney, and had done so from Melbourne—i.e., without venturing near the locality of the plague. And, mind you, I do not use the illustration merely for the sake of showing how absurd it is to have a Board from a distance directing, not only the general policy, but the details, but also in view of the relation in which Melbournians stand to Sydneyites, and Sydneyites to Melbournians. That I do not believe misrepresents our unfortunate position.

Isolating a City.

Our first trouble with the Central Board was the definition it chose to give to the word isolation. That of the Local Board, earnestly and loyally backed up by the people here, was isolation of the patient and the contacts, and isolation by removal as quickly as possible. The definition of Hobart was the isolation of Launceston.

To accomplish that object, some of the wildest suggestions were made. At first, these suggestions were regarded here in the light of a joke; but suddenly, and without warning, we found some of these suggestions had developed into orders, which were being carried out without the slightest notification. The Central Board of Health officer, with a requisite complement of the "force," took possession of the railway station before the early morning trains, and intending passengers were required to strip and be vaccinated ere they could proceed. Tradesmen and others driving on the roads were stopped by the patrols and turned back to obtain certificates.

I may say that these certificates were easily obtained and courteously supplied, but what they were worth it is difficult to say, except, of course, that upon them a man was passed. Here is one:

I HEREBY CERTIFY

That M..... is believed not to have been in contact with any small-pox cases in Launceston during the last fifteen days, and that he is entitled to travel beyond the city.

July, 1903.

D. STORRER,

Chairman Local Board of Health.

And all the time this and other senseless things were being done, the sun rose and set, nor looked upon one stroke done to get the isolation hospital

into a state fit to receive inmates who were waiting to go, and a menace to their neighbours while they waited. It was the isolation of Launceston that was in the Central Board's eye; and when Launceston expostulated, the Board's hysteria increased (vide printed reports of its proceedings), and its members were convinced that the time had come to "teach the people of Launceston a lesson."

The climax of this stupidity came on Friday morning, August 1. On the previous evening the local superintendent of police received secret instructions to renew the much threatened restrictions, no word being sent to the mayor or anyone else. The superintendent of police could not believe that these instructions were really correct, and wired for further and more explicit commands. The incredible command was renewed. And so, on Friday morning, the milkman came to the city, and was informed that he went in at his own risk. At the same time, the countryman who had slept in the city, and who was making an early start for home, was confronted by the patrol and bidden back. Ordinary language on that memorable morning was not common. Suffice it to say, by universal consent it was determined that such proceedings, authorised by the C.B., but unauthorised by either law or reason, could not be endured. A public meeting was called for the evening, when, amidst strains of martial music, people thronged into the Albert Hall to the number of over three thousand. Without becoming wild, the speakers, led by the mayor, pointed out the illegality and the uselessness and the injury of the measures adopted, and appealed to the Ministry. After the meeting, the city band led a force, headed by the mayor, to the guarded outpost at Sand Hill, Hobart Road; but there was no bloodshed, not even a challenge, "Who goes there?"

The Ministry coming up next day, conferences were held and the whole situation discussed. Suffice it to say that the insane regulations were suspended, and measures taken to obtain an expert from Melbourne to examine into and direct affairs. Dr. Elkington is now here, and is practically in control, with the mayor and Local Board and an army of assistants carrying out his instructions, and the general public submitting to conditions by no means lacking in severity, but doing so loyally and cheerfully, believing that we have with us a man whose ability and judgment are to be trusted, and with whom the element of politics does not weigh.

The Siege.

The "siege" regulations are perhaps too long to reproduce in full, but I may mention that residents

of Launceston, or those who pass a night in the city, must show duly-signed certificates of successful or sufficient recent vaccination before they can leave by railway or steamboat. Exception is allowed with those who are medically certified to be unfit. Travellers by road must also report themselves when they arrive at their destination. Inasmuch as we are constantly receiving from the outside world, either in the way of business or privately, instructions that our letters must be suspended for the time, I may state that all mails close four hours before the usual time, to afford the opportunity of a solid two hours' fumigation, which the most vigorous germs are supposed unable to survive. Incidents of the siege, the Adams episode, the attempt to take a family to the hospital, and the discomfiture of the authorities, the effects of the visitation upon business, public gath-

erings, religious and secular (indignation meetings excepted), the influence of the visitation upon the mind and spirit of the community, are amongst the things which I must pass over. But I may add that, although since the new administration cases have come along at about the same rate as before, and several deaths have occurred, and occurred under circumstances which give us a pang, and tempt us to protest, yet there is manifestly an immense relief on the part of the community. The belief prevails that the reign of mess and muddle is over, and that, while it is almost too good to look for the immediate end of this scandalously prolonged scourge, yet in a little while we shall get a clean bill of health, and be again admitted to free communion with the friends, commercial and otherwise, who at present can only endure us at a distance.

PHIL MAY AND HIS WORK.

During the month the world has lost a humorous artist, and both humourists and artists are so scarce that Phil May's death will create an appreciable gap. The fact that he is the one great English artist who has worked for any length of time in Australia lends, for all Australians, an additional interest to his subsequent work.

Phil May, the artist, was "born, not made." His fun and his art were perfectly natural, and yet

the uninitiated invariably make the mistake of thinking that his drawings were dashed off in the twinkling of an eye—a face, an outline, a few scratches to fill in, and there you are! How easily (with an envious sigh) Phil May makes his money! As a matter of fact, he was a slow and conscientious worker. "I'd sooner make a good chair than a bad drawing," was his motto, and Mr. M.H. Spielmann describes his painstaking methods as follows: "He will watch his victim, and sketch him with the most deliberate care and conscientiousness. He will even get him in bits, if it is necessary, and not infrequently when he returns to his studio the artist will find that he has the nose on one page of his sketch-book, the eye on another, and the muscles about the mouth on the third; and to obtain a likeness these must all be pieced together. Then models are procured, and each detail of dress and pose worked out with the utmost care. And now the artist has before him a finished pencil drawing of considerable elaboration—a drawing laboriously worked up from life studies, accurate in form and light and shade; and constructed from studies of landscape or city backgrounds. Then it is that the artist begins to make his pen drawing, and to eliminate every unnecessary touch, every line that has not its own mission to serve, its own tale to tell. In short, he pulls down all the elaborate scaffolding by the aid of which he has built up his work, and the drawing stands revealed—complete in its simplicity and simple in its completeness."



A REMINISCENCE OF AUSTRALIA.

Bush Magistrate (to Visiting Magistrates, who have had a wild night): "Look here, fellers, before we go on wid this case, Where the deuce did ya git to whin Oi missed ya last noight?"

(From Phil May's "Winter Annual," 1903.)



GENEROUS.

"Give yer a orange! Wot for?"
 "Cos that one I bought last week was a bad un."
 "Where is it?"
 "I gave it to my sister."

GRAFTON GALLERIES
 FAIR WOMEN
 ADMISSION 1/-

Phil May
 7/11



A VISION.

(From Phil May's "Sketch-Book.")



PHIL MAY.

His own pen-portrait.

Phil May's characteristic feature was his economy of line, and his success in this direction was achieved, not by sparing himself work, but by doing double work. And the reason that Phil May's lines suggest so much to one is that whatever is suggested has once actually existed.

An Artist's Education.

The average black and white artist passes through a lengthy course of study in the art schools. He draws first a hand in plaster, and finally a "human form divine," in its entirety, —then goes out to study men and women in everyday life, and produce pen-drawings for such

a rougher schooling was in store for him when, at the end of two years, he threw up his position—such as it was—and set out for London. Here he starved, and begged, and slept out, till eventually he caught the public eye through the medium of the "Saturday Review," and his name was made.

After two years of London life his health demanded a change of climate, and he accepted an offer from the Sydney "Bulletin," and came to Australia. He became immensely popular as artist and "good-fellow," but the larger field held out too many alluring prospects, and he returned to England—via Paris, where he spent some months in hard study.

Personal Career.

Mr. Arthur H. Laurence, in the "Idler," once drew a vivid contrast between the then popular Phil May and the formerly unknown, starving boy. He wrote: "At the present moment, as a humorous black and white artist, Mr. Phil May easily holds the foremost place, a fact which his fellow-craftsmen are the first to admit. Yet when he came to London, without money, without work, and without friends, he begged the broken, dry biscuits at publichouses, and quenched his thirst at the street fountains. By night he slept in the Park, on the Embankment, or, perchance, in some market cart—wherever, in fact, he could rest undisturbed. 'Yes, it is perfectly true,' Mr. May said to me one day, when I questioned him concerning those terrible times; 'and I remember very well that one day—I think it was on the Suspension Bridge—I persuaded a child to part with some of his bread and bacon in exchange for my walking-stick.'"

A few photos of Phil May have appeared; but the world knows him best by his sketches of himself. Some of them were caricatures, but for the most part they were "Phil," sure enough—with the low, heavy, straight-cut fringe, the long nose, and the huge cigar. His fondness for picturing himself in horsey costume led to a misconception of his character, and he remarked to an interviewer: "By the way, I believe that some people imagine that I am a dare-devil sporting man. I don't so much mind the application of the first part of the phrase, but I am not a betting man, and have never been to a race-meeting in my life, except on one or two occasions, when I went on behalf of a paper; and, of course, such meetings furnish excellent character-studies. I think almost my first work was a design for a Good Templar card. I used to be very proud of my regalia, and occasionally gave recitations at the lodge to which I belonged."



• AT 'APPY 'AMPSTEAD ON EASTER MONDAY.
(An example of economy of line.)

of the illustrated papers as will accept them. Phil May began at the other end. He spent no time in an art school, and very little in any other kind of school. His art was inborn, and it emerged by way of some coloured chalks with which he drew six posters a week for a travelling theatrical party. He filled in his spare time by taking minor parts in the plays, and drew a salary of twelve shillings a week. This was his first training-ground; but

CHARACTER SKETCH.

"F. C. G." OF THE "W. G."

Lord Rosebery, years ago, proclaimed "F. C. G." to be one of the few remaining political assets of the Liberal Party. It is much to be regretted that "F. C. G." failed to permeate the ex-leader of the Liberal Party with his genial optimism and his persistent fidelity. "F. C. G." sticks to his post, "Come rain, come shine." In the dark hours of Liberal dissension and of national disgrace, "F. C. G." is always to the fore, good-humouredly holding up his accentuating mirror to men and events, constantly ingeminating unity among bickering friends, and, by the genial coercion of his genius, compelling his adversaries to see the humorous absurdity of their position. In this way "F. C. G." is more than a Liberal asset. He belongs to the nation. He is John Bull without his choler, without his stiffness, a good-humoured John Bull, genial, facile, and natural, a John Bull up to date indeed. His cartoons are as much sought after by the Tories as by the Liberals. Mr. Chamberlain is reported to cherish his collection of Gould cartoons of J. C. with as much pride as his collection of orchids. Other politicians may have the ear of the public. "F. C. G." has both their ear and their eye. All that Mr. Tenniel was in his prime "F. C. G." is to-day, with this important difference, that Mr. Tenniel was laboriously delivered of a finished drawing of a fixed conventional type once a week, whereas "F. C. G." produces his political cartoons with portraits revised up to the latest moment every evening.

Mr. Gould, like nearly every other journalist who has made his mark in these later days, was an old "Pall Mall"-er. He began his political career on "Truth," but he graduated on the old "Pall Mall," in the days when the "Pall Mall Gazette" was what the "Westminster" is to-day. When it was first suggested in the conclave at Northumberland Street that he should be asked to do an occasional cartoon, two objections were taken. The first was to his drawing, and the second to his alleged lack of political ideas! They were both overruled, and Mr. Gould began to contribute, more or less regularly, to the "Pall Mall Gazette" and its weekly Budget in 1887. In those early days Mr. Gould used to come for instructions once a week. Editor, proprietor, and staff would club their brains in order to suggest ideas to Mr. Gould, who, being essentially a modest man, was

always ready to abandon his own notions and adopt those of his editorial chief. He was a jewel of an artist. Whatever defects he might have had in the technique of his drawing were more than compensated for in his loyalty to the ideas of his chief, and his unswerving conviction that in political cartoons the idea is everything. Too many people who use pencils seem to imagine that their pictures are published for the purpose of displaying their artistic talent in the shop window of the world. Mr. Gould knew better. We wanted his pencil to explain, to emphasise, to accentuate political ideas. He accepted the position frankly, and has stuck to it ever since.

In those days Mr. Gould was by no means so keen or so well-informed a politician as he is to-day. He was a Liberal always, but as a political cartoonist he had been kept in leading-strings. His chief work beyond the innumerable caricatures of friends and enemies on the Stock Exchange, where he used to employ himself as a broker, was the constructing the cartoons which illuminated the Christmas number of "Truth." Mr. Voules was an exacting, although an appreciative taskmaster. He knew what he wanted in the way of illustrations to his text, and he ordered them as he might order a sauce for his chop. Mr. Gould's fertile fancy had but little freedom of scope when it was cabined, cribbed, and confined within the two covers of the "Truth" Christmas number. He was often little more than a facile automatic hand, who threw into line the detailed instruction of Mr. Voules. Not that Mr. Gould ever complained. He stuck to his work manfully, never in the least resenting the conditions of his labour, and remaining on the best of terms with his taskmaster. But when, a few years ago, after several years' service, he was released from the task of illustrating "Truth" to order, and allowed the free hand in an ample field at Tudor Street, he heaved a sigh of relief, and began for the first time to reveal the sterling stuff that was within him.

If Mr. Voules discovered him as a facile instrument for embodying other people's ideas in cartoons, to Sir George Newnes belongs the credit of realising the political value of his brains. The appointment of a caricaturist as assistant editor of a great daily paper was one of those strokes of genius which have made Sir George Newnes

famous. Mr. Gould, happy in thus securing a free field for his talents with both pen and pencil, was not less happy in his chief. In Mr. Alfred Spender Mr. Gould had a colleague and a director after his own heart. From the outside public point of view they were only too well matched. They were too much of a pair. It might have been better if either of them had been able to supply to the other a little more of the vinegar which adds spice to the salad. Both are so genial, so good-humoured, so fair-minded, and so courteous in their warfare, that in times of crisis the reader is apt to sigh for a ruder note, a more smashing blow, than are to be found in the "Westminster." But, while this objection can be taken from the outside, this remarkable compatibility conduces to the smoothest of working within. Mr. Gould is enthusiastic in praise of his chief, to whom he seems almost to ascribe such attributes of the Deity as infinite knowledge, directed by infinite wisdom, both working in an



"Pall Mall Budget."]

[May 24, 1888.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

"Mr. Chamberlain is now the guest of Sir William Harcourt at Lyndhurst in the New Forest. It is understood that the visit has no political significance."

atmosphere of perfect confidence and love. The result is that the "Westminster Gazette" is ambidexterous. The right hand helps the left and the left hand helps the right, and the left hand is as efficient as the right. Mr. Gould is as indis-

pensable to the "Westminster" as Mr. Spender, but if Mr. Gould were cut off from Mr. Spender, he would feel crippled indeed.

Frank Carruthers Gould was born sixty years ago, in the ancient and somewhat corrupt town of Barnstaple; he is therefore a man of Devon, and Devonians, although they condescend to be considered as Englishmen, are always Devonians first and foremost, just as Englishmen are content to be described as Britons to humour the susceptibilities of their Scotch fellow-subjects, but always think of themselves as English first and only secondly as Britons. His father was an architect, and the boy was brought up in the midst of paper, pencils, and politics. As it was said of the poet,



"Pall Mall Budget."]

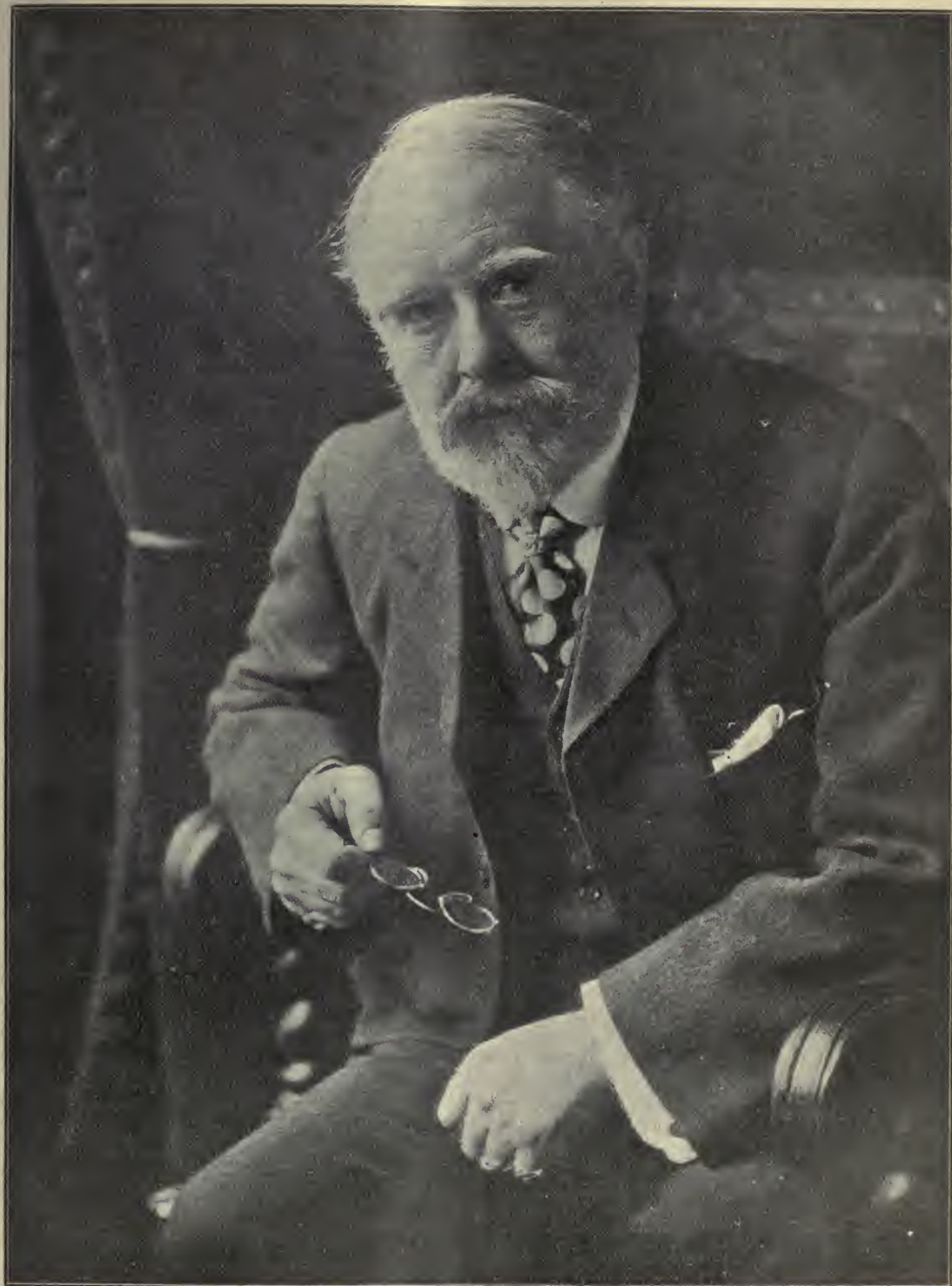
[April 26, 1888.

THE THREE BALFOURS.

W. H. Smith, M.P.,
at Primrose League,
April 18.

John Morley, M.P.,
at Blackburn,
April 18.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P.,
at Liverpool,
April 15.



Photograph by]

[E. H. Mills.

MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

"he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," so it may be said of Mr. Gould that he was a caricaturist almost in his cradle. The fierce excitement of political controversy, which has absorbed him all his life, first exerted its power over his childish brain before he was ten years of age. His first caricature was suggested by the candidature of Sir Wm. Frazer at the General Election of 1855. The caricatures of those early days are unfortunately lost, but they are remembered sufficiently to show that in this, as in other things, the child was father of the man. As a schoolboy he used his gift for the amusement of his fellow-scholars, and the classical dictionary then first opened for him a vista of possibilities as to the utilisation of ancient heroes and demi-gods for the purposes of caricature.

As nothing is sacred to the sapper, so no dignitary, no matter how dignified, was sacred to the pencil of the youthful caricaturist. He impartially accentuated, to use his favourite phrase, the peculiarities of the features of the keeper of the town gaol and of his Worship the Mayor. He entered a bank and caricatured the customers. He came to London, entered a stockbroker's office, became a member of the Stock Exchange, and caricatured the members of the House. He made his money in the City. He had little or no idea of converting his drawings into cash. But his fate found him in the person of Mr. Voules, of "Truth." In 1879 he made his debut as the artist of the Christmas number of "Truth," and, year after year, he continued to produce the large portrait-crammed cartoons grouped according to the wishes of the editors. In those days he worked chiefly from photographs, and he worked to order. This collar work was useful, and he kept it up till 1895.

Some of his earlier cartoons were more elaborately finished than those which he dashes off from day to day. But from the first they are all characteristic of the man and of his style. After I left the "Pall Mall Gazette" Mr. Gould began to do the House of Commons, with pen and pencil, for Mr. Cook, and afterwards for Mr. Spender. This gave him an admirable opportunity for studying by day and by night our leading politicians. Mr. Tenniel having once created a type, say, of Palmerston, or of Disraeli, or of Gladstone, stuck to the type and ignored the ravages of time in the features of his subject. Mr. Gould, carrying accuracy to the other extreme, watches his victims day by day, and keeps his caricatures up to date. If, for instance, Mr. Chamberlain were to grow a beard, or Mr. Balfour were to shave off his moustache, the public would learn of the change from Mr. Gould's pictures sooner than from the photographer's windows. The method has its disad-

vantages. The public become familiar, not with the politician as he is, but as they have learned to recognise him in caricature, and even Mr. Gould might shrink from representing Mr. Chamberlain without his eye-glass, if the Colonial Secretary did abandon that indispensable article of attire.

When Mr. Cook left the "Westminster" for the "Daily News," and Mr. Gould became assistant editor, he found the post which, of all others, most closely corresponded to his earliest ideal. "If I had had my choice when I was young, I should have selected the work I am doing now—the developing of political ideas on a daily paper." He wrote the descriptions of the debates in Parliament, and illustrated them with thumb-nail or quarter-plate sketches. Constant attendance in the gallery, session after session, Parliament after Parliament, has given him a close and minute familiarity with statesmen and politics which few editors possess. Mr. Gould is a capital writer, as well as a first-class caricaturist, but his pen is so much overshadowed by his pencil that few people know that if Mr. Gould never did another drawing he would be in great request as one of the most capable, industrious, and well-informed journalists of our time.

Mr. Gould is also a capital lecturer. At one time he travelled the country, visiting no fewer than eighty towns with his lantern and his lecture on Parliamentary life. Those who heard him know that he is as witty and as humorous in his speech as he is with his pencil, and those who have not heard him, live in hope that some day he will consent to reappear to amuse, to instruct, and to enlighten audiences from the public platform. Mr. Gould told me that he found the work too wearing. It was not so much the lecture as the tax of talk exacted mercilessly before and after the lecture by the hospitable host. Few hosts indeed are there who have the consideration of Lord Rosebery—one of the few householders who understand that guests are often much more in need of rest for their minds than of food for their bodies.

Of Mr. Gould's work as an author, the most ambitious and the most successful is his admirable "Modern Froissart," in which we have a humorous annual history of modern England, told in the most dexterous adaptation of the quaint phraseology of the medieval chronicler. Even if he had done nothing else, his "Froissart" would have given him a first place among the humourists of pen and pencil who are mercifully vouchsafed to these latter days to light up a sad and strenuous time with the gleam of their mirth.

The distinctive note of Mr. Gould's work is good humour. "I etch in vinegar, not in vitriol," he says, and that witness would be still truer if he



Pall Mall Budget.

[August 29, 1889.]

The Giant Labour
Will he break his bonds?



Pall Mall Budget.

[Nov 21, 1889.]

In the Wilderness.

"Mr Chamberlain, attended by several members of his family, has left for Egypt. The party is accompanied by Mr. Jesse Collings, as that gentleman has been recommended by his medical advisers to seek an opportunity for entire rest from mental exertion."



Pall Mall Budget.

[Oct 23, 1890.]

Salvation all Round.
The Booth Begon General ready for a clean sweep.



Pall Mall Budget.

[March 13, 1891.]

The New Colossus of "Rhodes."

"During Mr Cecil Rhodes's short stay with us he has had London at his feet."

added that he never forgot to sugar his vinegar. There is never any malice in his drawings. His innumerable caricatures of Mr. Chamberlain have only once brought a remonstrance from their subject. Mr. Gould maintains with an air of positive conviction that it is suicidal for the caricaturist to hit his enemies too hard. "If you bludgeon them in a cartoon they cease to look at your performance, and where are you then?" he asks. What the political propagandist wants—and Mr. Gould is propagandist to his pencil-tip—is to catch the eye of the unconverted. It is no use preaching to the converted. You cannot serve up too strong meat for the thoroughgoing partisan, but you only thereby confirm him in his convic-

politics. He is always on the nail. He seldom strays far from his happy hunting ground at Westminster. Foreign politics he usually leaves alone. But in hitting off with a happy phrase, and a not less happy picture, the innermost truth of a political situation, he is unrivalled. With him familiarity does not breed contempt. He is never cynical. He is always keen, and he always gets to the very heart of the situation.

As a caricaturist, his aim is ever to accentuate in a kindly spirit the characteristic features of those whom he portrays. Nine years ago he said:

I do not profess to be a good draughtsman, and I am painfully conscious of hardness and crudeness, but my leading motive is to get a grip of the idea I wish to convey, and to give the life and expression of a face. I am consoled for my shortcomings as an artist by the feeling that sometimes good, academic drawing takes the real life out of a thing. For caricature is not a mere matter of careful drawing; it is more a faculty of appreciation. This faculty enables one to store in the memory the lines which make up and give the life expression to a face, and to put subjects before the public in a form which may be crude, but which bears the impress of reality. Caricaturists are not made. Like Topsy, they grow; and like some larvæ, they eat their way out through the husks of their surroundings.

He recently described his method of working up his germ ideas in the "World's Work." In the January number of the "Strand" he defined the three essentials of a good caricaturist as—(1) a keen interest in politics; (2) a clear idea of what you want to convey; and (3) a capacity to produce recognisable likenesses of your subjects. Mr. Gould has all these, especially the last. It is marvellous the effect he produces by a single line. He can transform an unmistakable likeness of Mr. Chamberlain into an equally unmistakable likeness of Disraeli by the simple addition of a curl and a goatee.

It is impossible, in the space at our command, to attempt anything like an exhaustive survey of the more famous of Mr. Gould's successes. Among statesmen he is admittedly most happy in his delineation of Mr. Chamberlain. But he was almost as successful in his portraiture of his late fellow Devonian, Archbishop Temple. Mr. Gladstone he sketched excellently, but never without a certain respectful deference. Occasionally, as when he pictured the G.O.M. as a knight in armour on the battlements, his sketch was not caricature, but the best kind of portraiture. He has always luxuriated on Mr. Balfour, whose long thin legs and somewhat academic face have figured in numberless cartoons. "F. C. G." had an ugly trick of exaggerating the prominence of the late W. H. Smith's teeth, which was not very pleasant; it is almost the only instance in which "F. C. G." harped upon a personal defect. He has been very happy with Lord Rosebery. His sketches of the



Photo by [E. H. Mills.
MR. AND MRS. F. C. GOULD AT HOME.

tions or his prejudices. His opponent will never touch your highly peppered dish. So Mr. Gould, while not forgetting to put vinegar in his salad, always puts sugar in his vinegar. To change the metaphor, he contrives to infuse many ideas into darkened minds which would have simply put up their shutters if they had been startled by the glare of a searchlight. The Unionist and Protectionist laughs and passes on still wedded to the error of his ways, treading the downward path, but with an uneasy conviction that, after all, the laugh may be against him in the long run, and that "F. C. G." may be right, after all.

The second distinctive characteristic of "F. C. G." is his masterly grasp upon the essential factors, both dogmatical and personal, of modern



Westminster Gazette.]

[June 2.]

Not Dead Yet!

Brer Rabbit, having been told that Brer Zollverein Fox is dead because he couldn't get any more corn-tax, goes to see for himself. BRER RABBIT (looking in at the door). "Mighty funny, Brer Fox look like he dead, yit he don't do like he dead. Dead fokes hists der behime leg and hollers 'Wahoo!' w'en a man come ter see um." Sho nuff, Brer Fox lif' up his foot en holler "Wahoo!" en Brer Rabbit he tear out de house like de dogs wuz after 'im



Westminster Gazette.]

[June 16]

The Zollverein Cake Walk.

Old Joe a-kicking up behind and before,
And a yellow gal a-kicking up behind old Joe.

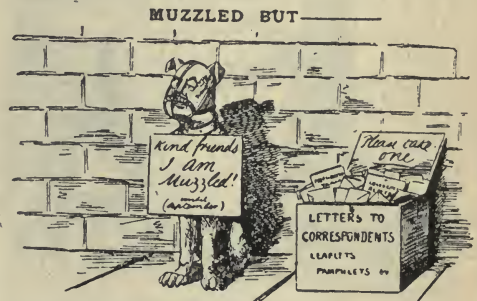


Westminster Gazette.]

[June 12]

The Incendiary and the Fireman.

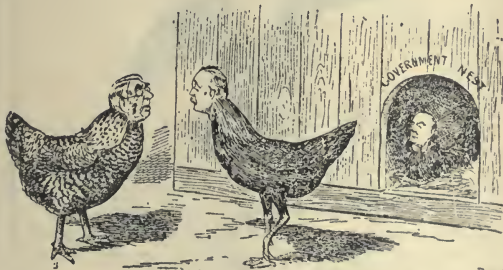
Captain Wells, Chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, has been appointed Chief Agent of the Conservative Party, in succession to Captain Middleton. He finds the Unionist premises well alight



Westminster Gazette.]

[June 17]

It is rumoured that a Cabinet concordat has been arranged under which Mr. Chamberlain is not to make any speeches about his programme until the end of the Session. Letters and explanatory communications, however, are apparently easily obtainable.



Westminster Gazette.]

[June 15.]

In the Government Nest.

THE GOSCHEN HEN "Why do you let that other bird occupy your nest?"
THE BALFOUR HEN: "I can't keep her out, and besides, what's the use of my sitting? I've got no settled convictions."
[Lord Goschen will raise this afternoon in the House of Lords the question of the position of the Government with regard to Mr Chamberlain's Preferential Tariffs programme.]



Westminster Gazette.]

[June 18]

"When So Disposed."

MRS. BALFOUR-GAMP. "Don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimney-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed."—MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
[Mrs Gamp has already applied herself to the bottle.—Vide Mr Balfour's speech last night.]



Westminster Gazette.]

Mother Hubbard's Latest Idea.

MOTHER CHAMBERLAIN HUBBARD: "Want an Old Age Pension bone, do you? Well, the cupboard is still bare, but I've thought of a capital way of getting one. *Bite a bit off your own tail!*"

[To invite the working classes to submit to dear food in order to get Old Age Pensions is like asking a dog to eat his own tail.]



Westminster Gazette.]

Wheel and Woe.



Westminster Gazette.]

Hedging.

[June 24]

JOHN BULL: "Ah, my boy I've just caught you in time. What are you trying to do?"
 JOE: "Only scratching out the first bit about 'Dearer Food. It doesn't seem to be catching on so well as the bit about 'Retaliation' and 'Germany.'"
 JOHN BULL: "That won't do at all! What you have written you have written. you know."

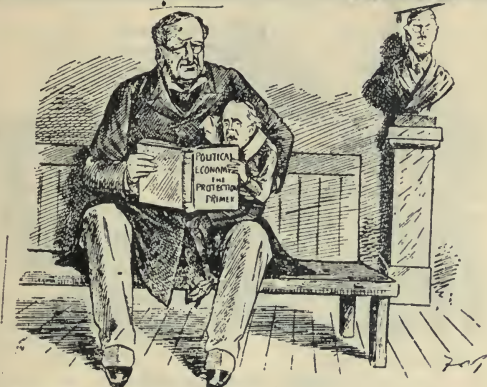


Westminster Gazette.]

Spectacular Deception.

JOE: "Now then, gents, you may think this loaf is a little 'un, but you just look at it through these Patent Imperial Protection double magnifying spectacles and you'll see the loaf as large as you like."

THE WORKING MAN: "That's all very well, mister, but we want to eat the loaf, not to look at it."



Westminster Gazette.]

Priming the Premier.

[June 25]

It is rumoured that Mr. Balfour is taking home lessons from an eminent Professor of Political Economy. The name of the Professor has not transpired, but we hazard a guess.



Westminster Gazette.]

[June 30.]

Sir William Harcourt, speaking at Malwood on Saturday, said that there had been a kite flown at Birmingham which had fluttered the doves, but there were some kinds of kites, especially financial kites, which had the habit of coming down head foremost.

[The above cartoon illustrates one of the dangers to which the Chamberlain kite is exposed.]

Liberal leader ploughing his lonely furrow, or as the penguin in the animal gymkhana, aptly hit off the pert perkiness of the ex-Prime Minister. Lord Salisbury was not one of his successes. On the other hand, the Duke of Devonshire is better known to the man in the street by Mr. Gould's caricatures than by his portraits. Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith are among his failures. But Lord Halsbury, Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, all rank high among his successes.

Mr. Gould seldom or never caricatures the King, never the Queen, and very seldom any foreign personage. His sketches of President Kruger as Brer Rabbit, as the parrot that would not say "suzerainty," and as the tortoise, are inimitable. In his drawings, public men appear as beasts, birds, and fishes, as heroes in nursery rhymes, as personages in "Alice in Wonderland." He seldom or never borrows from mythology or from Scripture to illustrate his pictures. Even Shakespeare is left alone. Dickens and the author of "Uncle Remus" are his chief classics.

The inscriptions below his pictures are often the quintessence of wit. What, for instance, could be more delightful Hibernicism than that in which the Irishman, after puzzling through Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, declares:

"Begorrah, it's as plain as a pikestaff. We're to be shtarved to death while we live, to get Ould Age Penschins whin we die."

What could be more cutting than the dialogue between Mr. Balfour and Sir M. W. Ridley, as they examine a picture of a mounted Boer with his Mauser:

Mr. Balfour: "Fancy, Ridley, they've actually got horses!"

Sir M. W. Ridley: "And look, Arthur, they've got rifles, too! What a shame to deceive us."

But there is no need to quote samples. It is enough to examine the copious specimens of Mr. Gould's work which we reproduce as the best character sketch of Mr. Gould that we can give.

Mr. Gould is in his prime. He is sixty, but he is still young, vigorous, and hopeful. His sons are treading in his steps, and bid fair to keep up the reputation of the family. Everyone who knows Mr. Gould—and his acquaintances are legion—esteems him. No one has an ill-word to say against him. And it will probably be regarded as the most signal achievement in political caricature that Mr. Gould has drawn his cartoons through the hottest fights of modern politics, and has never pained a friend nor hit a foe below the belt.

He is a truly gentle, perfect knight, and all men do praise him, and there is no man to say him nay.

As a rule, Mr. Gould does not essay the heroic or even the pathetic. But some of his Gladstonian cartoons were cast in the heroic vein, and for simple pathos his sketch of Mr. Gladstone as "The Old Pilot" would be hard to beat.

His portrait gallery contains, as its chef d'œuvre Mr. Chamberlain in every phase of his multifarious evolutions—since 1887, that is, for Mr. Gould did not begin soon enough to catch Joseph as a Radical. It would be an interesting task to collect all the forms and shapes in which "F. C. G." has caricatured "J. C." Joseph has a countenance that is made for caricature. Mr. Morley's, on the other hand, is an almost impossible face for the cartoonist.

The August "New Idea."

The current number of "The New Idea" (August), just to hand, can fairly claim its title as an Australasian paper. Its chief features are a new serial by Ethel Turner, the popular authoress; the first of a series of Australian fairy tales, cleverly illustrated by a young daughter of Professor Rentoul; an interesting paper by Dr. Fitchett on "What an Unread Australian Ought to Read;" a couple of very readable sketches under the heading of "The Common Round of Uncommon People," and No. 1 of several papers on home health-exercises for all ages. In addition, there are shorter articles, on music, literature, practical gardening, toilet, and fashions, whilst all the regular departments are full of interesting and informative reading. Casual conversations with Mark Hambourg

and Mr. W. A. Orchard, the new leader of the Sydney Liedertafel, may be noted. Amongst the illustrations are some very fine autograph portraits from famous Englishwomen, who send greetings, per "The New Idea," to their Australian sisters. Of these, perhaps the most interesting just now is Miss Ada Crossley's. The popular singer sends a note with her photograph, in which she naively says: "How glad I am to come back and see everybody! I hope they will be as glad to have me!" The illustrations to several of the articles mentioned above are excellently reproduced. In order to further popularise their already valuable journal, the proprietors announce that, in future, purchasers of "The New Idea" will be entitled to a free paper pattern each month. Annual subscribers are notified that the second year is just beginning. The annual subscription is 3s., post free, to T. Shaw Fitchett, Queen Street, Melbourne.

A CLAIRVOYANT VISION OF THE ASSASSINATIONS AT BELGRADE.

The English "Review of Reviews" publishes a striking article under this title. Mr. Stead claims to show that "the assassination of the King and the Queen at Belgrade, which occurred in the early hours of the morning of June 11, was foreseen in London on the night of March 20, 1903. The bloody tragedy in the palace was seen clairvoyantly three months before it took place, and described in the hearing of at least a dozen cred-

ible witnesses. The fact was reported next day to the Servian Minister, who, on March 24, made inquiry as to the accuracy of the information, and entered in his journal a brief statement of the vision described by the clairvoyante as he took it down from the lips of the principal witness. Four days later he wrote a private letter to King Alexander, with an urgent warning against assassination, specially emphasising the danger of an attack

What the Clairvoyante Saw.

"It would be difficult to have a witness of greater repute than M. Mijatovitch as to the fact which first of all has to be established, viz., that a warning was sent to the late King, based on information received from a clairvoyante, whose statement is as follows:

"I, Chedomille Mijatovitch, now residing at 51 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, make this statement, as being, to the best of my knowledge and belief, a full and exact narrative of what I know of this remarkable affair.

"I have long taken a deep interest in psychical research, and this brought me five or six years ago to make the acquaintance of Mr. Stead, the editor of "Borderland" and the "Review of Reviews." Knowing my interest in these subjects, Mr. Stead invited me to be present at a meeting in his office in Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, London, on Friday afternoon, March 20, 1903, when a psychometrist of some repute was to give a demonstration of her capacity to receive impressions from articles held in her hand, of the origin and nature of which she had no information. The following is an extract from Mr. Stead's letter:

"On Friday next at our At Home we shall have a very good clairvoyante at Mowbray House. She has undertaken to do from twelve to twenty tests. That is to say, ten or twenty articles will be submitted to her at random, of all of which she will know nothing, and she will state what she sees in connection with each. I hope that you will be able to come, and to bring with you one or two articles, the clairvoyant reading of which might be of interest or value. If, for instance, you could bring a shred from that historical garment, of which Mr. L— spoke, which is in your possession, and which he said he would place at my disposal for the purpose of this investigation, or if you had any other article which was penetrated with the atmosphere either of, say, King Milan or Queen Draga, it would be very interesting to see if we could get anything out of them."

"I accepted the invitation. The rooms at Mowbray House were crowded. The lady, whose



MRS. BURCHELL.

being made upon him within the walls of his own palace. Of that warning no heed was taken, and on June 11 the King and the Queen were murdered almost exactly as the clairvoyante had seen the tragedy performed.

name I was told was Mrs. Burchell, complained that the conditions were bad, and the experiment was a failure.

"Among the articles brought to Mowbray House for submission to the psychometrist was the signature of King Alexander. The name was signed in Cyrillic characters on a sheet of paper which was enclosed in an envelope. It was prepared in order to see whether the psychometrist, from handling the envelope, could "sense" and describe the person of the King. That was the sole object of the experiment. Nothing more was claimed or expected.

"Owing to the number of articles offered for experiment, and owing also to the abrupt termination of the trials, the envelope with the King's signature was not produced at Mowbray House. It was not submitted to Mrs. Burchell as a test. While I was present nothing was said as to its existence.

"When I quitted Mowbray House the King's signature was left with one of the company, Mr. L—, who remained behind to dine with Mr. Stead, Mrs. Burchell, and some others. I was unable to stay to dinner, as I had to go to the Court at Buckingham Palace that evening. I returned home, feeling that the experiment had been a complete failure.

"On the following morning, Saturday, March 21, I was surprised to receive a visit at my house, 51 Palace Gardens Terrace, from Mr. L—. He said that after the dinner in the restaurant a seance had been held, at which he had submitted the envelope containing the King's signature to Mrs. Burchell. He told me that on receiving the envelope she had been thrown into a state of violent agitation. She had then described the assassination of the King and the attempted assassination of the Queen in the interior of his palace. He gave me many details which had convinced him that Mrs. Burchell had actually seen in clairvoyant vision the assassination of my sovereign in the interior of his palace.

The Entry in His Journal.

"On the following Tuesday, March 24, I made it my business to call at Mowbray House in order to ascertain from Mr. Stead his version of what had happened. I briefly told him what Mr. L— had told me, and asked him whether such a scene had actually been described. On returning home I made an entry in my journal, of which the following is an exact copy:

"London (51 Palace Gardens Terrace),

"March 24, 1903.

"This afternoon I went to Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Victoria Embankment, to see Mr.

William Stead (the Editor of "Review of Reviews"), and to ask him what it was that his clairvoyante of last Friday (March 20) said of King Alexander. Mr. Stead told me.

"Mr. L— gave her into her hand a small paper. She held it for a moment, and then said: "This is the signature of a young man in a very high position! Yes, it is the signature of a king." (She then proceeded to describe King Alexander's appearance.) "He has his Queen at his side; she is a brunette, older than he. But, oh, God! what do I see! Oh, it is too terrible." . . . And then, Mr. Stead said, she suddenly fell on her knees, clasped excitedly her hands, and with closed eyes and uplifted head she prayed to the Great Spirit to—save them, if possible! "I see them both, the King and Queen; and there is a dark man with the dagger in hand. He tries to kill them; it is a terrible struggle; the Queen escapes unhurt, but the King is assassinated." Stead said Mrs. Bourcher (sic), the clairvoyante, was terribly agitated. She described what she saw in the presence of several ladies and gentlemen, who were deeply impressed with it."

The Warning to the King.

"Four days later, on March 28, I wrote a letter to King Alexander, in the course of which I felt it my duty to warn him as to impending danger. I did not keep a copy of my letter, but I perfectly well remember the passage in question. I hold the Post Office receipt for the registered letter addressed 'A sa Majeste le Roi, Belgrade, Serbie.'

"I know your Majesty will laugh, as you usually laughed when I spoke to you about clairvoyance, so I am not going to give you all particulars about the latest experience which I have had, but I implore your Majesty to take all possible measures for your personal safety, not only when you drive about or when you go to the church or the theatre or to the park, but when in your palace especially, because I have reason to believe that an attempt will be made to assassinate you in your own palace."

"My wife read my letter before it was sent off, and she confirms the accuracy of this account of its contents. I may say that I had often talked to King Alexander about psychic experiences, but he always mocked, and would not take them seriously. I never before sent him any warning as to an attempt on his person.

"I was myself so deeply impressed by the importance of the clairvoyante's vision that I half expected that the King, despite his scepticism, would summon me to Belgrade in order to hear more details. This expectation was not realised. He neither sent for me or took any notice of my warning.

"When the news arrived of his tragic end, my thoughts instantly recurred to the warning which I had sent him, and I stated to several representatives of the Press the fact, which was duly published in the London evening newspapers of June 11."

Other Witnesses.

There were fifteen persons present at the seance referred to, and Mr. Stead gives the following *résumé* of their testimony:

What Actually Took Place.

"After the assassination I asked my former guests to write out or to tell me exactly what they remembered of the famous seance. The following narrative is compiled from the communications made to me, together with my own recollection of what took place.

"It was after ten o'clock at the restaurant when Mr. L— thrust an envelope into Mr. Stead's hand, saying, 'Try her with that.' Mr. Stead took the envelope, not knowing what it contained, and waited till the good lady had finished a description to the last of her sitters. She was getting tired, and wished to go home. Mr. Stead put the envelope in her hands, and asked her to try once more and see if she could get anything with it.

"Mrs. Burchell took the envelope in her two hands and sat for a moment still. She turned the envelope round and round once or twice, and then said, in a loud, clear voice, 'Royalty! An important person—a king!'

"The announcement riveted attention, and we listened eagerly for what was to follow. Mrs. Burchell spoke with extreme rapidity, and in breathless excitement. There was nothing to indicate that the medium was in a trance. She had been talking quite normally just before Mr. Stead gave her the envelope. Her eyes were closed, but this might have been done to aid in abstracting from her surroundings. She spoke exactly as if she were looking through a window into an interior, and describing what she saw to us who were beside her. Near to her were two other clairvoyantes, Mrs. Brenchley and Mrs. Manks.

"Mrs. Burchell began by saying, 'Royalty! An important person—a king. He is standing in a room in his palace. He is dark; stout body, and long neck. With him is a lady, the Queen—brunette. And there,' pointing to a corner of the room, 'I see a child.'

"Then, becoming very excited, the medium exclaimed—

"Terrible! terrible! It is all bloody. I cannot bear to look. Oh, it is terrible! I cannot

bear it. I see a very dark man rushing into the chamber. He tries to kill the King. The lady implores them to spare him. Oh—'

"And with a cry of horror, Mrs. Burchell suddenly flung herself upon her knees in such a way Mr. Stead thought she would fall, and stretched out his hand to save her. She did not fall, however, but with clasped hands the medium continued, in a voice of agonised entreaty:

"'They are killing him. Oh, save him, save him! The Queen falls on her knees, and implores them to save her life—they will not listen—Oh, what tumult, what bloodshed! How terrible—they kill him; she pleads in vain. Now they fling her on one side and stab her with a dagger. And—oh!—oh—'

"And then Mrs. Burchell, exhausted with emotion, was falling over on her side on to the floor, when Mr. Stead got her up and put her on her seat.

"When Mrs. Burchell fell on her knees Mrs. Brenchley sprang up, saying, 'Yes, yes, I get it in the air. They are killing him; I see it.' 'And I also,' said Mrs. Manks, clasping hands with Mrs. Brenchley, and both following her distracted cries and utterances with cries of 'Yes, yes! We see it; she is quite right.'

"Mrs. Burchell, in her agitation, dropped the envelope on the floor. Mrs. Brenchley picked it up, and, holding it, continued to describe the scene in an agitation only a little less than Mrs. Burchell's, exclaiming, 'Oh, the blood—how horrible! Look how dark it becomes—see, the soldiers are coming upon us—shooting down all they meet—'

"'What are they like?' asked someone.

"'They seem to me like Russian uniforms; but it is dark and I cannot see clearly.'

"Mrs. Brenchley, it may be stated, visited Russia last year.

"'Now the King is dead!' she cried. 'But oh, what confusion, what bloodshed!'

"All these ejaculatory comments were rapidly uttered as Mrs. Burchell was being helped to her seat, and not much notice was taken of them at the time. Mrs. Brenchley, however, declares that she has a lively recollection of what she saw and what she said.

"Mr. Stead turned an inquiring gaze to Mr. L—, who had given him the envelope. We were all under the impression of the extraordinary dramatic force with which Mrs. Burchell had described the death scene, and acted the despairing pleading of the Queen. But none of us knew in what Court the tragedy had been or was to be enacted.

"What was in the envelope?" Mr. Stead asked.

"Look," said Mr. L—. Opening the envelope, he took out a sheet of notepaper on which was the signature 'Alexander.'

"It is the King!" said he.

"But," said Mr. Stead, 'her description—was it correct?'

"It was exact," he replied. 'The palace, the King, the Queen. Her description is exact.'

"And then the medium, who had been silent, as if recovering from the emotion through which she had passed, said to my friend, 'Depend upon it, it will all happen as I have seen it, if nothing is done to prevent it, and that ere long.'

"Mrs. Burchell's own version is that she added, 'Even then, although they may postpone it, it will certainly come to pass.'

"The whole of the foregoing narrative has been submitted in proof to all the sitters. All of them—with the exception of my private secretary, who cannot remember, and Mr. Macdonald, who first explains the prediction and then denies that it was ever made—confirm the general accuracy of the whole story. All the rest remember the extreme agitation of the clairvoyante, the dramatic rendering of the entreaties of the Queen, the description of the murder of the King in the interior of his palace in a scene of terrible tumult and bloodshed."

"TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT."

FROM THE ENGLISH "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

(This story was begun in the February number of the "Review of Reviews," and is continued month by month.)

The Moral Murderers of Belgrade.*

"At last, Mrs. O'Neill, at last!" cried her niece, as she came rushing into the bedroom. "Here is a telegram from uncle."

Mrs. O'Neill eagerly snatched the missive from the girl's hand. For three months and more no word had reached their little household as to the whereabouts of Mr. O'Neill. When last heard of he had started on an expedition for the rescue of Nedelca, the Bulgarian beauty, who had been carried off by a Turkish band from the ruins of her father's home. Mrs. O'Neill had been uneasy, but not desperately alarmed. Her husband had often been missing for months. He had always turned up again. She had implicit faith in his luck. But the news to hand from day to day of the excesses of the Turks in Macedonia, and the absence of all news from her husband had preyed upon her spirits, and it was with an intense delight she read the telegram. It was dated Salonica, June 1, and ran thus:

"Safe and sound. Been in prison. Write Belgrade."

Some days later came a brief note, explaining his silence.

"When last you heard from me I was starting with Petko and his band to rescue Nedelca. We

did rescue her, but before we could leave the village we were attacked by a Turkish force. We kept them at bay all day, and at night, with the aid of dynamite bombs flung in the darkness into the Turkish ranks, Petko, with Nedelca and most of his band, broke through the Turkish lines and escaped. I was less lucky. I lost my way in the darkness, and blundered into the Turkish camp. It was a miracle they did not shoot me offhand, but they brought me before their commander, and he, after questioning me, ordered me to be taken to Salonica forthwith. His orders were obeyed. I was bound with ropes of twisted hay, and marched southward. On approaching Salonica I was told I must await further orders. I was flung into a foul dungeon which, from above, smelt like a cesspool. There I remained, with other prisoners, for two months. Some of us died. All of us were sick. But at last a consular cavass happening to pass that way, I was able to get a note to my consul, who, after much pains, succeeded in securing my release. We were half-starved, had no water for washing, and as we had no drain we literally ate, lived, and slept in sewage. I am quite well again, and am ordered to Belgrade, where, I hear, stirring events are toward, and I must be on the spot."

O'Neill, as his letter tells us, had had a very narrow escape for his life. He was emaciated with privation and with fever, but his mind was

*The chapter describing the adventures of O'Neill in Macedonia appeared in the May number of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia."

clear and his pulse firm. So he saw no reason why he should not resume his duties as special correspondent. Belgrade, he understood, was to be the storm centre of the Balkan. The King, Alexander, had been written off as impossible. The only question was, how and where he had to be disposed of. The word had gone round that, with the consent of Russia and Austria, the King and the Queen were to be kidnapped and transported beyond the frontier, and that Peter Karageorgevitch was to be proclaimed King in their stead.

To his infinite chagrin, as he was travelling by leisurely stages from Nisch northwards, the news came on the morning of June 11 that the blow had fallen, that the Obrenovitch dynasty had been wiped out, and that Peter Karageorgevitch was to be summoned to the throne. The country was quiet. There was no sign of excitement at the railway station. No pity was expressed. The people seemed to regard the massacres with apathy or silent approval.

Hurrying to Belgrade by the first train, O'Neill found the Servian capital en fete. Flags were flying everywhere. The officers who had slain the King were saluted as men who had saved their country. Nowhere was there audible anything but enthusiastic expressions of admiration for the men who had caused the dynasty of Obrenovitch to perish from the earth.

From the railway station he hurried to the Russian Minister, M. Tcharykoff, whom he had met in bygone years when, before his appointment to Belgrade, M. Tcharykoff had represented Russia as her diplomatic representative at the Vatican. He found M. Tcharykoff, who is one of the rising diplomats in the Russian service, much upset by the tragedy. He recounted how that very morning he had come upon the mangled bodies of Queen Draga and her royal spouse still breathing under the window from which they had been flung. "Riddled with bullets and slashed with swords, the sight was horrible, most horrible. And yet," he added, "the strange thing is the absolute conviction of the officers that they had earned by their murder a right to the congratulations of mankind."

"It will scare the Sultan out of his wits," said O'Neill, "and I should hardly think the precedent will be relished in your country."

M. Tcharykoff shrugged his shoulders. "But what are you going to do about it?" he asked.

O'Neill made no reply, and shortly after left the room and went back to his hotel.

As he remained in Belgrade until the arrival of the new King, he had ample opportunity of ascertaining at first hand from the officers who had in their phrase executed Alexander and the woman

Draga. What impressed him most was the curious way in which they regarded themselves as patriots who had made a great sacrifice for the good of their country. When O'Neill attended the Te Deum celebrated in the Cathedral by the Archbishop, who had been the Court Chaplain of the murdered monarch, he was struck by the sincere conviction of all present as to the nobility of their motives and the heroism of their actions. "I have seen nothing like it," said O'Neill to himself, "since the C.I.V.'s went to St. Paul's after their exploits in the Transvaal."

The notion that anyone could find fault with the way in which they had carried out the execution of the King and the Queen had not dawned on them for some days. He had long talks with Colonel Maschine, whom O'Neill had known and liked at the Hague, where, with his brother conspirator, M. Velkovitch, he had represented the Servian Government at the Parliament of Peace. From him and other officers he soon discovered that nothing was further from their minds than the notion that they had committed a crime.

"You see," said a Servian officer to O'Neill, "it was our head or his head. We were all proscribed; more than a hundred of us were marked for slaughter. We got our blow in first. One of the last acts of the obstinate young man was to insist that orders should be given for our execution. If we had waited we had all been dead men."

"I don't put it quite in that way," said another colonel, who was dining with O'Neill at the hotel of the Servian Crown. "When we supped at this very table before going to the Palace, we felt that it was no mere matter of self-defence. We owed it to our Country to execute the Traitor who had abolished her Constitution, and had just put together a packed assembly of his creatures in order to proclaim Madame Draga's brother, the insolent upstart Nicolin, heir to the Servian Throne."

"We did not intend to kill him," said Colonel Maschine. "We wished to save him. But to undertake the execution of a king is to take your life in your hand. One of ours was killed, in opening the gate, with dynamite. General Petrovitch, the King's aide-de-camp, attacked us, and as he put out the lights there was considerable confusion. We were in the dark, our only light the flashes of the revolvers, which were by no means only used on one side. So in the welter many died, including the unhappy woman who was the cause of all the mischief."

"That is all very well," said O'Neill, "but that does not explain the cold-blooded killing of her brothers, and the murder of the Ministers."

"Does it not?" said another officer. "I should have thought it did. When once it was death in the palace there must be death elsewhere."

"Besides," said Colonel Maschine, "although some five-score died, was ever a guilty monarch punished with so slight a loss of blood? We struck down the guilty; the innocent we spared. In revolutions the people who have least to do with the movement suffer most. The thing had to be done, and done quick. Otherwise there would have been civil war, in which thousands might have perished."

"And, really, sir," said the priest, with a rich, deep, penetrating voice, "it is not for England to criticise us Servians. She has ever been our enemy. And her own hands are not clean. Better, surely, to execute a guilty king and queen rather than to make war on independent republics and kill scores of thousands of innocent men. Reasons of State, which justify war, may also justify the execution of a guilty king. You English cut off the head of King Charles; that, too, was the work of patriotic officers."

"Not without due trial in Westminster Hall," said O'Neill.

"What a pedantic excuse!" said one, Isidore Iakovitch. "We also tried our King, although not in Westminster Hall. The whole of Servia turned itself into an assize court, and condemned him to death if he should refuse to abdicate. Well, he did refuse the abdication, and said that he was going to stay where he was, and see who dared touch him."

"The people could not bear any longer this outrageous conduct of the King, Queen and Co., and it was decided that the execution should take place. This was entrusted to some officers, who did it admirably, correctly, punctually, and heroically, and the whole world is astonished at a deed that has not its equal in the history of all nations."

"Where are the popular writers who were so much in evidence in, say, 1890?" asks a writer in the London "Daily Mail." To run over the old catalogues is to remember and wonder and to ponder also upon the emptiness of hope and the fickleness of fame. It was about the year 1890 that a novelist, now of the first distinction, made the attempt to place his fellow-novelists in their order of merit. He placed Mr. Meredith first, Mr. Hardy second. Then, at a long interval, follow Blackmore and Stevenson. To these succeeded Mr. Norris, Black, and Mr. Baring Gould, Miss Broughton, and Mr. Christie Murray. Mr. Rider Haggard, then at the zenith of his popularity, was included in the first dozen.

The changes are surprising. Black has dropped out of favour; so, too, has Christie Murray; and Mr. Haggard's vogue has waned. Neither Mr. Baring Gould nor Mr. Norris can be considered quite to maintain their standing. On the other hand, there is a flood of newcomers, some of whom are of considerable reputation, and some of remarkable popularity. This list includes Mr. Kipling, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Anthony Hope,

A king and his satellites have been condemned by the nation, and have been executed by the soldiers. Everything was taken into consideration, everything had been calculated, the time of action came, and everything went as smooth as clockwork."

"It is not pleasant to be executioner," said Colonel Maschine. "But we were at least not paid for our work. None of us profited a piastre. All of us risked our lives. We have rendered our Fatherland a tremendous service, and we are highly satisfied with our success."

O'Neill was silent. One by one the officers left the hotel and he remained alone. At last he also went out and mused under the silent stars over the conversation of the officers.

"It is good," he said to himself, "sometimes to see ourselves as others see us. These moral murderers of Belgrade seem to have as little notion of the shock their crime has given to the world as——"

Hark, what was that? The report of a revolver rang through the midnight air. He ran towards the spot whence the report had proceeded. He found a Servian officer weltering in his blood.

"They did not think me worthy to take part in their glorious deed," he gasped. "There is nothing left for me but to die."

He had shot himself through the heart.

"Strange thing, human nature," said O'Neill. "Another brilliant proof of the devotion of the patriot army! It is time I got out of this."

So O'Neill left the moral murderers who flourish in the meridian of Belgrade, and hastened home to readjust his moral ideas in the meridian of Westminster.

Mr. A. Conan Doyle, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Gissing, Mr. Wells, Mr. Egerton Castle, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. Percy White, Mr. Quiller Couch, Mr. Seton Merriman, Mr. Conrad; and, of women, "John Oliver Hobbes," Mrs. Dudeney, Miss Mann, and Mrs. de la Pasture.

A medical work has made its appearance, the only one during 150 years, at Constantinople. It is a folio, of 300 pages, with 56 copper-plate engravings, on anatomy and medicine, entitled, "Mirat el abd fi tech-rih azail," by Chani-Zadeh Mehemmed-Ata-Oullah, member of the religious and judicial order of the "Oulema." The Oulemites fill the offices of ministers of religion, of the laws, of equity, and have always endeavoured to crush the rising genius of the nation. It is not, therefore, a little surprising that a work on anatomy, physiology, medicine, and therapeutics, should be published by one of this fraternity. The substance of the work appears to be a translation from various French works.

LITERARY GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

The Poët-Laureate's new book, "Flodden Field: A Tragedy" is dealt with very cruelly by all the critics. London "Punch" burlesques it through a series of issues; not a journal has a good word to say for it. The poem is a "tragedy" in another sense to that intended by its author. Mr. Alfred Austin cannot put his head outside the door without everybody hastening, in a literary sense, to thump it!

The Carlyle controversy still rages. Sir James Crichton-Browne's method of controversy may be studied afresh in the "Contemporary." The two famous bruises on Mrs. Carlyle's wrists he treats in various ways. First he suggests that she invented them in one of her mad moments. When she said anything against Geraldine Jewsbury she was sane, and when she said anything against her husband she was mad. Then "the inference is obvious" that Carlyle bruised her wrists while saving her from suicide. But if he did leave those marks in a fit of temper, is it credible that the incident would rankle in his mind after twelve years? Froude says it did rankle, but Sir James Crichton-Browne says that Froude's object was to "blacken" Carlyle's character.

Mr. Lane will publish still another Carlyle book, namely "The Nemesis of Froude," which, prefaced by a picture of Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, will frankly continue the controversy in defence of Carlyle. In this connection may be quoted the sensible remarks by a writer in "Blackwood's," who says, "For shame, sirs, to dig in graveyards! Put up your spades; go home; and attend to your own affairs like gentlemen."

As Lord Rowton does not seem disposed to publish a Life of Lord Beaconsfield, someone else has stepped into the breach. This is Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who will issue, through Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., this autumn, "Benjamin Disraeli: An Unconventional Biography."

Is Literature to be counted amongst the dangerous trades? Speaking at a recent Authors' Club dinner, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said that a septuagenarian author was as rare as a septuagenarian white-lead worker. "M. A. P.," in reply, says: "Taking the literary army of the day, we have such veterans as Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. George Meredith, Dr. Samuel Smiles, who has helped himself to a very considerable slice of the cake of life, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Sardou—to mention but a few at random—whilst, if Mr. George Manville Fenn, most modest of men, would be the last to claim equality with these doughty warriors, he is a very remarkable 'old soldier,' and at seventy-two is still serving with the colours."

A German scholar, Dr. Franz von der Hagen, by way of satire on the Higher Critics, has taken upon himself the difficult task of proving that there was never any such person as Martin Luther. The learned satirist has done his business adroitly. All the arguments in his "Fibel und Fabel" (an evident pun upon Delitzsch's "Bibel und Babel") are borrowed from the left wing

of the "Higher Critics," and he demonstrates that a hyper-criticism can abolish Luther by the same processes which abolish Adam or Abraham.

It is said that the "Strand Magazine" has paid Sir A. Conan Doyle the sum of £5,000 for a series of eight short stories. This amount must very nearly break the records even of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Barrie.

The identity of the author of a poem usually attributed to the Australian poet Adam Lindsay Gordon has again become, says the London "Daily Mail," a matter of discussion. The verses are fairly well known in England, being entitled "A Voice from the Bush." The real author is Mr. Mowbray Morris, the editor of "Macmillan's Magazine." Mr. Morris spent some years in Australia, and his verses are probably as characteristic of the "bush" feeling as any that have been written. They have indeed been sometimes included in an edition of Gordon's Poems. So far as we know, Mr. Morris has never made any effort to claim them.

A writer in the "Outlook," who is understood to be a well-known publisher, finds an explanation of the low state of the book market in the present vogue of bridge. A West-end bookseller adds that motoring has also hurt the sale of books. "Between playing bridge and motoring, the leisured classes seem to have no time to read, and, I suppose, no spare money with which to buy books."

"M.A.P." gives the following list of successful first books by living authors: "Departmental Ditties"—"my little brown baby with the pink sash round his belly," as Mr. Kipling once described it in allusion to its original "get-up"—"A Romance of Two Worlds," "Mr. Isaacs," "The Cruise of the 'Cachalot,'" "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Dodo," "Robbery Under Arms," "As in a Looking Glass," "The Silence of Dean Maitland," "A Yellow Aster," "A Dead Man's Diary," "Wee Macgregor," "Many Cargoes," and "Happy Thoughts."

A biography of Charles Reade, by Mr. John Coleman, is to be published by Messrs. Anthony Treherne. Special interest is attached to the volume because a great deal of the work was written by Reade himself, but for certain private reasons has not hitherto been made public.

The London "Daily Chronicle" reviews "On Our Selection," by Arthur H. Davis (Steele Rudd). "This is the bush with a vengeance," it says, "its crude comedy, its grim tragedy, its almost repulsive farce, flung at you handful by handful in quick succession till you hardly know whether to laugh or cry, to hate it or to sympathise with it. To one reader the book will seem all clowning, to another—perhaps to the same in another mood—all grim desolation. For it is the story, told in snatches, of life on a 'selection' in southern Queensland; and a 'selection' is about 160 acres of raw land—timber and rocks for the most part, uncleared and unfenced—which the selector has to make into a farm that will support him and his family, paying

the State for it as he goes on, mainly with money earned in other occupations. He rarely has much capital; his family is his capital, for regular hired labour is beyond his means. Implements he makes, or borrows, or turns to uses for which they were not intended. The weather and the mortgage are his enemies, and his struggle with them is lifelong."

The book shows that for the selector the crowning virtue is pluck. "That is the final impression the book leaves on you, in spite of all its crudities and its frequent boorishness—the untamable, untired pluck of the men who are mastering Australia. That, too, Mr. Davis knows, and emphasises it in his dedication. 'Good old Dad' is the hero of it—all the more the hero because every fault and weakness is set down unsparingly, and his splendid courage overtops them all. When men in the face of drought and tempest lose that courage, they become 'trav'lers,' swagmen, and Henry Lawson has told us about them. But Mr. Davis gives us the story of the man who battles through; and though he chooses to tell it laughing, it is true, it is real, and it calls for our sympathy and admiration."

Here is a pen portrait of Mr. Percy White, the successful novelist: "Tall, good-looking, athletic in build, with dark hair flecked with grey, brown eyes and moustache, and a good strong nose, Mr. White is by no means a 'snarling person,' nor if he is merciless to the purse-proud, has he 'an ostentatious contempt for riches, arts, science, and amusements,' which as an alleged cynic he ought to have. He was a cricketer once, and Mr. C. B. Fry is his nephew."

A strenuous onslaught on journalists and journalism is made in "Blackwood's" by the writer of "Musings Without Method," who quotes from an American paper the following gem:—"In France there are sold every year of Feuilleton's works 50,000, of Daudet's 80,000, and of Zola's 90,000."

Mr. Hutchinson's "Hints on the Game of Golf" has reached a twelfth edition. In the new issue the chief novelty consists of some remarks on the rubber-cored balls which have threatened to revolutionise the game. His verdict on the Haskell is that it makes the game decidedly easier, and therefore pleasanter for all but the strongest players, through the green; whereas it is less good than the "gutter" for the short game, because it is so easily diverted from its line by any roughness of the ground. Mr. Hutchinson also speaks highly in favour of the aluminium spoons and baffles for all those who despair of being able to "play their iron."

Professor Simon Newcomb, the distinguished head of the United States Naval Observatory, publishes a simple and elementary treatise under the name of "Astronomy for Everybody." Professor Newcomb does not disdain the help of anecdote in enlivening his pages, and tells us, among other things, that when Mr. James Lick was founding the observatory which has made his name famous he was anxious to spend nearly all the money on a huge lens that would "lick creation"—"he did not see why such a complicated instrument as that used by astronomers was necessary!"

In the June "Booklover," Mr. Johnson gives an account of the sorrows of a professor of English who has to examine the papers of many students. The dreariness of the task is fre-

quently enlivened by flashes of error, and a happy misapprehension of epithets beyond the power of Mrs. Malaprop in its natural and unrestricted simplicity. Here are examples:

"Shelley stayed round with himself and thought of things;" the phrase "threw a tub to the whale," arose from the fact that sailors threw out a tub to prevent the whale from laying violent hands on the ship;" "Burns was much noticed in embryo on account of his fine eyes, large head, and a small edition of his works;" "We Americans have no cathedrals and no cuckoos to inspire literature;" "Shakespeare's father was a farmer and his mother was an Arden. Where he got his genius is not known;" "Spenser barely escaped from Ireland with his life and children;" "The knight was a man on horseback, but afterward the musket took his place;" "Alexander Pope was a very small boy when young, when near death he was much liked;" "At one period it gave Johnson a good deal of trouble to live;" "Keats was born in London. It is a great thing to be born in London, but it is a greater thing to be born at all;" "Surrey was executed for writing an inartistic sonnet which Henry VIII. considered treason. In our day no attention would have been paid to it."

Here is the boyhood of K. S. Ranjitsinhji in a nutshell, from a little book just published by Arrowsmith: "Prince (Kumar-Shri) Ranjitsinhji, second son of Jiwansinhji, adopted son of his father's cousin, the late Sir Vibhaji Ranmalji, K.C.S.I., Jam of Navanagar, and nephew of H. H. Sir Pertab Singh, Maharajah of Idar, G.C.S.I., was born at Sarodar, province of Kathiawar, Gujarat, Bombay Presidency, on the 10th of September, 1872. He entered upon life under the happiest of auspices. As a scion of the great Rajpoot dynasty—the founders and forerunners of the Sikh nation—he could look back upon an ancestry whose traditions are second to none in the glorious annals of the ruling houses of India. The religion in which the young Kumar-Shri was born is, of course, Hinduism, the wonderful creed which his forefathers and their millions of subjects have practised and upborne for thousands of years, and the tenets of which have formed the subject of centuries of arduous research and philosophical reasoning by the savants of all nations. The first few years of his life were passed by his family under the hospitable roof of his uncle, the late Rajah of Dhrangadhra." Here he received the rudiments of his education; but at the age of eight he was removed to Rajkote. This resulted from his adoption, with the sanction and authority of the Indian Government, as the heir of his great-uncle the Jam of Navanagar. A year and a half after his arrival at Rajkote the youthful Prince was entered at the now famous Rajkumar College, where most of the ruling Princes of the Bombay Presidency have received their education.

An experiment of the Appletons, the well-known American publishers, throws light in an interesting way on the vexed question of the influence of book reviewing. When the first edition of a recently published novel was placed on the market they enclosed postal cards, requesting purchasers to make replies to a series of questions as to what had induced them to buy the book. From the answers, nearly five hundred in number, it appears that 26 out of a hundred bought the book because the bookseller recommended it; 14 because a friend recommended it; 12 because they saw it advertised; 16 because they had read the author's

previous works; 10 because they saw it reviewed, and the remaining 22 for more or less trivial reasons, such as the binding or the title.

About Maxim Gorki, the eminent Russian writer who has so boldly denounced the cowardice and brutality of the Russian upper classes, some interesting particulars are given in the "Jewish World." His real name is Alexis Maximovitch Peshkov, and he has adopted the nom-de-plume of Gorki (Bitter) in order to express his view of life. Born at Nijni-Novgorod, in 1869, of very poor parents, he was left an orphan at a tender age, and came under the care of his grandfather, who treated him with great harshness. At the age of nine he was apprenticed as an errand-boy to a shoemaker, but was soon discharged, and then he was bound to a draughtsman, when he ran away. He became a gaily boy on a Volga steamer, where the cook of the boat permitted him to use a small library he had. Young Peshkov's thirst for knowledge thereupon quickened, and he left for Kazan, where he engaged himself as a boy in a bakery, and afterwards obtained employment as a signaller on a railway. Afterwards he was in the office of a lawyer, who interested himself in Peshkov's education. But life as a lawyer's clerk did not suit him, so he commenced his wandering again, earning bread as an unskilled manual labourer. It was in 1892 that Gorki commenced his literary activity, which has raised him to the front rank of contemporary Russian litterateurs. He is a believer in Zionism, and is now engaged on a drama entitled "The Jew."

Of "the Government's newspaper," the "London Gazette," some very interesting particulars are given by Mr. Arthur Hill in the July "Strand." The "Gazette" is the oldest and least read of any newspaper. It is at once the biggest and the least of all papers, for it is the only paper in the land which changes its size from one page to a hundred, according to the pressure of news. It is the only newspaper whose word is law and whose authority is accepted in the witness-box. It can make and unmake bankrupts. It is the only paper in which certain persons are compelled to advertise, and in which certain other persons cannot advertise for love or money. It yields a profit of £20,000 a year. The "London Gazette" has become regularised as a part of the British Constitution now, but time was when the editorship of the "Gazette" was one of the spoils of office, worth eight hundred pounds a year. It was the recognised reward of party services in the Press. Under the old regime the "Gazette" had, besides its editor, a staff of five clerks appointed by the Treasury; but in 1889 the Treasury remodelled the management of the paper, found the staff employment elsewhere, and left the whole responsibility of the "Gazette" on its present publishers, Messrs. Harrison and Sons, of St. Martin's-lane. The printing of the paper has been in the Harrison family for practically one hundred and thirty years. Absolute secrecy as to the contents of any forthcoming "Gazette" prevails at St. Martin's-lane, and, though there are a thousand workers in Messrs. Harrison's offices, no item of news has ever leaked out before its time. Every sheet of "copy" is private and confidential until it appears for all the world to see. The "copy" for the "Gazette" is written in the Government offices, often by Cabinet Ministers themselves, and is invariably returned with the proofs. Each Secretary initials his copy—Lord Salisbury signing his with the letter

"S" in red ink—and in cases of promotion in the services, no paragraph is accepted, even in proof, without being initialled a second time. Now and then—on very rare occasions—a piece of "copy" is received autographed by the Sovereign.

Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography" has been republished, and promises to find many readers. It was his fortune to know all the intellectual giants of his time. He had, amongst his other brilliant gifts, a wonderful faculty for the pen-and-ink portrait. He gives you his man in half-a-dozen inimitable strokes. This of Bonnycastle, for instance, the mathematician:

"Bonnycastle was a good fellow. He was a tall, gaunt, long-headed man, with large features and spectacles, and a deep internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it; and he goggled over his plate like a horse. I often thought that a bag of corn would have hung well on him. His laugh was equine, and showed his teeth upwards at the sides."

Of Lamb he says:

"Charles Lamb had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as fine a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it."

Shelley was his dearest friend. Of his appearance he says:

"When fronting, and looking at you attentively, his aspect had a certain seraphical character that would have suited a portrait of John the Baptist, or the Angel whom Milton describes as holding a reed 'tipt with fire.'"

Despite Shelley's reputed "Atheism," Hunt declares he had a profoundly religious nature:

"He dined on vegetables (for he took neither meat nor wine). His book was generally Plato or Homer, or one of the Greek tragedians, or the Bible, in which last he took a great, though peculiar, and often admiring interest. One of his favourite parts was the book of Job. . . . For his Christianity, in the proper sense of the word, he went to the Epistle of St. James, and to the Sermon on the Mount, by Christ himself, for whose beneficent intentions he entertained the greatest reverence."

Hunt, during his Italian sojourn, lived for some time at Pisa, in the same house with Byron, and his sketch of the patrician poet is well known:

"Lord Byron, who would sit up at night writing 'Don Juan' (which he did under the influence of gin and water), rose late in the morning. He breakfasted, read, lounged about, singing an air, generally out of Rossini; then took a bath and was dressed; and coming downstairs, was heard, still singing in the courtyard. . . . The servants at the same time brought out two or three chairs. My study, a little room in a corner, with an orange-tree at the window, looked upon the courtyard. I was generally at my writing when he came down . . . and he came up to the window with some jest or other challenge to conversation. His dress, as at Monte Nero, was a nankin jacket, with white waistcoat and trousers, and a cap, either velvet or linen, with a shade to it."

Of Coleridge he says:

"His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble; and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it was pastime to them to carry all that thought."

And here is a wonderful bit about the Wordsworthian eye:

"Certainly I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half-burning."

The "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, 1883-1900," by Mary King Waddington, the widow of the late M. Waddington, who, among other high offices, filled the post of French Ambassador to England for six years, from 1883 to 1889, give much interesting gossip about the English Court. Of Queen Victoria she says:

"I was very much impressed with the Queen's personality. She is short, stout, and her face rather red, but there is a great air of dignity and self-possession, and a beautiful smile which lights up her whole face."

When subsequently presented to the Princess of Wales, the latter "asked me a great deal about Moscow and the coronation, and particularly if the Empress (her sister) was well-dressed always, as she had been rather bothered with the quantity of dresses, manteaux de cour, etc., that she was obliged to have."

At Sandringham:

"The evening was pleasant. I remarked the absence of the Highland piper at dinner, and asked the Prince if he was not going to play. 'Oh, no,' he said, 'not on Sunday, he certainly wouldn't. I shouldn't like to ask him to, and even if I did I am sure he wouldn't do it.'"

"When Prince Alexander of Battenberg was at one of the Court balls everyone was talking about him, and saying what a magnificent man he was. The Duke of Teck, who was dancing a quadrille with me, was much put out, and said to me, 'Do you really find Battenberg so very handsome? It is a pity you didn't know me when I was his age; I was much handsomer,' and appealed to the Austrian Ambassador, an old friend and 'compagnon d'armes,' to support his statement, which I must say he did most warmly, and one can quite see it."

Madame Waddington did not altogether enjoy her "dine and sleep" visits to Windsor, the Queen's dinner parties being so stiff and silent:

"The Queen spoke little, in German principally, to her neighbours; the English scarcely at all, and almost in whispers. I don't know what would happen to me if I dined often at Court; I couldn't sit at table for an hour without talking to someone."

A Macaulay letter has come to light in New Zealand. In the "History of England" occurs an oft-quoted passage in which Macaulay suggests that the Puritans put a stop to bear-baiting in England to deprive villagers of amusement, rather than out of sympathy for the bear. Among the protesting letters written to him was one from the Rev. John Campbell, of the Tabernacle, Moorfield, London. The reply Mr. Campbell received is now in the possession of Mr. Burton, solicitor, Hawera, his grandson. It has been published in the "New Zealand Times."

Macaulay says: "As to the bear-baiting, I believe that the sting of my words lies in their truth. It is obvious that bear-baiting and similar sports may be prohibited on two perfectly different grounds. One ground, in my opinion a good one, is that such sports are cruel. The other is, in my opinion, a bad one; it is that such sports are idle dissipations, unworthy of an immortal being. Now, which of these two grounds did the Puritans take? My belief is that they took the latter ground, and that their reasons against bear-baiting were exactly the same with their reasons against archery, meetings, dances, Christmas

games, bowls, and other amusements, which I think innocent. If I am wrong here, refute me; if not, you surely must admit that the distinction is important, and ought to be noted." The letter concludes: "When the clamour which is now so loud has gone down, it will, I am convinced, be admitted on all sides that I have been the flatterer of no family, of no party, of no sect, and that I have spoken pleasing and unpleasant truths all round with strict impartiality."

In the "American Author" there is an interesting article on the mental activity of authors. Mr. John Swinton, "journalist, orator, and economist," was desired to write a novel based on certain economical questions, consisting of 500 octavo pages, small-pica type, in twenty days. Reckoning a page to contain about 250 words, this meant a book of 125,000 words. Mr. Swinton objected, but the representative of the publishing firm was inexorable, and at last the author stated that he would make an effort. His own words are as follows:

"He demanded the preface of my book at once. I pondered. I was familiar with the subject, having thought and spoken and written much upon it in other years. I hastily sketched a plan as I talked with him. He said he would wait in the house till I had written the preface, which he desired to take to Philadelphia that evening. Becoming desperate under his urging eye, I sat down, and in an hour gave him the preface. The first chapter was mailed in a few days. Chapter followed chapter. I worked day and night, keeping up pluck with never-ending pots of coffee. Three hundred of the five hundred pages were written, and time was nearly up. I padded. I put in things I had formerly written. The twenty days were out, and over one hundred pages were yet needed. I had to get a few days of grace. Finally the book of 500 pages and 125,000 words was finished. Its title is 'Striking for Life.'"

This was certainly fine mental athletics, but the article goes on to quote from another American periodical, the "Bookman," a few facts which have no doubt been fully verified by the writer. For instance—Frank Norris wrote 125,000 words in eighty-nine days. Mrs. Oliphant always wrote at night, and more than once completed a three-volume novel in six weeks. The following interesting statements about English authors, from the same article, may come as a surprise to some:

"Weyman writes one novel a year, and cannot be persuaded to attempt more. It took Hall Caine three years to write 'The Manxman,' Barrie four to write 'Sentimental Tommy,' and four more to produce 'Tommy and Grizel.' Maurice Hewlett wrote 'The Forest Lovers' four times before he was willing to let it go from his hands, and the late Bret Harte tore up a dozen pages of manuscript for every one that he completed. Harold Frederic was five years writing 'The Damnation of Theron Ware.'"

But for sound mental athletics, consider gravely an offer made by a certain well-known publisher to a gentleman, whom he desired to employ to grind out fiction. This offer was quoted in the April number of "The Author," and is absolutely authentic. The serial writer was to have £600 a year. To earn this money he would have to produce 5,000 words a day for six days a week, without any provision for sickness or holidays. It will be seen that work under this offer comes nearly up to that of Mr. Swinton, but has to be continued year in and year out, until the publisher, the public, and the author are tired, and the last, a useless wreck, loses his position.

NEW BOOKS.

An Australian Theologian.

"Christ, Antichrist, and Millennium," by the Rev. J. D. Rutledge, M.A., M.D., is described by a very competent critic, the Rev. J. Elder Cumming, as "being in many ways one of the most remarkable books on prophecy in our language." The work is certainly "great" in mere bulk; it is a solid volume of over 800 pages, and represents a high degree of industry and a very respectable amount of scholarship. Mr. Rutledge is a brother of the able and popular Attorney-General of Queensland, and owes his education to Sydney University. His book will hardly appeal to the general reader: it is an attempt to explain the more obscure prophecies of Scripture, and discusses such subjects as the Second Advent, and the whole future of mankind, as interpreted in the light of Scripture prophecies. Whoever wishes to discuss such themes as the Seventy Weeks of Daniel, the debate betwixt Pre-millenarians and Post-millenarians, cannot do better than give themselves to the study of Mr. Rutledge's pages; and these are so numerous and so weighty that they will probably supply them with occupation for the rest of their natural lives. Mr. Rutledge has a lucid style, and puts into his prophetic expositions a pleasant dash of the salt of common-sense.

Sir Henry Wrixon as Novelist.

Sir Henry Wrixon, the much respected President of the Victorian Legislative Council, has written a novel of stupendous scale, entitled "Jacob Shumate; or, the People's March." It is in two solid volumes, and is an attempt to express, in terms of fiction, Sir Henry's political experiences and his forecast of the political future. Sir Henry writes cleverly; his sketches of political characters, indeed, are marked by both shrewdness and humour, and there is a fine sanity in his teaching generally. But the work has too much political philosophy for a novel, and too much fiction for an essay in political economy. But it is pleasant to find an Australian statesman with so much both of literary gifts and of interest in literary matters as Sir Henry Wrixon possesses. His book certainly supplies an immense amount of pleasant and wholesome reading.

Cricket Across the Seas.

Mr. P. F. Warner, the captain of the All England Eleven soon to visit Australia, has written a

pleasant record, under this title, of the doings of Lord Hawke's team in New Zealand and America, and the book finds a place in Longmans' Colonial Library. Mr. Warner has a distinct faculty for easy description, and cricketers will read his book with pleasure. New Zealand cricket, Mr. Warner thinks, is much behind Australian cricket, and he knows no reason why this should be the case. Says Mr. Warner:

Cricket in New Zealand does not at present attain a high standard, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, our visit did much to kindle a spirit of enthusiasm, and the game may reasonably be expected to go ahead rapidly in the immediate future. Christchurch, Dunedin, Wellington, and Auckland are the four cricket strongholds, and in these, the principal towns of New Zealand, the grounds are excellent, Christchurch being particularly fortunate in the possession of Lancaster Park and Hagley Park, so that the comparative ineffectiveness of New Zealand cricket cannot be put down to a lack of playing accommodation.

Judging by what I saw and heard, I should say that the chief reasons for this ineffectiveness are a lack of time for practice, a want of coaching, and the fact that until quite recently cricket has not been taken seriously. The first reason is an obstacle hard to set aside; but the Australians are no more men of leisure than the New Zealanders, and the place in the temple of cricketing fame which the Australians have gained proves that the difficulty, if great, is at any rate not insuperable. The second reason can easily be remedied, and the third no longer exists, for the New Zealand Cricket Council, the M.C.C. of New Zealand, and the various cricket associations are full of new ideas for the spread and encouragement of cricket throughout the Islands. Good sound coaching will do a great deal to improve men who only want a little instruction to be first-class, but it should begin at the bottom, in the playing-fields of the Etons and Harrows of New Zealand, for the cricketer, as Kipling has said of the soldier, must be caught young.

Mr. Warner thinks that Australian cricket is just now at high-water mark:

If, now that Hugh Trumble has given up cricket, there is, with the exception of Noble, no really great bowler, the batting is extraordinarily powerful, for besides Trumper, Duff, and Clement Hill—three batsmen whose equals it would be hard to find—there are Noble (probably the best all-round cricketer in the world to-day), Armstrong, Hopkins, Hickson, Graham, and the brilliant South Australians, Claxton, Gehrs, and Jennings.

Of the fielding, one need only say that it is up to the highest standard of Australian cricket—greater praise is scarcely possible.

Labour Problems in New Zealand.

Mr. J. Macgregor, M.A., barrister-at-law, contributed to the "Otago Daily Times" a series of very able papers on "Industrial Arbitration in New Zealand," and these are now republished in

pamphlet form. Mr. Macgregor holds that the experiment, so far, has failed. The New Zealand system itself is closely akin to the famous Statute of Labourers of Tudor times, and in enacting it New Zealanders have practically gone to the fourteenth century for its political economy. In a brief prefatory note Mr. Macgregor sums up the lessons of his pamphlet:

New Zealand has come to be regarded as a sort of laboratory for political and social experiments, and her people are inclined to be rather proud of the role, and are optimistic enough to believe that their experiments have issued successfully. Of such experiments, what is known as our system of Compulsory Conciliation and Arbitration in Industrial Disputes is one of the most interesting, and in the following pages the writer has candidly answered the question appearing on the title page. It is with regret he finds himself constrained to answer in the negative, because, as a member of the Upper House, he helped the author of the measure, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, to get it placed upon the Statute Book. Having closely observed and studied the working of the system during the six years it has been in operation he claims to be in a better position to answer the question than Mr. Reeves can possibly be, inasmuch as he has been absent from the colony during nearly the whole of that period. The writer finds himself driven by candour to admit that the system is not in any sense what it purports, and was intended to be—a means of settling industrial disputes and strikes by conciliation and arbitration—but is rather a system for the regulation of the industries of the colony by means of ordinances (misnamed “awards”) issued by a court of law. It is impossible for Mr. Reeves to contend that the system has been a success for the purpose for which he intended it. . . .

It may be mentioned that since the first publication of the papers in the “Otago Daily Times,” an Act has been passed which practically repeals the conciliation provisions of the Act; this has been done in spite of the opposition of the Trades Union Government. Mr. Reeves, as an honourable man, should either admit that the system has failed, or disown it; only the skeleton remains, and the skeleton is not the man.

A New Zealand Soldier.

“The Seventh New Zealand Contingent: Its Record on the Field,” by Sergeant K. G. Malcolm, is a very interesting account of the experiences and achievements of the “gallant seventh” in the Boer war. As a sample of a good soldier’s account of a bit of brilliant work we give his story of the night attack at Bothasberg:

I remember—and remember well, too—that on that particular night, my turn for “sentry-go” came round at about one o’clock in the morning. I turned in, that is to say I lay down, alongside the man who had preceded me on the beat, and who was to wake me when he had done his two hours’ “sentry-go.” Nothing, up to that time, had transpired which could lead me to believe that the men were conscious that something more than the ordinary was going to happen that night; neither had I anything whatever to warrant any suspicion; but for some reason or other, and which I am to this day unable to account for, I took off my boots before I turned in; a thing I had

never done on night outpost before; I did not divest myself of anything else, not even my bandolier. What induced me to take off my boots I cannot say; I can only suggest that Providence must have persuaded me that I would have to run for it before morning, and, figuratively speaking, I had—but this is not getting on with the story of that memorable night-attack, is it? The sky was overcast; the moon, which was weak, shone dimly; a light rain was falling; a breeze that would not make a candle flicker; the only audible sound was the heavy breathing of the slumbering soldier—when all of a sudden I felt a hand on my shoulder; it was the sentryman on my post: “Sergeant,” he said. “Yes,” I replied, with a little agitation. “Listen,” he said, “they are coming.” With nerves like fiddle-strings I listened—sure enough they were coming. Simultaneously the order “To arms, to arms” echoed and re-echoed down the line of post. “Steady” came the order from an officer, “save your ammunition, men,” he said, “for this night I fear you will want it all.” Onward and onward, we could hear the enemy advancing, and who were goading a herd of six thousand cattle—to shelter themselves from our view. Closer and closer came that huge black mob, and punctually at 12.30 our first shot was heard from one of the posts in the pass; then volley after volley poured into the approaching enemy—for we were as determined as they were to either do or die—but still onward they came, breaking through the cordon, and flanked round on our left, and made a clean sweep up our line of outposts, pouring in a hail of bullets of all descriptions, killing and wounding our men as they fought side by side, unswerved by one impulse: to die the death of a true-born Briton, and in spite of the repeated demand from the enemy to “hands up,” not one attempt to surrender was thought of, and still the deathly crack and whizz of the Mauser echoed and re-echoed through the cries of “Rally, New Zealand, rally; line the ridges, boys; change your direction, they are on our left flank.” “Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,” interrupted the vicious little bark from Colonel Cox’s column, in which direction our men were rallying in the hope of defending the guns, but which only formed an object for the enemy’s aim; then amidst the cries of the mortally-wounded, and the screams of the dying soldier, the last scene was enacted; the pom-pom was put out of action, and rolled down the hill, to save it from getting into the hands of the enemy, who were suffering so heavily that they bid a hasty retreat. So ended the conflict known to fame as the “Bothasberg night.”

A National Stocktaking.

Last month there were issued the “Summary Tables for England and Wales” (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 2s. 6d.), and the fortieth annual edition of that most useful and admirable epitome of the civilised world, “The Statesman’s Year Book” (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net). From these two publications we have taken a few of the most interesting and salient facts.

Town versus Country.

At the present time the urban population of England is twenty-five millions, the rural only seven and a half. The increase in the last ten years has been three and a half millions, or 12.17 per cent. Of this total the towns claim

3,300,000. The rural population is practically stationary, the net increase for ten years being only 200,000. In other words, the town population is advancing in numbers at the rate of 15.22 per cent., while the increase registered in the counties is only 2.94 per cent. In 1891 75 per cent. of the people of England lived in towns, and only 25 per cent. in the country. In 1901 the urban population had increased to 77 per cent. of the whole, leaving only 23 per cent. in the rural districts. In Scotland the same tendency is observable.

Large Decrease in Overcrowding.

In spite of an increase of population of three and a half millions, the number of the overcrowded has been decreased by 626,305. In 1891, one in every nine of the population was overcrowded, now it is one in every twelve. How general has been the improvement will be seen by a glance at the following table, comparing conditions in 1901 and 1891:

	Numbers of Overcrowded.	
	1901.	1891.
In one room	245,246 ..	358,372
In two rooms	884,662 ..	1,163,948
In three rooms	809,599 ..	951,171
In four rooms	729,652 ..	821,973
Total	2,669,159 ..	3,295,464

London is still the great offender in regard to overcrowding: 725,996 persons are to-day living in overcrowded conditions within the capital of the Empire. But even here substantial progress can be recorded, for in 1891 the numbers were close upon 900,000.

The Occupations of the People.

The tables devoted to cataloguing the occupations of the people contain much interesting and curious information. Of the male population over ten years of age five-sixths are engaged in gainful occupations. The figures are—males over ten, 12,134,259; occupied 10,156,076, unoccupied 1,977,283. Out of a female population over ten of 13,189,585, only 4,171,751, or less than one-third, are engaged in any occupation for which they receive pay.

Women—the Predominant Sex.

The great preponderance of women is another interesting fact brought out by the census returns. Women outnumber men in England and Wales by more than a million, the actual figures being 15,728,613 men to 16,799,230 women. This disproportion is much more marked in the towns than in the country, where the balance between the sexes is pretty even. In the rural districts there are only 40,000 more women than men. Women's predominance is confined to numbers, for even at this day she has not made any serious

inroad upon the occupations and professions formerly confined to men. Man has an absolute monopoly of the defence of the country and of engineering, no woman being returned in either class. In the legal profession, in the fishing industry, in the building trades, and in all occupations connected with gas, water, and electricity, his monopoly is hardly challenged. In the building trades the disproportion is especially striking—702 women to 1,042,364 men. Nor have women obtained a very secure foothold in the literary and scientific professions—they number only 1,953 to 15,458 men. In domestic offices they are, of course, supreme. In the manufacture of textile fabrics, in all occupations coming under the head of dress, and in the teaching profession, women are in a minority. In the medical profession, including nurses, they largely outnumber men, though there are only 212 lady doctors. "Women," Ruskin once said, "are, in general, far nobler, purer, more divinely perfect than men, because they come less in contact with evil." He might have pointed to the Census returns in confirmation of this idea. For though, as we have seen, women form the larger proportion of the population, they contribute a comparatively small number to the prison, pauper, and lunatic class of the community. They are only one-seventh of the inmates of our prisons; and in the work-houses there are only 88,000 women as against 120,000 men. It is a curious fact that marriage, which, if prison statistics have any bearing on the subject, seems to act as a restraint on men, has the contrary effect upon women. There are considerably more married women in prison than unmarried.

The number of the foreigners settled in England is very small, only 247,758 persons in all. Of these, 135,377 are living in London. The great majority of foreigners settled in our midst are Russians and Poles. There are 53,537 in London alone. Germans, French, Italians, are next in order of numbers. It is a curious fact that there is an actual decrease of 2,000 in the numbers of Americans living in England. The number of American men has slightly increased, it is the American women who have decreased by over 2,000. Can this be some indication of the extent to which the American woman has invaded the English marriage market?

The Drink Peril in Scotland.

Mr. Arthur Sherwell is one of those rare writers who possess the gift of handling statistics and detailed facts so as to illuminate and not obscure their subject. In "The Drink Peril in Scotland" (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier), he places before

us, with convincing clearness, the present state of the question, and then outlines a broad and comprehensive plan for dealing with a situation that is full of peril to the best interests of the community. From the statistics of crime, insanity, and death from intemperance, he shows that Scotland is making no substantial progress towards temperance, but in some deplorable directions matters are steadily getting worse. In the second portion of his little volume he points out that a reduction of licenses, local veto, and the adoption of a national time limit, although they may check the evil, cannot cope with it. Constructive reforms are required to supplement restrictive legislation, and Mr. Sherwell pleads for the elimination of private profit from the drink traffic, and the utilisation of profits in the provision of effective counter-attractions to the public-house, in accordance with the scheme elaborated by Mr. Rowntree and himself in their book "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform."

A Musical Devotee.*

A defect in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," edited by Sir George Grove, surely is the omission in the appendix of any mention of its editor, late the first Director of the Royal College of Music. To this enthusiastic amateur the art of music probably owes more than it does to the work of the professional critics; he has certainly done more than they with his stimulating and sympathetic analytical notes to educate the public in Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and other great composers, and for this we may forgive a little narrowness and conservatism towards modern music. His versatility of interests seems otherwise to have been unlimited, as we learn from the "Life" just completed by Mr. C. L. Graves. Here it is stated George Grove left school at the age of sixteen for the engineering "shops," and was for the rest of his life his own teacher. As a civil engineer he superintended (1841-3) the erection on Morant Point, Jamaica, of the first cast-iron lighthouse, and (1843-6) he was engaged in Bermuda in the erection of a similar structure. The next years (1847-9) he took an active part in the construction of the Britannia Tubular Bridge

at Bangor; in 1850 he was appointed Secretary to the Society of Arts; and in 1852 Secretary to the Crystal Palace. Next he is devoted to literary work, and after completing his translation of Guizot's "Etudes sur les Beaux Arts," we find him working with Dr. William Smith on the famous "Dictionary of the Bible," in connection with which he made two journeys to Palestine (1858 and 1861). In 1873 he resigned the secretaryship of the Crystal Palace to become literary adviser to Messrs. Macmillan, and to undertake the editorship of the "Dictionary of Music." From 1882 to 1894 he was Director of the Royal College of Music, and in 1896 his long-awaited book on Beethoven's Symphonies was published. So far as technical musical equipment goes he certainly had none. As a boy he played the piano a little, and sang in choral classes. But as soon as he was appointed secretary at the Crystal Palace he began to attach himself particularly to the music, and the famous analytical programmes by "G." originated in the suggestion of a friend. He says:

We were going to celebrate the birthday of Mozart in 1856, when the Crystal Palace music was just beginning to struggle into existence, and Mr. Manns said to me how much he wished that I would write a few words about Mozart himself and about the works to be performed. I tried it, and that gave me the initiation; and after that, as the Saturday concerts progressed, I went on week by week. I wrote about the symphonies and concertos because I wished to try to make them clear to myself and to discover the secret of the things that charmed me so; and then from that sprang a wish to make other amateurs see it in the same way.

For upwards of forty seasons, Sir George Grove continued to write the lion's share of the analyses to the Crystal Palace programmes. The wonderful voyage of discovery to Vienna with Sir Arthur Sullivan, in search of Schubert MSS. took place in 1867, and his musical researches caused him to make many other trips to the Continent, notably in connection with his articles on Beethoven and Schubert.

"With the Nor'-West Mail: a Cruise on Summer Seas," by Will J. Sowden, is a series of pleasantly-written letters, giving incidents of travel in West Australian waters, pictures of pearl-fishing, views on the Labour question, and notes on Western Australia. The letters show both insight and descriptive power.

*"Life of Sir George Grove," by C. L. Graves. Macmillan. Cloth. Pp. 484. 12s. 6d. nett.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

The Dead Pope.

Perhaps the very best personal sketch of the late Pope is that by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, published in "M.A.P." It is a pen-picture of great vividness:

Fire and Frailty.

"Though I never saw him myself, I have had numerous accounts of the impression he made on those whom he did receive. They all give the same description. First you saw a very old man, so thin and emaciated that he seemed scarcely living. The almost unearthly pallor of the face increased this sense of a being that had already passed in some degree beyond the realm of the flesh. The expectation that this was what the Pope seemed to be in the flesh always provoked an uncanny feeling that when you were brought face to face with him you would be shocked or pained by some of the ordinary signs of senility. But the first moment you saw the extraordinary radiance of the wonderful eyes that looked out from circles of alabaster, you were agreeably relieved of all such anticipations. And the next surprise was the strong resonant voice. And then came proof after proof of the extreme brilliancy and clearness of the marvellous mind. In the end the visitor went away with an increased sense of the intellectual powers of the wondrous old man who influenced millions of souls in all parts of the world.

"Perhaps the most eloquent tribute to the impression left by coming into personal contact with Pope Leo XIII. which I have attempted to convey in a few words above, was that given by Dr. Croke, the able jurist, in a description which he supplied to a contemporary of an audience that he had with His Holiness on the occasion of the Jubilee. Here is the portrait:

"He is not cadaverous, for the whiteness of his complexion is soft in tone. When he lifts his hand, with the rich and heavy ring, from the silk handkerchief, steeped in eau-de-Cologne, and you receive the tremulous touch of the shapely palm and delicately tapering fingers, you feel the flesh to be like warm plush or down. His hair is the silver of seventy. The long lines of his features lose in the life of expression the disproportion which they bear in every painting and photograph, and you can recognise in his frame the spare but broad-shouldered Nuncio who sat next to Queen Victoria at Brussels in the forties.

Wonderful Eyes.

"Least of all do his eyes bear trace of age. In his private study the Pope often reads without his Dublin-made spectacles. The passing of years has brought shrinkage to frame and a pervasive fatigue to feature. But these eyes would secure compliments for a young lady. They are not liquid, but of a dry brilliance; nor can they be described as soft or tender; their look is penetrating, but not piercing. They are not so much glistening or large as natural, sound, faultless, beautiful. Their brownness is deep and strong, their expression vivacious and kindly. Then, your picture made, looking at him listening to an address, or better, giving audience, you see the man.

Wit and Humour.

"Sometimes, in receiving several people in succession, the Pope would remain gravely smiling amid out-

bursts of laughter which he provoked, for his humour, as is wont to happen with that gift, sparkles as a distraction in the midst of attention given to other matters. One Purification Day he was receiving candles of all sizes and of every device of symbolic decoration from the superiors of the ecclesiastical institutions of Papal Rome. Some ecclesiastics advanced with a monster specimen. 'Che cerino!' ('What a wax-vesta!') he said, looking over the heads of those in front of him.

"Occasionally the essential quality of laughter, the assertion of superiority, implicitly came out, as in the following story: A community of nuns had sent him a message of congratulation and well-wishing for his present jubilee, and they added that they were praying for his preservation until his hundredth year. The Pope acknowledged thankfully the feelings and the prayers, but added that he hoped they would not set a limit to the working of Providence in his regard. At an audience once a case of mistaken identity occurred while I was waiting as one of a short line of visitors. A lady of ample proportions advanced to the foot of his throne, and the attendants, in a moment of distraction, failed to introduce her. The Pope took the situation for granted. 'Vous êtes une bonne mère de famille Chrétienne, n'est-ce pas?' ('You are a good Christian mother; is it not so?') he asked. Somebody said in a stage whisper that the lady was unmarried. The Pope sat back, looked away, and fairly laughed, while those around tittered; but he composed himself, though with obvious difficulty, so completely and quickly that the lady, who had forgotten her French, seemed to have no suspicion of the mistake about her identity."

The Decay of a Great Journal.

The "Printers' Register" publishes, in an "Open Letter," a remarkable article, showing the business decay of the most famous of English journals, the London "Times"! Of the "Times" itself generous words of praise are spoken:

"It has had a mighty past and it still stands at the head of journalism. If its opinions do not now sway the State as in days of old; if its prestige has been sorely tarnished by the adoption—or will it be more accurate to say the passive endurance?—of chapmen's methods of pushing obsolescent publications, its essays and reviews are scholarly, its articles are based upon authenticated facts, its reports are distinguished by their fulness and accuracy, and its correspondence is unique. In short, we cannot afford to lose our 'Times.' And yet we cannot help contemplating the possibility of having to sustain that loss, for if its course be not changed the 'Times' will surely die. No newspaper can live by its sales alone; its alimentary system is to be found in its advertisement columns, its very life-blood is drawn from the revenue those columns produce; and it is apparent to everyone that, as regards the advertisement columns of the 'Times,' there set in some time ago an atrophy which is progressing apace, and which, if not checked, will assuredly end in death, as unchecked atrophies always do.

Shrinking Advertisements.

"How do its issues in June, 1903, compare with those in the corresponding period of 1883?—

1883.			
Monday, June 18	.. 20 pp.	.. 62 cols. of advts.	
Tuesday, " 19	.. 16 pp.	.. 47 " "	
Wednesday, " 20	.. 20 pp.	.. 67 " "	
Thursday, " 21	.. 16 pp.	.. 53 " "	
Friday, " 22	.. 16 pp.	.. 47 " "	
Saturday, " 23	.. 20 pp.	.. 73½ " "	
A total of 349½ columns of advertisements for the week.			

1903.			
Monday, June 15	.. 18 pp.	.. 28 cols. of advts.	
Tuesday, " 16	.. 16 pp.	.. 29 " "	
Wednesday, " 17	.. 18 pp.	.. 34 " "	
Thursday, " 18	.. 16 pp.	.. 31 " "	
Friday, " 19	.. 16 pp.	.. 26 " "	
Saturday, " 20	.. 20 pp.	.. 56 " "	

A total of 204 columns of advertisements for the week (double columns are counted as two columns).

"It has been stated that an advertisement column of the 'Times' was worth, on an average, £20; if this be so, the drop in revenue is £2,900 on this one week!

"You used to have more advertisements than any morning paper: how do you now compare with your chief competitors? It will not be fair to them to reckon in columns, for their columns are longer than yours. Reckoned in centimetres, a column of the 'Times' measures 56 by 6.8, that of the 'Daily Telegraph' 63 by 6.5, that of the 'Morning Post' 62.5 by 6.8, and that of the 'Standard' 62.5 by 6.35. We have taken two days at random:

(1) Thursday, June 18, 1903.		Area of Ads. in sq cm.	
Issue consisted of		Cols. of Ads.	
'Times'	16 pp. of 6 cols.	.. 31	.. 11,805
'Daily Telegraph'	16 pp. of 7 cols.	.. 70	.. 28,665
'Morning Post'	12 pp. of 7 cols.	.. 36½	.. 15,512
'Standard'	12 pp. of 7 cols.	.. 29½	.. 11,701

(2) Monday, June 22, 1903.		Area of Ads. in sq cm.	
Issue consisted of		Cols. of Ads.	
'Times'	18 pp.	.. 33½	.. 12,756
'Daily Telegraph'	14 pp.	.. 53½	.. 21,907
'Morning Post'	12 pp.	.. 35	.. 14,875
'Standard'	10 pp.	.. 27	.. 10,773

"If we take the 'Daily Telegraph' for the whole week ending June 20, 1903, we get the following results:

'Daily Telegraph' for week ending		
June 20, 1903		163,390 sq. cm. of advts.
'Times'		77,683 sq. cm. of advts.
'Times' for week ending		
June 23, 1883		133,090 sq. cm. of advts.

The Cause of It.

"When you seek the cause of this unsatisfactory state of things, you will find it in the extremely limited sale of your paper. That limit is caused by its price. Threepence has long been as out-of-date a price for a newspaper as a guinea is for a novel. The day's news, served up in attractive form, can be had for a halfpenny, and a penny will buy it combined with features similar, and year by year more equal, to those of the 'Times.' . . .

"Hesitate no longer to make the plunge—you ought to have made it at the opening of the century, if not long before. Lower your price to a penny if you can, but if this is impossible, lower it to threehalfpence, and your circulation will become so great that your rivals will wonder at it. Thousands who never buy a 'Times' at threepence will take it regularly at threehalfpence. Thousands upon thousands will take it at a penny.

"The very prosperity of the change will cause you difficulty. So many more announcements will be made in your columns that if you keep up the quality and quantity of your literary matter—and you must—you will soon have to issue twenty pages a day."

The Humour of the Judicial Wig.

Apropos of witnesses and counsel, says the writer of a most interesting article on "Lawyers" in "Blackwood's Magazine," I think the most scathing retort that I ever read was the following, which I saw in some country newspaper report of an assize case: A counsel had been cross-examining a witness for some time with very little effect, and had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, the jury, and every one in court. At last the judge intervened with an imperative hint to the learned gentleman to conclude his cross-examination. The counsel, who received this judicial intimation with a very bad grace, before telling the witness to stand down accented him with the parting sarcasm: "Ah, you're a clever fellow, a very clever fellow! We can all see that!" The witness, bending over from the box, quietly retorted, "I would return the compliment—if I were not on oath!"

The single defect of that genius among judges, the late Lord Bowen, "was perhaps an undue proclivity for irony, which on one occasion he indulged in from the bench, with disastrous effect on the jury. Shortly after his appointment as a puisne judge, he was trying a burglar in some country town, and by way of mitigating the tedium of the proceedings summed up something in the following fashion: 'You will have observed, gentlemen, that the prosecuting counsel laid great stress on the enormity of the offence with which the prisoner is charged, but I think it is only due to the prisoner to point out that in proceeding about his enterprise he at all events displayed remarkable consideration for the inmates of the house. For instance, rather than disturb the owner, an invalid lady, as you will have remarked, with commendable solicitude he removed his boots, and went about in his stockings, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Further, instead of rushing with heedless rapacity into the pantry he carefully removed the coal-scuttle and any other obstacles which, had he thoughtlessly collided with them, would have created a noise that must have aroused the jaded servants from their well-earned repose.'

"After proceeding in this strain for some little time, he dismissed the jury to consider their verdict, and was horror-struck when, on their return into court, they pronounced the acquittal of the prisoner!"

The Strangest Strike on Record.

The most peculiar strike on record is that inaugurated by the employees of the Deering Harvester Company, of Chicago; the strikers demanded three things, viz., increase of wages, shorter hours, and "what Miss Beeks had done at the McCormicks." The strike was successful and Miss Gertrude Beeks is inaugurating a "welfare work" at the Deering plant similar in all respects to what she "had done at the McCormicks." What this is is described by Mr. John R. Commons in the July number of the "American Monthly Review of Reviews." "The peculiar feature of Miss Beeks' work which distinguishes it from much that is sentimental in this line," says Mr. Commons, "is that she gives industrial betterment a subordinate position, and insists that its successful intro-

duction depends upon such preliminary attention to the scale of wages and the hours of work as competitive conditions will permit.

"Starting with this proposition, that the scale of wages is fundamental, Miss Beeks has acted on the principle that welfare work should extend very cautiously, if at all, beyond what is plainly necessary for the health and comfort of the people while at work. One of the first complaints that she took up in the McCormick establishment was that of long hours of work. She found that the employees were regularly working two and three hours beyond the normal ten each day, and so responsive were the management when she showed them the injury of overwork, that they succeeded in practically abolishing it. Reduction of excessive working hours has not always been considered a feature of betterment work, but with Miss Beeks it is the foundation of such work."

But Miss Beeks did not limit herself to the bare necessities. She made the McCormick establishment, indeed, a model factory. She naturally began with the women and girls in the twine mill, numbering 500, and from them gradually extended her work to the 6,000 men in the other departments. One of the early things she did for these girls was to fit up their dressing-room with a good supply of mirrors. She then induced the company to experiment with a system of ventilation to remove the dust, which is very injurious, and which was ultimately removed entirely. She established a luncheon-room and placed it in charge of a committee of the employees co-operating with the company. Here a good meal can be had for twelve cents. Rest rooms were provided. Toilet rooms, hot water, towels, and soap, lockers for clothing, a dancing platform, pianos, are among the conveniences and attractions. Miss Beeks organised the Sisal club, named after the fibre from which the binding twine is made, and made this club a centre of amusement. An opera company was organised, trained by an employee, and the four performances, given solely by the factory talent, were praised by 8,000 employees as superior to anything on the stage. A stupendous field day was inaugurated, where 12,000 employees and friends gathered for outdoor athletics. One of the most trying evils was that of the money sharks, and this she met by recommending a banking system for lending to worthy employees at nominal rates of interest.

The key to her work has been friendly association with the employees and their families, in order to find out what they needed, and not to force upon them conveniences which they did not appreciate. A large part of her time was spent in visiting their homes and caring for them in sickness and accidents. A corps of trained nurses and two physicians were added to the staff.

The "Patent Obscure Sentence" of Henry James.

A series of clever and good-natured satires on writers of the day has been running for some time in "The Reader." The author, who is anonymous, has the writers and their supposed quarrels brought before a court of humourists presided over by Mark Twain. In the June number we have an account of the trial of James v. Eddy—Henry James and Mrs. Eddy. The charge brought by Mr. James is that Mrs. Eddy has infringed his "patent obscure sentence" in her "Science and Health." Mr. James on the witness-stand testifies as follows:

"Talleyrand claimed that language was invented for the purpose of concealing thought; I have carried the process to its ultimate conclusion, and invented a form of language for the concealment not only of thought, but of the lack of thought. Beyond that it is impossible to go. But the obscure sentence subserves a further purpose. It is a Blue Beard castle in which all sorts of improprieties are committed, but into which the young person, that arch-enemy of fictionists brought up in France, has never been known to penetrate. No one under twenty years of age can by any possibility gain admittance into one of these chambers of horrors unless accompanied by an older person. For instance, what, seemingly, could be more innocuous than this statement on page 50 of 'What Maisie Knew'—'Familiar as she had become with the great alternative of the proper, she felt that her governess and her father would have a substantial reason for not emulating that detachment.' I depose, you might let any youthful mind loose on that sentence, even that of Anthony Comstock, and the result would merely be that of a dog's worrying an armadillo. Am I not right?"

"You are, sir," replied Mark Twain; 'especially as regards the mind of our censor morum. But pray proceed.'

"The scientific name of my invention,' continued James, 'is the *sententia obscura*; and, like the camera obscura of the photographers, it serves for the projection of certain ideas and images, not safely to be presented immediately to the mere Anglo-Saxon mind. For that reason I have strongly recommended its use to George Moore, but to no purpose. Indeed, I have even sent him samples, but he has returned them unused. . .

"I early perceived that although language had been carried to a high state of perfection, yet the highest degree of obscurity had not been reached, and I determined to reach it. George Meredith, it is true, has done much to help on the good work, but even he has stopped short of the ultimate—his most involved sentences *can* be analysed with patience and a dictionary, whereas mine defy all efforts of the most *entêté*. Dr. Johnson defined network as "a reticulated structure with interstices between the intersections." Similarly, I should define literature as an articulate obstruction with obscurities between the interjections."

The trial proceeds, and after the testimony of Mrs. Eddy is heard, verdict is given in her favour as follows:

"After a careful consideration of the testimony offered both by the complainant and the defendant, in the case of James versus Eddy for infringement of patent, the court finds for the defendant, Eddy, on every count. The testimony does not show an infringement of patent on the defendant's part. On the contrary, an examination of the works of the defendant shows clearly that her obscurity is of her own invention, beyond the mental capacity of mere man. To make clear the difference between the obscurity of the two authors, the matter may be thus stated: In reading the complainant's later writings, one cannot, it is true, by any effort of the mind understand the separate patent obscure sentences; but at the end one has a fairly foggy idea of the lack of progression in the story, and could give a more or less confused account of the events which have not happened. In the case of the 'Science of Wealth,' on the other hand, the wayfaring man, though a fool, can detect the misleading statements which lie in between the half-truths scattered through the book; but the recording angel himself, although used to clerical work, would fail to tell what the book was about at the end of the twentieth perusal. The costs are on the complainant."

Free Trade v. Imperial Reciprocity.

I.—FOR FREE TRADE.

The editor of the "Fortnightly Review" renders a good service to the cause of Free Trade by the four articles which he publishes this month. It is true that half of the sixty-six pages devoted to the subject are Protectionist, but the Free Trade half is so good, and the Protectionist half so bad, that the cause of Free Trade is better helped than if there had been no Protectionist articles at all.

M. Yves Guyot.

M. Yves Guyot's paper, which begins the series, is the most important, for it is mainly devoted not to predicting what Protection will do, but what it has done when tried in France. The article is entitled "Mr. Chamberlain's Programme in the Light of French Experience." Before dealing with this side of the problem, M. Guyot subjects Mr. Chamberlain's nebulous project to severe criticism on its inherent merits. Firstly, though Mr. Chamberlain points to Germany and the United States as examples, he does not propose to imitate the better sides of their fiscal systems. The German Zollverein is a customs union between the different States, and the customs duties collected are divided among the different States according to population. In America, the customs are collected for the profit of the Union as a unit. Under Mr. Chamberlain's system the self-governing colonies will continue to preserve their economic autonomy. The result is that interests will be eternally clashing. "Under Protectionism," says M. Guyot, "economic rivalry gives place to political rivalry." Every district imagines itself sacrificed to other districts, and every industry to other industries. In France the whole art of M. Meline, who has been the Protectionist leader for twenty-five years, has consisted in uniting groups of often contradictory interests, always to the detriment of the consumer. "Beetroot strikes a bargain with wine; cotton and iron come to an understanding." The instability of French Cabinets is due to the fact that Ministries come to grief because some Protectionist appetite has not been satisfied, and Protectionists are quite insatiable:

"France is cut into sections by the Protectionist spirit, and it is a strange delusion to suppose that differential tariffs will draw closer the bonds of solidarity between the United Kingdom and the self-governing colonies. Every colony will think that it is sacrificed to the others."

M. Guyot points out that 44 per cent. of Australasian exports to Great Britain are wool, and if raw material were exempted, while gold, copper, silver, and tin could not be privileged, there would be no resource but to put a high duty on mutton, thus favouring New Zealand. On the other hand, the new system would favour Canada, 55 per cent. of whose exports is composed of foodstuffs and timber.

As for the Old Age Pensions bribe, M. Guyot says: "To assume, therefore, that Protective duties will suffice to meet expenses of this kind is to run counter to the best authenticated economic facts. When a Protective Tariff fulfils its purpose it yields no revenue. In France the duty on wheat produces the best financial result when wheat is scarce and bread is dear. Under a Protectionist system a bad harvest makes a good Budget, and a good harvest a bad Budget. In 1897, a bad harvest year, the duties on cereals brought in 55 million francs; in 1898 78 million, and they would have

brought in even more if they had not been suspended. They fell to 20 millions in 1900, and to 13,800,000 francs in 1902. How could any pension fund be made dependent on such fluctuating resources? If Mr. Chamberlain's duties had their full effect, they ought to extinguish any receipts by excluding the commodities at which they were aimed. Then what would become of the fund for 'old age pensions' and 'other social reforms'?"

The Experience of France.

M. Guyot gives a quantity of statistics to show how the protection of food in France affects retail prices. The difference between the price of wheat in Paris and London is almost exactly the difference of the French import duty on corn:

"M. des Essars has picked out the catalogue prices of forty-six articles sold by the leading grocers of London and Paris, and assuming that the buyer buys one unit of each of these commodities, he finds that he will have to pay 109 fr. 95 in Paris, and 84 fr. 09 in London, or exactly 30.78 per cent. more in Paris than in London. But the French prices include 11 fr. 34 customs and octroi duty, whereas these represent only 1 fr. 57 in the English prices, so that the net price of the Paris goods is 98 fr. 01, and of the London 82 fr. 52, or a difference of 16 francs, making 19 per cent. to the detriment of Paris."

These high prices are entirely in the interests of the producers. Not ten persons in a hundred of the working population of France have any interest in Protection:

"Mr. Chamberlain supposes himself a democrat, but his scheme of duties on food is oligarchical. It is a reversal of the formula of Helvetius, imported into England by Priestley, and popularised by Bentham: 'the interest of the greatest number.'"

From the Liberal Standpoint.

The "New Liberal Review" for July is a special number devoted almost altogether to Mr. Chamberlain's departure. Thereby it renders good service to Free Trade; there are seven articles, dealing with the subject from different points of view, and dealing with it practically, and not from the point of view of electoral manoeuvres.

The Reasons for Free Trade.

The first article is by Mr. Alfred Emmott, M.P., and deals with "Preferential Trade." His argument may be summed up as follows:

"The real argument for Free Trade is that a nation cannot in the long run sell without buying or buy without selling, and that the individual or society will most profitably produce what he can best sell if he himself can buy what he wants at the lowest possible price. To increase the home demand by protective duties is to raise the cost of production and the cost of consumption in the country where the duties are levied, and this must handicap the exporter in his external trade. This is particularly the case in a country like England, dependent on its export trade for much of its daily bread. England's chief exports must be manufactured goods. If the cost of production is raised the difficulty of selling profitably abroad must be increased.

"Now, if the food of the people is taxed, either wages will go down or remain the same, or go up. In the two former contingencies the worker would suffer; in the latter the cost of production would be raised. Mr. Chamberlain states (and so far without a shadow of proof) that wages would go up. If so, the cost of

production would be increased, and the question arises as to how and where we can obtain an enhanced price for the £175,000,000 of our exports which now go to foreign countries? No one pretends they can be absorbed at home or in the British Empire. They must to a large extent go to foreign countries, and we obviously endanger the trade if we raise the cost of these goods. The very foundation of our foreign export trade is cheap imports and cheap food, and depending as we do on our export trade for much of our food, our ports are open to all the world. So we have Free Trade, not because it pays other nations, but because it pays us, and is in effect vital to the maintenance of our industrial position.

"Retaliation, says Mr. Emmott, will lead not to the reduction of foreign tariffs but to their increase."

The Colonial View.

Mr. E. T. Cook follows with an excellent paper showing "The Colonial View," in which he gives a number of valuable citations from the speeches of Colonial politicians, showing the absurdity of the claim that the Colonies expect or even demand that we would give them privileges. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's statement about the Canadian preference is categorical:

"We give England this preference, and we ask nothing in return. Why do we give it? Out of gratitude—pure gratitude. England has given us the greatest of all boons—the right to govern ourselves. I touched lightly on the subject in my Liverpool speech, and it must be the keynote of my explanation of the action of the Canadian Government. . . . Before we brought in our tariff we looked carefully round the world, and we found England to be practically the only country which receives our products freely. We desired to show England our gratitude.—('Daily Chronicle,' 1897.)"

Mr. Seddon himself confessed that New Zealand's offer of preferential treatment was "conceived in the desire to help—to give, and not a desire to take." And this only as late as June, 1902. In fact, Mr. Cook points out that the threat that the Colonies will resent the failure of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is nonsense. In any case there can be no equal give-and-take:

"Mr. Chamberlain is seeking to draw States together by means of inequality of sacrifice. I have shown that his case for a quid pro quo does not in duty exist; but I think it can be shown also that it would not serve its purpose. The conditions of true reciprocity—which is a quid pro quo on equitable terms—are not present. Colonial trade is predominantly with Great Britain. British trade is predominantly with foreign countries. Therefore, by the necessity of the case, a scheme of 'mutual preference' would confer a larger proportional benefit on the one side than on the other."

"Ties of Interest."

Mr. L. Chiozza Money, writing also on the Colonial aspect of the question, under the above title gives some very useful figures showing how little can be gained from the capture of the Colonial markets. In the case of Canada, £18,000,000 of the £29,000,000 worth of goods which she imports from non-British countries is made up exclusively of goods which Canada buys abroad because we do not produce them, and which therefore she will continue to buy abroad, tariff or no tariff. This £18,000,000 is made up of coal, breadstuffs, cotton, minerals, timber, wool, etc., all either things which we do not produce or which she will al-

ways get more cheaply from the United States. There is therefore only £11,000,000 of Canada's trade with foreigners of which we could capture even a part.

Australia buys only £12,000,000 from non-British countries, and of this only £6,000,000 or £8,000,000 offer any prospect of gain, the remainder being coffee, wines, beans, manures, etc., which England does not export.

Another Colonial View.

Mr. A. H. Adams even goes further, for he declares that Mr. Chamberlain has offered the Colonies something they display an exceeding reluctance to accept, and abstains from offering them something they emphatically desire. There is little enthusiasm in the Colonies for a system of preferential tariffs. The Colonies resent the threat of more or less open competition with the factories of England, which would endanger their industries and lower their standard of living. New Zealand at present patronises German and American goods, because they are cheaper, more satisfactory, and more promptly supplied:

"Mr. Chamberlain asks that the Colony should henceforth confine its marketing to one small group of islands at the furthest possible geographical distance from it—a market that heretofore has shown little disposition to study the requirements of its customer!"

Protection in France.

Mr. Frederick Lees has a well-informed article in the "New Liberal" on the "Failure of Protection in France." He says that Frenchmen who are familiar with English life are almost invariably Free-traders. Dearthness of food and other necessities of life—in France prices are sometimes twice or even three times as high as in England—is only one of the evil results of Protection. France has driven away many of her foreign customers, and French industries have been outstripped by competitors who started much later in the race of commerce.

The "New Liberal" complements a useful series of articles by publishing about thirty pages of quotations from speeches and interviews with Conservative, Liberal and Labour leaders, all instinct with opposition to the latest Empire-wrecking scheme.

The Views of "Diplomaticus."

"Setting Back the Clock of Empire"—that is how "Diplomaticus" characterises Mr. Chamberlain's scheme in the July "Fortnightly." He deals with the five pro-Protectionist claims seriatim. The first is that it will unify the Empire. "Diplomaticus" declares that, on the contrary, it will inevitably lead to new and perilous dissensions. The extension, prosperity, and loyalty of the Empire have increased in proportion as trade restrictions and preferences between its component parts have been abolished. Under a Preference system we lost an Empire; under a system of fiscal autonomy we gained one. The second argument is that Protection will increase the British trade and raise wages. "Diplomaticus" replies that the market for expansion in colonial trade is very limited. Our loss in foreign trade will be great, and the exclusion of foreign agricultural products will merely stimulate foreign industry. This actually happened seventy years ago, when German capitalists were compelled by our Corn Laws to transfer their capital from the land to the factory, which transfer has proved one of the causes of the German industrial development. As for wages, "Diplomaticus" quotes Professor Thorold Rogers, that "when the prices of the necessities of life rise, the wages of labour do not rise with them."

What Protection Would Result In.

The editor of the "Contemporary Review" evidently does not agree with his confreres in regarding Mr. Chamberlain's escapade as an earthshaking event. He allots a modest eleven pages to the subject in his new number. But these pages are from the pen of Lord Welby, and are a valuable mine of positive reasons why Protection cannot be introduced as long as the English people keep a remnant of common sense.

Trade Under Protection.

Lord Welby extracts the essence of the controversy by saying that "To Mr. Chamberlain the welfare of the 42,000,000 who dwell at home is but a local matter; and he would sacrifice their interests to a dream of Empire." After which he proceeds to examine what Protection did in the past, and what it would do in the future. From 1815 to 1842 Protection held the field. If the Protectionists are right, though food might be dear, trade should have flourished, labour would have been fully employed, and wages would have been high. In reality British foreign trade during nearly thirty years made no progress at all.

"The declared value of British and Irish exports, which in 1815, the last year of the war, had amounted to £49,653,000, amounted on the average of the years 1840, 1841 and 1842 to a little over £50,000,000. Trade, therefore, judged by that test, was stationary during a period of twenty-seven years, though population had increased from about 11,000,000 in England and Wales to 16,000,000 in 1842."

How Labour Fared.

The condition of labour was still worse:

"On the first of January in one year 1,400,000 persons were in receipt of poor-law relief, so that one person in eleven was a pauper. One-tenth of the population of Manchester and one-seventh of the population of Liverpool lived in cellars. It was officially stated that 8,000,000 persons were dependent for their daily bread on hand-loom weaving, and it had been proved that the weaver had to exist on 2½d. a day. Out of 10,000 persons whose circumstances were investigated in Manchester, 6,000 had about 1s. 2d. a week for each individual. So far, then, Protection had not secured abundance of employment or high wages. Protection restricted trade, and in consequence restricted employment, and thus made bad times worse than they need have been."

The price of wheat rose more than £1 a quarter between 1835 and 1838, equal to £5 a year increased expenditure in a working-man's family, or 10 per cent. on weekly wages of £1—which wages are, of course, exceptionally high for that time. Protection, in addition to the import duties reaped by the Government, took £18,000,000 from the pockets of the already overtaxed people, which went to the landlords and other protected classes.

Fruits of Free Trade.

During the Free Trade period wheat fell in price nearly 50 per cent., tea 50 per cent., sugar 70 per cent. In 1842 nearly 1,200 articles paid Customs duties. In 1875 only eight duties of importance remained. The labourer at present gets 65 per cent., the factory operative 75 per cent., and the skilled mechanic 90 per cent. more of the necessities of life than he did fifty years ago.

Lord Welby exposes the delusion that our trade is endangered, or that if it is endangered, the danger comes from foreign Protectionism. We cannot produce cheaply if we live badly:

"Mr. Chamberlain begins by taxing the raw material of our manufacture. He proposes to tax our food to make food dear. But food is the raw material of labour. Labour insufficiently fed will never be efficient labour."

How to Kill Industry.

Lord Welby gives the following striking example of the effect of Protection on home industries:

"In the days of Protection there was a preferential duty in favour of Canadian timber. This duty was originally imposed not as a protective or preferential duty, but in order during the great war to ensure a supply of timber from Canada when we could not rely on a supply from the Baltic. The war ceased, but this preferential duty in favour of Colonial timber was not repealed. It remained as a bounty to the Canadian timber exporter at the expense of the home consumer. Under it Colonial timber was taxed 10s. a load, and foreign timber 55s. a load. There was a considerable import into this country of mahogany, a wood of Central America not produced in Canada, but the duty of 55s. applied to all foreign timber, and mahogany paid 55s. At that rate it did not pay the home manufacturer to employ home labour upon it in the making of furniture. It was therefore exported under drawback to France and Belgium, made into furniture there, and brought back into England under a duty of 20 per cent. Home trade was restricted, and home labour deprived of employment by the ignorance of a Government and a legislature which could not grasp the consequences of such tinkering policy. Have we any security that in the building up afresh of preferential and retaliatory tariffs like ignorance will not prevail with like sorry results to trade?"

"Not an Accurate Financier."

As for the increase of wages bait, Lord Welby says plainly that retaliatory tariffs must restrict trade, and restricted trade means diminished employment of labour, which will mean lower, not higher, wages. "Mr. Chamberlain is not an accurate financier," says Lord Welby, putting it very mildly:

"His Majesty's Ministers are about to enter on a war of tariffs without real knowledge as to its consequences, and with as light a heart as they entered on the war in South Africa, without calculating the resources of the foe or the means by which the war could be carried on most effectively."

Lord Goschen's Condemnation.

The "Monthly Review" has a contribution from Lord Goschen on "Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals," which turns out, however, to be practically a reprint of his speech in the House of Lords. But Lord Goschen's arguments bear repeating. He points out firstly that while it may be true that the past doctrines of Free Trade are not necessarily applicable to our modern state, it does not result, therefore, that Protection is right. Lord Goschen says that a corn tax of a shilling or two could not possibly protect agriculture and re-people the land; whereas a five-shilling duty would do more harm to the urban physique than it would benefit the peasants. We cannot gain anything from Colonial preference if that preference is given to us in the form of a rise of Colonial duties on non-British imports, and that is the only form we are likely to get it in. Lord Goschen does not believe that Protection would raise wages; and he points out that for the great mass employed by the Government, the municipalities, the railways, etc., there is no machinery by which wages could be raised. Of the Old Age Pensions trap, he says that

if the Colonial wheat-growing area is vastly increased, as is expected, the revenue from the new imposts will decline; while the liability for pensions, once assumed, can never be got rid of. As for retaliation, it was the tariff wars which raged furiously before England adopted Free Trade which convinced Sir Robert Peel of the futility of retaliation.

II.—FOR IMPERIAL RECIPROCITY.

The Inconsequence of Sir Robert Giffen.

Sir Robert Giffen contributes to the "Nineteenth Century" a curiously inconsequent article.

The Futility of the Preferential System.

In the first part of his paper Sir Robert Giffen proves, from the simple statement of the figures of our Colonial trade, that it is impossible to do any sensible good to the trade between Great Britain and the Colonies by the means of reciprocity arrangements or any other Protectionist device:

"Apart from any objections on theoretical economic grounds there are not the elements of a deal. The bonus we can give to the Colonies is too small to be of any real value to them, and what bonus they can give us in return is infinitesimal. The truth is that the internal trade of the British Empire, being already on a free trade basis, cannot be increased by a protectionist device, though it may possibly be diminished. It follows equally that any idea of increasing the wages of English working men by first taxing their food so as to stimulate the development of our manufacturing is fantastic. No development of trade and manufacturing being in prospect even with the Colonies by such a device, there can be no increase in wages as the result of mutual preferences. As Colonial trade, moreover, is to be developed at the expense of foreign trade, the mere increase of such trade, even if it were in prospect, would not lead to a rise in wages. It is only the balance of increase compared with the simultaneous decrease of foreign trade that could be counted, which might be a very small sum indeed, even if Colonial trade sensibly increased. It is unnecessary, however, to consider this theoretical point. There is no visible advantage of any sort in these mutual preferences at all."

The Popularity of Free Trade.

Sir Robert Giffen does not in the least believe that the cause of Free Trade is losing ground. He says:

"I do not share apprehensions very generally entertained as to the decay and discrediting of free trade. On the contrary, while there has been a great deal of protectionist talk in the world for many years past, there has been an equally constant increase of the amount and proportion of the world's business done under free-trade conditions. This is partly due to the rise and growth of big States which have free trade within their own borders. The United States, Germany, France and Russia, and others, are far more free-trading than protectionist. They have partial protection applicable to small portions of their total industry, but the rule is free trade. How small the protected portion is in some cases is shown by the calculation of American statisticians that protected industries in the United States do not employ 5 per cent. of the occupied population. There is little reason to apprehend any serious deviation from the practice of free trade, which is much better established and pre-

dominates throughout the world far more than would be supposed from the floods of protectionist talk and writing that are inflicted on us."

An Abused Non-Sequitur.

In the following passage Sir Robert Giffen sums up what he calls his "final conclusion":

"The final conclusion is that while a system of mutual preferences holds out no promise of economic advantage to the Mother Country and the Colonies, and will be a ticklish thing to establish and maintain, bringing with it inevitable deceptions and misunderstandings which may tend to disintegrate the Empire rather than bind it together, yet there are good political reasons at this juncture for taking counsel with the Colonies as to the practical issues of Imperial union, and for arranging with them a good understanding on this topic, among others, so that the commercial relations between the Empire and foreign countries may be adjusted on the basis of Imperial unity, giving foreign countries no opening for the attempts that have been made to distinguish between different parts and penalise any part for its dealings in matters of inter-Imperial trade."

Mr. Kidd's Logic.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, writing in the "Nineteenth Century," makes one dialectical point which would evoke a cheer on a platform, but which will not stand a moment's serious examination. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's point that 30 per cent. of our population live on the verge of starvation is, he says, the very best argument as to the unsatisfactory results of Free Trade:

"By the very unconsciousness of its irony the speech is as telling and as terrible an indictment as has ever been urged, even by the most extreme reformer, against those conditions of modern trade and production in England upon which in the last resort our fiscal policy rests.

"A depleted agricultural population of the kind which Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, has mourned for years, a stagnant manufacturing export trade in which Germany has almost overhauled us, a home population which in these islands is now increasing more slowly than that of any other Great Power of the world, excluding France—a population of 41,000,000, of whom we are told that one-third is permanently on the verge of hunger: this is no inheritance to boast of in the household of the great mother at whose dugs civilisation has drawn such deep and exhausting draughts during her fifty years of free trade."

Mr. Kidd ignores Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's whole point, which obviously is that even at present food is too expensive for a great part of the people, and even the protectionists admit with what Mr. Dicey calls "wonted frankness" that its price will increase. Mr. Kidd mentions that when the corn duty was being vehemently opposed in Parliament, the price of meat through natural causes had gone up from 1d. to 2d. a pound in England, and he uses this as an argument why a slight increase in the price of corn would not matter, which is about as logical as saying that because Mr. Kidd loses a ten-pound note, he is better able to spend ten shillings on his lunch.

"Maga" Jubilant.

Under the heading of "A Self-Sustaining Empire," "Blackwood" indulges in an historical retrospect of the old controversy between Free Trade and Protection. It describes the Free Trade movement as mainly a

class movement which became in the end very hysterical. Fiscal reform undoubtedly was necessary, and had been already considerably advanced before Cobden precipitated the revolution. "Maga" chortles with delight over the fulfilment of its prophecies of 1850. It exults that the tide has turned, that forty years of Free Trade ecstasy have been succeeded by twenty years of reaction and doubt and fresh controversy. "At last we have come round again to the irrepressible Corn Duty." It contrasts its own prophecy of the decay of agriculture, and the withdrawal of land from cereal cultivation, with the exuberant prophecies of Free Traders, and triumphantly considers itself the truer prophet. It objects to the term "Zollverein," or "Customs Union," and suggests "Imperial Reciprocity." It lays stress on the importance of checkmating the Trusts. It insists that by wholesale capture of the raw materials of every staple industry, American Trusts hope to establish world-wide monopolies. It urges that the main issue lies between the old Colonial school and the new, between Goldwin Smith and Mr. Chamberlain, between the "Whigs and prigs and pedants" of half a century ago and the business men of the present day. This delighted supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals concludes by a reference to the Cobden Club Crusade, and observes that—

"It will be interesting to see if the British people of to-day are as gullible and inflammable as their fathers were when Cobden first discovered the religious possibilities of the cheap loaf."

The Late Lord Carnarvon.

The "Empire Review" opens with extracts from a speech by the late Lord Carnarvon, at the Mansion House, in 1887. His Lordship spoke on the prospects of union between the Mother Country and her Colonies, and dealt with the two lines of "defence and commercial relations." Two paragraphs may be cited here:

"I look, then, to a closer union, commercially, of this country and her Colonies as tending in the direction of safety with regard to this burning question of foreign bounties and tariffs, for I am convinced that the closer that commercial union is, the more we shall be enabled to act together, not in aggression, but in legitimate commercial self-defence. . . . Agreeing as I do with the remark that the time is coming on fast when, *solvitur ambulando*, this question will be concluded and brought to a settlement perhaps not so much by argument as by the logic of facts—in dealing with this question do not let us too much invoke the old dead formulas; do not let us attempt to be too logical on the matter; do not, above all, let us forget the enormous change that has taken place in England, in the world, in our Colonies, and, above all, in the relations of those Colonies to us during the last quarter of a century."

French Experience.

Charles Lyon discusses our fiscal policy from the French standpoint in the "Empire Review," and says: "Most of the food-products now sent from France to England can be obtained from the Colonies, and the Colonies would be encouraged to send them by Preferential Duties in their favour. As regards French manufactured goods consisting mainly of textile fabrics, and 'articles de luxe,' they might well stand a ten per cent. duty without the trade in these articles being much diminished. The proof of this assertion is that France does a heavy trade in these very articles with

the United States of America, notwithstanding the heavy protective duties levied in that country."

III.—A FREE-TRADE CATECHISM.

The English "Review of Reviews" publishes a very clever and spacious "Catechism" on the Zollverein question. We quote the section dealing with the colonies:

Canada and Her Preference.

Q. Has Canada not granted us a preference on British goods imported into Canada?

A. Yes. But Mr. Chamberlain told the Canadian Premier only last year that it really benefited American rather than British trade. In the five years before the Canadians gave us this preference, the proportion of British imports into Canada averaged 32 per cent.; in the five years under preference it fell to 25 per cent.

Q. How did that come about?

A. Because even after the 32 per cent. is deducted, the Canadian tariff is still so high as to exclude our goods.

Q. What authority is there for this?

A. Mr. Chamberlain, who at the Coronation Colonial Conference told the Canadians: "So long as a preferential tariff, even a munificent preference, is sufficiently protective to exclude us altogether, or nearly so, from your markets, it is no satisfaction to us that you have imposed even greater disability upon the same goods if they come from foreign markets, especially if the articles in which foreigners are interested come in under more favourable conditions."

Q. Will a preferential tariff give us a monopoly of the Colonial market?

A. It will not, and the experience of Canada is the best proof of that. In 1901, for instance, when we had 33½ per cent. preference on our goods, Canada bought £23,000,000 of American goods, and only £8,500,000 worth of British goods.

Q. But did not the preference of 33½ per cent. give a great stimulus to British trade in Canada?

A. British imports into Canada increased under the preferential tariff, but they did not increase so much as the Canadian imports from France, which had no preference.

Q. Does Canada levy heavy duties on our goods?

A. After deducting the preference the Canadian duty averages about 17 per cent. *ad valorem*. Neither Canada nor Australia will listen to any proposal to give us free trade in their markets.

Q. Would it not be a good thing for us if they did?

A. Certainly. But they flatly refused. Last year the Colonial Premiers passed the following resolution: "That this Conference recognises that, in the present circumstances of the Colonies, it is not practicable to adopt a general system of free trade as between the Mother Country and the British Dominions beyond the sea."

Q. But wages are high in the United States, and they have a protective tariff?

A. They have a protective tariff that protects industries in which only 5 per cent. of the workmen are engaged. The other 95 per cent., whose wages are quite as high, are working under a system of free trade. But even their protective tariff does not tax either the raw materials or the food consumed by the people.

Q. Why do you say Protection is impossible in England when it is possible in the United States?

A. Because in the United States they produce all the food they eat, and they have all their raw material in their own country. We import both food and raw material. To enable us to compete with the Americans we must not make them artificially dear merely because they come across the sea. To do so would be to throw away the one advantage we possess.

Protectionist v. Free-Trade Colonies.

Q. But are not all the British Colonies and dependencies Protectionist?

A. Nothing of the kind. The British Empire outside these islands contains 353,000,000 inhabitants. Of these, 342,000,000 live under Free Trade and only 11,000,000 live under Protection. To the Free-trading Colonies we export £66,000,000 every year. To the Protectionist Colonies only £38,000,000. Yet it is for the sake of the Protectionist minority, which taxes our goods and is preparing to undersell us in our own market, that we are asked to make the poor man's bread dearer and to ruin our manufactures.

Q. Which are the Protectionist Colonies?

A. Canada, of whose total population of 5,371,000 only 3,066,000 are British; Australia, with a population of 3,577,000, or less than the population of Yorkshire; New Zealand, with a population of 767,000, a little more than the population of Glasgow; and Newfoundland, with a population of 208,000, or half the population of Leeds. It is in order to bribe these 11,000,000 Colonists to remain within the Empire that Mr. Chamberlain proposes to make bread dearer and life harder for 40,000,000 British people who live at home.

Q. Could not some better way be found to bribe them into loyalty?

A. They do not need bribing; that is only Mr. Chamberlain's assertion. But if we had to bribe them, it would be cheaper to vote direct to the Colonists from the British Treasury every year the entire sum which a ten per cent. preference tax would add to the money they would receive for their goods.

Q. How do you make that out?

A. It is as plain as the nose upon your face. If you put a tax of 10 per cent. upon all foodstuffs imported from foreign countries, and let Colonial food in free, the Colonial exporter will have an advantage to the extent of £4,000,000 a year. But in order to give him these four millions we should have to pay 10 per cent. on all foreign foodstuffs, which comes to £18,000,000; and the agriculturist at home will also put up his prices 10 per cent., which will add another £2,000,000 to our food bill. So that under this preferential plan the consumer—that is, you and I—will pay £24,000,000 a year in order that the Colonist may have £4,000,000.

Q. But will the Colonist put up his prices, and will the foreigner not pull his down?

A. If the Colonist does not put up his prices, where will he get any profit out of the preference? And, if the foreigner cuts his prices, the Colonist will be left where he was.

Q. Will not a preferential tariff immensely increase our trade with the Colonies?

A. No. The purchasing power of the Colonies is limited. The Protectionist Colonies spend every year in round figures about £80,000,000 on goods coming from outside their frontiers. Of this sum £38,000,000 is spent in buying British goods. Canada, which gives us a 33½ per cent. preference, spends £28,000,000 on foreign goods. The remaining £14,000,000 is the outside

sum that they have to spend. All that we might gain by preference is to divert this £14,000,000 to British sellers. But most of it is spent on goods which we do not produce, such as petroleum, cotton, etc. No system of preference could give us more than a percentage of £14,000,000. Put it at 20 per cent., and you will see that it is for the sake of a profit on a possible increase of trade of £2,800,000 we are asked to imperil the profit on £175,846,000 of goods which we sell to foreign countries.

The Servian Tragedy.

There are two articles in the July "Contemporary" dealing with the Servian tragedy and its results, the first by "Ivanovich," whoever he may be, the second by Dr. E. J. Dillon. The papers agree strangely in style and in certain other things.

The Real Heirs of King Alexander.

"Ivanovich," at the beginning of his article, makes the important point that the Obrenovitch dynasty is by no means "extinct," as is generally supposed. The Salic Law does not exist in Servia, and Queen Draga's sisters, as descendants of Milosch, are heiresses presumptive. "The furious violence practised towards Draga's family may be accounted for by the constitutional position of the women descended from Milosch." "A descendant of Milosch's eldest daughter would have as good a legal right to dispute the title of Karageorgievitch as the sons of Duncan had to contest that of Macbeth." Of the tragedy itself, "Ivanovich" says:

"Belgrade is less than two days by the Oriental express from Paris, but the psychical state of the French officer is hundreds of years in advance of that of the Servian colonel and lieutenants who tried to clear off by massacre the Obrenovitch dynasty. The ultra modern circumstances which accompanied their work render it more revolting. Officers who had studied in the Zurich Polytechnic School knew how to use dynamite without injury to themselves when they wanted to break in doors massive as those of a church. Those who had been told off to cut the electric wires communicating with lamps had indiarubber gloves. They searched by the light of composite candles they had brought in their pockets for the hiding-place of the King and Queen. When they discovered the fugitives, some of the officers held high the candles for their comrades to lay on and not spare the unfortunate pair. There was no attempt to resist. All Alexander wanted was 'to die with Draga,' and this elevated him into the region of romance. It may hereafter furnish a theme to Servian bards. Another modern circumstance makes one's flesh creep. The bodies, hung out of a window, lay on a garden walk until dawn, when a soldier received an order to wash them there with a fireman's hydrant, and when they had been cleansed to lay them on the tables of the palace kitchen for dissection."

The Chief Conspirator.

The Queen received two pistol balls and sixty-two sword cuts and slashes, and her corpse bore black and blue marks that testified to a merciless pounding with strong fists. On Alexander's body there were six revolver wounds, all deadly, and forty-two sword wounds. The writer knows Colonel Maschine, and describes him thus:

"Colonel Maschine resembles outwardly an eminent Irishman who had also a genius for conspiracy, but had

a sentimental, tender nature, in spite of his impassive exterior and the ruthlessness of the war he waged against his own class—the Irish landlords. I mean the late C. S. Parnell. Parnell, however, had a fair face and light brown hair, came of a highly-cultured race, had gentlemanly feeling, and held his own with the agitators around him not by fighting or flattering or entertaining, but by standing aloof and wrapping himself up in mystery. We are now apt to underrate gentlemanly qualities, which are really the finest flowers of the ages. Maschine—to continue my comparison, which only applies to appearance—is dark as night, and has a silky beard black as jet, and a wolfish mouth in laughing. Otherwise he might strike one as a dreamer, or any rate as contemplative. He is not a gentleman, however, in bearing, or in small matters that demand self-restraint or self-sacrifice. But Serbia, perhaps, cannot boast of a single gentlemanly man in the good old acceptance of the term. Servians educated in Paris can and often do take a varnish but it is only a thin coating. The arch conspirator with whom I am dealing had the instincts of those barbarians who surrounded the Greek Emperors in all the sumptuous gorgeousness of Byzantine apparel. They were masters, like him, in the art of bringing conspiracies to successful issues. If they had dogmatic faith, they were devoid of moral sense, treacherous and cruel, and found pleasure in torturing their victims.”

“Ivanovich” describes the King as graceless and fidgety, and the Queen as handsome, but not altogether pleasing:

“The splendid eyes could express any feeling that boiled her blood, softened her heart, raised or agitated her soul. Her nose inclined to classical regularity, with a very faint inclination to retousse; and she had the prettiest, sauciest, most perfectly-formed little mouth imaginable.”

She was the only woman the King was ever attached to, and from a domestic point of view the pair led a blameless life:

“Nothing pleased Alexander more than to see Draga with her maid inspect the linen that had come from the wash. She looked it over minutely, seeing where a stitch might be wanted. This domestic task she never failed to discharge. She herself darned the King’s cycling stockings and his socks, and knitted the former. He read to her while she worked. She checked all the house accounts once a week, and ordered tradespeople who overcharged to be deprived of the palace custom. The ‘Home, sweet home’ sentiment accounted for Alexander’s constancy in the face of paternal and maternal opposition.”

“Ivanovich” ends with a not altogether pleasing sketch of the new King, who he declares cannot help becoming a tyrant.

Dr. Dillon’s Views.

Dr. Dillon seems to think that the King earned, if he did not deserve his fate. He was an intelligent, fairly well instructed lad, utterly devoid of education. He had a strong will and a steady nerve, combined with other qualities less desirable from an ethical point of view:

“He courted his destiny with fatuity, provoked it with perseverance. For latter-day Serbia is inhabited by a people of coarse, hard-headed swineherds and farmers who, though passionately fond of license which they take for freedom, are, like most Oriental races, easily led by the right ruler. But Alexander, far from being equipped by nature or education as a ruler of men, was, like his father, utterly devoid of self-mastery,

the first condition of all good leadership. His government was the embodiment of contraries, the practical outcome of political paradoxes: to-day he would proclaim a veritable Saturnalia, to-morrow a regime of absolute despotism, one month a batch of Cabinet Ministers would be cooped up in dungeons or tried for their lives, and another month would see the criminals whose execution had just been declared to be a State necessity raised to the highest offices in the realm. His political maxims, if one may give this name to uncontrollable impulses, remind one of the simple notions of the Hibernian farmer who fed his pigs to excess one day and kept them wholly without food the next, ‘in order that the fat and the lean of the bacon might be properly mixed.’ Alexander thus used up every party in the State; he mortally offended the people’s representatives, leaning on the support of the army, and finally humiliated the army at a moment when he had no support at all. He scorned all advice, ignored warnings, misinterpreted unmistakable tokens of the coming storm. And at last educated officers, men who had sworn to offer up their lives to preserve his, organised the blood bath of June 11, defiling the annals of their country with an indelible stain and involving in a common but unmerited obloquy the mass of the Serbian people.”

He says that the King was warned three days before the tragedy that he must proclaim Peter Karagevitch as heir, otherwise he was lost. The following account of the tragedy was given to him by one of the murderers:

“We were wild with passion, trembling with excitement, incapable of receiving any impressions from the things and people around us. Hence we cannot say who shot the King in the head, who in the heart. But I have a vivid recollection of some things. I remember turning out the electric light and going to fetch candles to light my comrades on the way. That done, I remained together with them to the end. I remember our breaking into the King’s bedroom, finding it empty, and then looking into the Queen’s wardrobe room, where we found the pair. Who fired first? I don’t know; nobody knows. At first we did not fire at all. We drew our sabres and cut off the fingers of the King and Queen; four fingers were hewn from the King’s hand. Then we fired.”

Mr. Herbert Vivian’s Difficulty.

Mr. Herbert Vivian, in the “Fortnightly,” looks out upon the world with the eyes of a child, and he has seen a lot of marvellous things in Serbia. He is delighted with the Servians, but being an honest Absolutist of the white rose type, he is horrified with their recent doings; and having the faith, as well as the eyes, of the infant, he is quite sure they will punish the evildoer. The Serbian murderers, he says, are merely a variety of Anarchist (just like Oliver Cromwell); and their deeds threaten the whole foundation of society.

Of course Mr. Vivian was charmed with the King and Queen. He was charmed with her common sense, a quality he ungallantly says is rare in her sex (and not universal in his). The King was above all things a patriot; he laboured incessantly, with infinite pains and brilliant foresight. The hatred towards the Queen was mere feminine jealousy:

“When the news came that the King had chosen a daughter of his own people to share his throne, a hundred damsels protested their own superior charms, wagging their tongues in impotent calumnies unceasingly.”

Mr. Vivian reconciles his love of Serbia and his hate of regicide as follows:

"The late Revolution was not the handiwork of Servia. It was engineered by the low cunning of a handful of discredited ruffians. Examine the list of the conspirators and provisional ministry: not a single name is associated with an honourable career or any deed of distinction. Gaol-birds, bankrupts, needy lawyers, and gutter journalists are the new rulers of Servia, maintained in parlous authority by a gang of drunken young officers, half-maddened by their taste of blood. We are not to believe that the nation, or even the army, participated in the recent crime. The nation knew nothing of it until the whole tragedy was over. Then a reign of terror set in and the unarmed populace was impotent to protest; even the decencies of mourning were forcibly prohibited and orders were carried out enforcing signs of hollow joy."

But, as two wrongs make a right, he thinks apparently that another regicide may wipe out the stain. "If I were a bookmaker, I would gladly lay very long odds against the reign of Prince Peter outlasting the year."

The High Tide of American Immigration.

To the "American Review of Reviews" Mr. S. E. Moffatt contributes an interesting illustrated paper on American immigration. The immigration for the year ending April, 1903, totalled no less than 803,272, and thus formed a record year. There are seventeen States in the American Union which have a smaller population.

Where They Come From.

The bulk of these immigrants now come from Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. From some European countries America is taking more than the surplusage of births over deaths. For every boy born in South Italy two men migrate to America. The Slovaks of Hungary are being transplanted bodily, about 8,000 more than the natural increase of their population entering the United States last year. With the exception of Ireland, all countries send more men than women, with the result that in 1900 there were 3,356,630 persons in the States with foreign fathers and native mothers and only 1,670,780 with foreign mothers and native fathers.

Russia stands third on the immigration list, but practically all are Jews; in fact, only 1,526 real Russians entered America last year. The Italians are first, with 152,915 South Italians and 27,620 North Italians. The immigration from the German Empire has declined to one-ninth its maximum of 1882. The English-speaking accession is estimated at 75,000, of which 46,000 came from the United Kingdom, and most of the remainder from Canada. Nearly a third of the immigrants remain in New York. The total of immigrants given above is, says Mr. Moffatt, below the mark, as it includes only immigrants from overseas, and leaves out Canadians and Mexicans, of whom there is a considerable inflow.

Americanising the Immigrants.

Mr. Moffatt shows that there is no danger of foreign States being formed within the American Republic. Assimilation goes on even more rapidly than immigration:

"Some German critics call us a heterogeneous collection of nationalities; yet the last census showed that there were fewer people in the United States who could not speak English than there were in Germany who

could not speak German. There were fewer people in the United States of foreign birth in 1900 than ten years before. The number of newspapers printed in foreign languages had declined, both absolutely and relatively, and the number printed in English had greatly increased. The English papers were more than sixteen times as numerous in 1900 as all the rest combined, and about twenty-eight times as numerous as those in any single foreign language. Twenty years ago there were exactly as many papers in German alone, in proportion to the English, as there are now in all foreign languages put together."

Mr. Moffatt does not believe in the theory of "undesirable races." Lack of education is the only accusation that can be brought against them, "but their children absorb education like a sponge."

King Edward on Himself.

Helene Vacaresco continues in the "Strand" her sketches of "Sovereigns I have Met." In the July number she gives some personal reminiscences of King Edward the Seventh when, as Prince of Wales, he visited the King and Queen of Roumania at their summer residence at Sinai. She describes how the Queen devised tableaux vivants, consisting of impersonations of characters from Shakespeare's plays, the initial letters of the names making together the title of Prince of Wales. A French quatrain concluded the show by comparing the Royal visitor to his ancestor Henry V., as equally worthy of the love of England. This pleased the Prince greatly. He had the lines written down for him to show to his mother and the Princess. The writer and her mother, in the course of conversation with the Prince, were favoured with this frank utterance:

"'Yes,' he said, 'I have been a most fortunate man— heir to a great throne, and yet able to enjoy liberty. I have an admirable mother, an exquisite wife and charming children, a whole nation—nay, many nations in one—to love and please. I sometimes wonder how I manage not to become selfish and hard-hearted. Yet I pity misery and want, and when I have seen a worried or anxious face I cannot sleep before I have inquired into the cause of the poor creature's distress. I catch very vivid impressions when I travel, and I daily write to the Princess such descriptions of landscapes and people as I well can cram into a reasonable letter. She keeps these, and could one day make a book out of my travelling notes. I wish you could see the Princess. She possesses a soul as perfect as her face, which you must know is very sweet and beautiful. . . .'

On the Change from Prince to King.

"'No one can tell,' he said, 'the vast difference which the change of position creates between an Heir-Apparent and the Sovereign he afterwards becomes. I feel persuaded that even my face will change when I become a king. I fervently desire that the moment will be long in coming. I know I am in many ways rendering real service to my country as Heir-Apparent. I thus become acquainted not only with the people of England, but with all the interesting people abroad. I have learnt the organisation of every State, and many a foreign politician has developed in my presence his plans and methods and views. There is nothing like travelling to form the mind of a Prince, and I have always loved going from land to land. How your country has reminded me of India! The feeling that

I shall never go to India again is very strong within me, and it saddens me. You cannot imagine, even in your dreams, the beauty of India and its lasting splendour.”

Are Princes Happy?

Asked whether Princes were happier than other men, the Prince answered:

“I do not think that Princes are more liable to feel grief than other mortals; nor, indeed, to feel it to the same extent. You see, if we are really awake to the callings of our position and its innumerable duties, we have no time to nourish our emotions; and then there is a great consolation in the certainty that so many share your sorrows or your joys. For instance, I have been a very happy man—a perfectly happy man; yet this does not mean that I have not often mourned and grieved.”

These and similar reflections, adds the writer, “revealed King Edward’s strong and cheerful mind; a mind which openly rejects hypocrisy, cultivates gaiety and self-possession, deems the best courage to be that kind of moral courage to which every hour and duty of the day is precious—the highest quality of a Sovereign.”

The Leader of the German Socialists.

A Character Sketch of August Bebel.

Miss Edith Sellers contributes to the “Fortnightly Review” a very interesting sketch of Herr Bebel, “the leader of the strongest party in Germany.” She says:

Bebel as Orator.

“Even Herr Bebel’s enemies admit that as a Parliamentary orator he is without a rival in Germany. Some of his speeches, indeed, are perfect models of eloquence, original in matter, terse and vigorous in style. His language is singularly beautiful; and the Fates have given him one of the very sweetest voices in all Europe. He has not, it is true, that power of exciting wild enthusiasm which his colleague, Herr Liebknecht, possessed. For that he is himself too many-sided, perhaps, too ‘sweetly reasonable,’ his friends would say. None the less he is by far the most convincing speaker in the Reichstag. There is a certain fatalistic ring about many of his utterances, which is in itself singularly impressive. As men listen to him a curious—and eminently unpleasant—sense of the inevitableness of the changes he advocates steals over them: the very calmness with which he enunciates his doctrines seems to render them the more incontrovertible. Although there is rarely a trace of violence in his speeches, until within quite recent days they were undoubtedly somewhat ruthless in tone; for he is the veriest Mahomet in his views as to the measure to be meted out to opponents; he smites them hip and thigh when they fall into his power.”

As Individualist.

Bebel is not a demagogue; he rules his followers with a strong hand, and shows restiveness but scant consideration. In his early days he was a strong individualist, a Radical of the Bradlaugh type, one with infinite scorn for the feeble folk who wish the State to fight for them their battles. He got some of his early teaching from Jesuits. He is German to the core, and the thought of a united Germany appealed to him strongly:

“‘United Germany,’ he once exclaimed, with bitter scorn, in reply to some taunt in the Reichstag, ‘I was

fighting for a united Germany at a time when the Hohenzollerns and the Junkers to a man were against it—its bitterest opponents; at a time, too, when Prince Bismarck himself used to ‘spotten mit hohnischem Lacheln uber den Zauber, der in dem Worte deutsch zu liegen scheint.’”

How He Became a Socialist.

Bebel was cradled into Socialism by wrong:

“From the day of his arrival in Leipzig, Bebel had been sorely troubled in his mind by the signs of poverty and suffering he met with at every turn. The conditions of labour there were then much the same as they had been in England in the early ‘forties, that is to say, the life of the great mass of the workers was one long struggle to ward off starvation. Even when in full health and strength, it was no easy task for a man to provide bread for his children; and when evil days came, if he were laid aside but for a week, he must turn them out to beg, or see them hunger. Bebel was keenly alive to the intolerable misery of this state of things; the injustice of it, too, drove him wild with indignation. What had these men, his own comrades, done, he asked, that this fate should be theirs—hard work, early and late, scant rations, and the end of it all, charity or starvation? The whole world was so completely out of joint, he felt, that it must be put right, and with all possible speed.”

His Talents as Organiser.

It was Liebknecht who finally convinced him that in the re-organisation of society on a Socialist basis lay the one hope of securing fair treatment for the poor, and it was under Liebknecht’s influence that he joined the Socialist party:

“Bebel is a propagandist by instinct; no sooner did he become a Socialist than he promptly set to work to preach Socialism from the very housetops; and so great was his influence among the working-classes in Leipzig, that he soon induced the majority of them to embrace his new creed. He then carried his gospel into more distant regions; he went about from town to town holding meetings, and wherever he went he made converts, although he had to fight, on the one hand, against Lassalle’s followers, the State Socialists, and, on the other, against the Anarchists. Meanwhile he had developed a quite extraordinary talent as an organiser, and in conjunction with Herr Liebknecht was striving his hardest to wield into a united party the various groups into which the German Socialists were then divided. It is owing, in a great measure, to the work he did in those days that the Social Democrats are to-day the best organised and best disciplined party in the Reichstag.”

As Political Prophet.

During the Franco-German War, Bebel opposed the treatment of the French as foes; he was denounced as a traitor; and he and Liebknecht were finally arrested on a charge of treason which collapsed ignominiously. But Bismarck succeeded in having him locked up for two years on the charge of preaching dangerous doctrines and of plotting against the State. But Bebel was right in his forecast of the results of annexing Alsace-Lorraine, and many Germans, says Miss Sellers, have come round to his point of view in the last thirty years:

“For our own sakes, if not for hers, we must restore to France the provinces we have conquered,” he told his fellow-countrymen roundly. “If we hold back but a single village, we shall drive the French into the arms of Russia, and transform all Europe into a huge camp.”

The Vicereine of India.

Lady Curzon, of Kedleston, is the subject of a picturesque sketch by Mrs. Sarah Tooley in the "Woman at Home." She quotes as her preface a couplet from an Indian poet on Lady Curzon: "A Rose of roses bright, A Vision of embodied light." On her maternal side Lady Curzon comes from John Carver, the first Puritan Governor of Plymouth, and on her father's side from James Van Leiter, a Dutch colonist who settled in Maryland in 1760. Her first thirteen years in Chicago were followed by further education in Washington. Mrs. Tooley makes the significant remark that her father's wealth had less power to gain her an entrance into the exclusive circles of the old Washington families than into London society. On becoming the most distinguished belle in Washington, the favourite of the Cleverlands, then at the White House, she was brought out in London society by Mr. Bayard, then American Ambassador.

Mr. Curzon at College.

It was then she met Mr. Curzon, a bachelor of thirty-four years. Of him the writer tells this incident:

"He had been a distinguished pupil at Eton, and carried all before him when he entered Balliol College, Oxford, where his cleverness and self-sufficiency called forth the following verse from a waggish undergraduate:

"My name is George Nathaniel Curzon,
I am a most superior person;
My cheeks are pink, my hair is sleek,
And I dine at Blenheim twice a week.' "

Married in Washington, in 1895, Mrs. Curzon spent part of her honeymoon in fighting the Southport Election for her husband. Mrs. Tooley thus describes her heroine:

"Lady Curzon is a gifted child of nature, and her abilities have received the highest culture. She is well read, musical, and makes her chief friends amongst clever people. To the usual educational knowledge she unites the broad outlook upon life born of travel in many lands and intercourse with some of the finest intellects of the day. She possesses social genius, a 'level head,' is not without ambition, and is eminently feminine and attractive."

Her Indian Career.

Of her Indian career she says that the Vice-Regal pair have struck the keynote of their administration by giving prominence to native rulers, and showing the utmost courtesy to the people. The Vice-Regal Court is no longer a palace of pleasure for Anglo-Indian officials:

"While probably no previous Viceroy has toiled harder in controlling and mastering the intricacies of Indian government than Lord Curzon, no Vicereine has maintained the social side of the position more successfully than Lady Curzon. Her beautiful gowns sparkled with Indian embroideries and jewels, and her tiny daughters had their muslin frocks of native texture. Everything which the Vicereine could do to encourage the home industries, especially those of women, was done; and great was her satisfaction when Queen Alexandra ordered her coronation dress to be manufactured and embroidered in India."

The last wish of Queen Victoria as Lady Curzon first went to India was for the medical training of women for work in the zehanas. Consequently, Lady Curzon has raised £30,000 for endowing Victoria scholarships for the training of Indian midwives.

Mazzini a Futile Idealist.

Mr. Sidney Lowe contributes to "Cornhill" a critical study of Mazzini. While recognising his nobility and strenuous ideals, Mr. Lowe describes the great Italian as essentially a visionary. He "started life with a budget of theoretical opinions, largely, though perhaps unconsciously, derived from the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and these remained with him to the end."

Spinning Ropes of Sand.

He "did not in the least understand the significance of the historic drama enacted under his eyes":

"The development of the new world-empires, of the Greater Britain, Russia, United Germany, the United States, did not appeal to him. His survey seldom travelled beyond Europe, and in his Europe the Mediterranean nations still occupied a disproportionate place. He could not realise how comparatively insignificant—in the larger world that was opening—Italy and her troubles, Austria and her policies, had become.

"For the most part of his life Mazzini was engaged in spinning ropes of sand. He might have known that Italy could not be liberated by popular emeutes, or by the smuggling of surreptitious muskets. A great military Power, with its grip upon the fortresses and the strategic points, was not to be expelled in this amateurish fashion. Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, the two shrewd statesmen who really made United Italy, quite understood this. They knew that the Austrians could only be overthrown by regular troops in a regular campaign. They relied on bayonets—French bayonets, as well as Piedmontese and Lombard—not on stilletos.

"It is the tragedy of Mazzini's life that he lived long enough to see Rome become the capital of the Italian nation, and yet regarded this consummation with something akin to despair."

Mrs. Carlyle on Mazzini.

Mr. Lowe quotes a shrewd remark of Mrs. Carlyle concerning Mazzini:

"Mrs. Carlyle was more tolerant of his 'idealisms' than her husband, though she 'was out of all patience' with his dabbling in ill-planned conspiracy, in which valuable lives were recklessly wasted. 'Are there not things more important than my head?' he asked her. 'Certainly,' she answered; 'but the man who has not sense enough to keep his head on his shoulders till something is to be gained by parting with it, has not sense enough to manage any important matter.'"

Mazzini, too, had his romance. He corresponded in very passionate terms with Giuditta Sidoli, the widow of one of the Lombard patriots. The passion cooled down to a steady affection. At Lausanne a girl of seventeen literally died of love for him. His kindness to the outcast and to the lower creatures is thus sympathetically recalled:

"A considerable part of his slender income was devoted to works of charity. He started a school for hurdy-gurdy boys in London, and took much trouble to improve the condition of these poor little waifs; and for years he supported a destitute Italian woman whom he had found starving on a doorstep. His relaxations, besides the society of his friends, were the guitar, an occasional visit to the opera, and much tobacco.

"He had a singular power of taming birds, and in his prison cell at Savona he had found a companion in a thrush which had fluttered through the open loophole and remained with him. To animals and children he was always tender. At one of the many conversa-

tions, in which Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin planned the wrecking of thrones and the uprising of the Peoples, the two desperate revolutionaries allowed their cigars to go out because they found the smoke was making a dog uncomfortable. Yet this was the man who had gone very far indeed on the way towards justifying, if not abetting, political assassination!"

Napoleon as Scoundrel.

By Dr. Goldwin Smith.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for June, Dr. Goldwin Smith devotes ten pages to a denunciation of what he calls the "cult of Napoleon," whom he regards as the paragon of men who were great, without being good. Transcendent in genius and energy, he has hardly been surpassed in disregard of moral ties or in the evil that he wrought his kind. In certain points his elevation to power was a relief and a blessing to France.

A Centralist Despot.

But he was no child of the Revolution or propagator of its principles. He was merely a reactionary autocrat, inspired solely with the desire of concentrating and mechanically perfecting government in his own hands. He restored aristocracy with entail, he restored the State Church in its worst form, and reduced the legislative assemblies to mere ciphers. He extinguished the freedom of the Press, reduced public education to a mechanical system centralised in his own hands, and wished even to suppress philosophy and the study of humanity. His most familiar agencies of government were espionage and the secret police. A central despotism was his ideal from the first, and it remained his ideal to the last. His institutions took no root in the French heart. He was ruined by his crimes. If his heart had been open to noble emotions he might have saved France from a century of revolutions and counter-revolutions through which she has since passed. His treatment of the Church was peculiarly odious. He made her grovel at his feet, and sanctify his buccaneering expeditions with her Te Deums. At one time he even appears to have dreamed of proclaiming himself a divine person, and have inscribed on a canopy over his chair of state, "I am that I am."

"No Country."

He was not so much a wicked man as one entirely deprived of moral sense. He had no country and no patriotism. He never learnt to write French, hardly to pronounce it. He committed the worst crimes without compunction. He practised cold-blooded murder without hesitation, and on one occasion massacred two thousand prisoners of war because it was inconvenient to keep and feed them. From fabrication and forgery he shrank no more than from murder. He habitually fabricated news, and published them as if they were translations from English newspapers. He once entertained the idea of palming off a supposititious child upon the country as his heir. His finance was the unscrupulous plunder of every State that fell under his power. He was under no delusions as to his own character. He told Talleyrand, frankly, "I am base, essentially base," and went on to explain that he had no scruple whatever about committing what others would regard as dishonourable actions. Josephine, who knew him well, expected that he would have her murdered in order to prepare the way for her successor—for she did not realise the possibility of the Pope being coerced into granting a divorce. In his statecraft

he was perfidious. He ensnared Venice and sold her to Austria, and kidnapped the King of Spain and his heir like a common sharper in order that he might rob them of their kingdom. No promises could bind him, and his wars had so brutalised him that he never even took into account the human suffering through which his objects were to be obtained. He told Metternich that he heeded little the death of a million men. Even the unspeakable horrors of the retreat from Moscow never touched his heart; and the bulletin announcing that his army had perished in Russia showed not the slightest feeling, and wound up coolly with the words, "The Emperor never was in better health." When he took command of the army its revolutionary ardour disappeared, and it became a mere host of buccaneers fed by plunder.

A Blunderer of Genius.

Even his military genius, which Dr. Smith admits to be supreme, was badly flawed. He had unequalled advantages, both in the absolute control of the political and military machine, in the revolutionary enthusiasm of the troops with which he won his earlier victories, and in the decrepitude of the States against which he was pitted. But he was guilty of enormous mistakes which against other adversaries would have been fatal. One of these was the Egyptian expedition; another was his insane desire to invade England; the third was the way in which he goaded Villeneuve to try conclusions with Nelson at Trafalgar; and the fourth—the climax of all his follies—was the invasion of Russia. At the battle of Leipzig he caused a hideous catastrophe by neglecting to throw bridges over the Elster. And no two battles were ever worse fought than Borodino and Waterloo. Cæsar, Marlborough, and Wellington have careers of almost unbroken success, whereas Napoleon's closed in utter and redoubled disaster.

His wars stunted the stature of the nation and impaired its physique. His conquests utterly failed to inculcate the nations with Liberal ideas. The sole opinion in which they unanimously agreed was in a burning hatred of the rapacity, insolence and lust of the French armies. The world at large owes to Napoleon a vast recrudescence of militarism, with all the destructive barbarism attendant thereon. The only lasting benefit which he involuntarily conferred upon Europe was that he permanently reduced the power of France, and deprived her of the conquests by which his predecessors had been able to disturb the balance of power and overshadow Europe.

The pearl of "Temple Bar" for July is the second part of Mr. Reginald Wyon's description of his tour in Albania. The reader feels as though he had himself witnessed the scenes recorded by the writer, and forms a very high opinion of the character of the Albanians. Except for their readiness to kill—they say a man's life is only worth the price of a cartridge—the Albanians compare most favourably with some civilised peoples. Another travel paper is by W. P. H. Trowbridge, who tells of his trip from London to Paris by water all the way. A more serious article is that by the editor of the "United Service Magazine" on the land forces of Great Britain. He proposes that every boy, without exception, shall, if physically fit, receive a certain amount of military training, including shooting, whilst at school, and that as many young men as are needed to fill the home rank branch of the national Army shall be enlisted annually—by compulsion, if necessary.

Four Days in a Factory.

By a Lady Investigator.

The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell contributes to the July "Contemporary" a brief but very interesting account of her experience as a sham factory-hand. The experiment is, of course, not a new one, but Mrs. Russell wanted her information for a practical use among the poor, and not for newspaper sensations. As an American, she was much struck by the fact that in London women and girls are constant habitués of public-houses. In America women are practically never seen in public-houses. In England, girls of fourteen, on beginning factory life, are at once initiated into drinking, and are expected to pay for beer and whisky out of their first week's wages. They are even asked to join "spirit clubs," paying so many pennies a week for several weeks before a wedding or a holiday, and the money thus saved is spent in one drinking bout in the factory or in the public-house:

"But it is not only the young men who do the paying," said Matilda to me one evening. "Before holiday times girls save up their money, and go into a public-house directly they are paid off. Then each girl stands a 2d. whisky to her friends, and if it is a party of five or six friends, each girl has five or six glasses, and pays 10d. or 1s. Sometimes they go together in even a larger party, and spend each one as much as 2s. or 2s. 6d.' 'How can they possibly afford it?' I asked, 'when their wages are only 10s. a week, or under?' 'They pay first and afford it afterwards,' she answered."

How Factory Life Goes.

Mrs. Russell disguised herself in old clothes and curling pins, which latter, she says, are the unmistakable mark of the girl factory-hand. She had some difficulty in getting taken on, owing to her ignorance of work. It meant getting up at 4.30 in the morning and waiting outside factories. All the girls in the factory in which she worked got up at the same time, and worked till 8 o'clock without food, with the result that "languor and lack of interest" marked their work. Arrivals after 6 were fined 1d., and those who failed to turn up before 6.30 were not admitted till 8.30, and were fined 4d.

"They had for dinner more bread and butter and tea, and one or two of them would generally go out to fetch a ha'porth of fried potatoes, and two ha'porths of fried fish, or some pastry, which they ate by themselves, or shared with the others. I never saw them eat any meat except once or twice in a sandwich, or a meat stew. They were extremely generous in offering me their food, and seemed a little hurt when I invariably refused. They talked very freely as they ate about their tastes and interests, and friends, and I found it difficult not to answer their questions as openly as they answered mine. Towards the end of the time, indeed, as I grew to know and like the girls, my necessary deceit was really painful, and seemed a most unfair return for their generous and implicit faith in me. Every girl had a bloke, and they wanted to know if my bloke ever 'it me,' as theirs constantly did, they said.

"What does your bloke do?" they asked.

"He's out of a job," I was obliged to answer.

"Is 'e in one of them unemployed processions?"

"No," I answered, "he's too grand for that."

"A good job 'e isn't," they said, "they're all boozers. They goes to the next pub and gets drunk."

"At a quarter past 5 a curious unrest pervaded the room, and the girls began to slack work, and to tidy their hair, and put away their aprons. The instant the

bell went at 5.30 there was a bolt for the mess-room, and the girls were dressed in hat and jacket, and out in the street almost before the bell had stopped. Those girls who lived in my direction walked with me until I was so tired that I had to get into a 'bus, Clara, my 'mate,' on one arm, pretty Lizzie, with her earrings and bold bright eyes, on the other; several other girls rollicking in front, a few more straggling behind. They were in riotous spirits, and pulled an occasional door-bell as we passed along, and shouted at every man we met. They saw me into my 'bus with many 'good-nights,' which they repeated with redoubled shouts and laughter as a little later they drove past the 'bus in the open cart of some kind waggoner.

"My second and third days passed in a very similar manner, and the better I got to know the girls, the more I admired their kindness and generosity. On my last day, Friday, I was taken into the yard and shown the shed where the hot water for the tea was boiled. At one side was an old brick fireplace, and this the girls filled with hemp rubbish and lighted up, and we had a splendid blaze at which to warm ourselves. Nine weeks before one of their mates had caught fire there, through her own carelessness, and had been badly burnt. Now she was coming out of the hospital, and the girls were raising a subscription 'to get some clothes round her,' as they said. There was a rumour that the machinery was out of order, and that the factory might be closed for a week, which meant no wages, but in spite of this prospect of destitution, these generous creatures subscribed each one 6d. or 3d. to the fund."

Drink and Generosity.

Drinking is the great vice of the factory:

"Another girl named Edith, aged 17, told me that she was going to be married on Easter Sunday to her 'bloke, who was always drunk.' When I remonstrated with her she said that she was fond of him, and that she was not a drunkard herself. Annie, who was only sixteen, talked of having been drunk as most girls would speak of having a headache, and said she had been drunk on Christmas Day, Boxing Day and Sunday in the holidays, though she could drink sixpenny-worth of whisky without getting silly. Lily, on the other hand, a tall, fine-looking girl of nineteen, confessed that one glass of beer made her light-headed, and that she was drunk very often, 'not every night,' as her mate declared, 'but on Saturdays and Sundays and holidays.'

"I did not see any of the girls drink anything or go into a public-house during my four days, but that was partly because they had just spent all their money during the holidays, and partly because even in my short time I was able to make teetotalism the fashion. I do not believe that all or even the majority of these girls are often really drunk, but I know that they think nothing of going into a public-house and of getting drunk occasionally. The reasons for this are obvious. As children, all these girls were constant habitués of public-houses, fetching the drink for their parents. The public-house was never a forbidden place to them, and as soon as they became wage-earners it was their first resort. Tired out with a long day's work on insufficient food, the quickest and pleasantest pick-me-up was to be found in their old haunts, 'with the landlady all smiles behind the counter,' as one girl said, and the lower their wages the more reckless and improvident their manner of spending them. Then all their social events are celebrated with drink—weddings, birthdays, even funerals, and all holidays mean a drinking bout. For six weeks before Christmas the girls each contri-

buted 2d. a week to a 'spirit club.' On the day before Christmas this money, amounting to several pounds, was spent on whisky and port wine (with a little ginger beer for a few teetotallers), and was drunk in the factory at breakfast and dinner time. And then those girls who felt they had not had enough, went out to a neighbouring public-house, and got more drink."

Comfort versus Children.

An American Plea for Small Families.

President Roosevelt's recent condemnation of the limitation of families has provoked an American "Paterfamilias" to write a reply, which the "North American Review" has not hesitated to print. It is a much more outspoken utterance than any high-class American magazine has hitherto ventured to publish. This writer boldly challenges President Roosevelt's dictum, and his paper is valuable as a frank exposition of the sentiment which but for the continual influx of foreign immigrants would bring the American population to a standstill.

Do We Marry for Each Other, or Marry for Children?

"Paterfamilias" begins by boldly denying that the propagation of the race is the chief function for which marriage was instituted. He says:

"I hold that marriage is mainly for the highest good of the two individuals concerned, and that the rearing of children is only incidental and to be considered only as it adds to their happiness. I deny that marriage is solely an institution for the promotion of self-sacrifice and misery and the propagation of children. If so, it is a failure. It is an institution to make all happy, and not to make slaves of parents at the very outset of maturity. My observation and experience have been that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in large families there has been an immense amount of suffering and privation, and that the mother has usually had to bear the greater portion of it."

The American Menage: Old Style.

"Paterfamilias" was one of a large family, and it is evident that the early impressions of his mother's sufferings have fixed for him the point of view. He says:

"It makes me sick to look at friends of mine who ten years ago were young and happy, and are now prematurely old and wan and sad. The young fellow who used to have the elastic step and the bright laugh is now gaunt and dyspeptic, and has populist views of life. His wife who was such a pretty girl, whom we all liked so well, who played and sang so nicely and was the charm of any social gathering, now looks like a little old hen. Her face is careworn, her look is haunted; she betrays every evidence of being drained mentally, physically, and spiritually, to minister to four or five youngsters who must have 'the best' of things, and who are lucky to get enough to make a decent appearance. I cannot remember in my youth a woman of thirty who was not accounted old, and I have verified this many times by looking over family albums. Women of thirty to-day, whether married or single, are considered young, and there are plenty who at the age of forty-five have the bloom and beauty of youth. That was something unknown in my boyhood; and it is unknown in a great portion of this country to-day, more's the pity!"

The American Menage: New Style.

"Paterfamilias" thinks that the new generation has determined to change this. He says:

"The young couple who get married in the city or the small village at this day have become accustomed to many things with which they are not willing to part. They have learned to dress well, to have expensive pleasures, the theatre, concerts, visits, and the like, which have been inspirations in their lives. They do not look forward to a life of self-sacrifice. They want to retain these things. They have had a little home fitted up, and they do not want to give it up; and as usually the husband has all he can do to support two, there is little anxiety to increase the number. If one or two children are born, it is considered enough among those who are intelligent and even tolerably educated. There is no room for more, because, in the first place, there is no money, and because the wife does not want to care for more. If more come the wife has either to give up all expectation of living in the social atmosphere of her friends or the family will be plunged into debt. The result is that families are small and are growing smaller. The wives are no longer pack-mules, but are getting some of the comforts of life. Why shouldn't they?"

It may be noted that "Paterfamilias" asserts that in all the expressions of opinion called forth by President Roosevelt's diatribe against limited families, no American woman was forthcoming publicly to declare that she agreed with the President. The one question which "Paterfamilias" does not answer is one, however, which must be faced. If the French and the English-speaking races decide not to increase and multiply and replenish the earth, while the Germans, Russians, and Chinese continue flooding the world with limitless numbers of children, where will the French, English, and Australians be a century hence?

The First Violinist of the Age.

Miss Marie Hall and her romantic career are sketched by "Ignota," in the "Woman at Home." Born in Newcastle, the daughter of a harpist, and taught the violin at four years of age, she developed a marvellous power. The writer says:

"It is absolutely true she was at one time playing in the streets for bread, and she is most anxious that this fact should not be hidden; the point is one of considerable interest, because in one sense she owed to this apparently humiliating fact, one which some have attempted to conceal, all her future. One night Canon Fellowes heard playing in the street of a provincial town, which seemed to him of exceptional quality, and even under such unfavourable circumstances he realised something quite masterly in the fashion in which the fiddle was being handled. He asked the little player to come in, and as his first impression was confirmed, it was through him ultimately that she was able to enjoy a course of three years' study with Mr. Max Mossel."

Introduced to Kubelik, she was advised by him to take lessons with his old master, Sevcik, at Prague. The writer recounts how she has taken London by storm. No such enthusiasm has been created since the days of Rubenstein as she has created. Yet she is only nineteen years of age. Next to her art, it is interesting to learn that her chief absorption is in the career of her little brother, who, though but nine years old, has already given proof of exceptional musical genius.

A Heroine of Travel.

Mrs. Frank Sheldon, F.R.G.S., is introduced by Mr. A. F. White to the readers of the "Young Woman" as a famous woman-explorer. She evidently deserves the name. The daughter of lovers of travel, and accustomed from childhood to meet distinguished explorers and to learn from their own lips of their exploits, this American lady has accomplished what none of her sex has ever attempted before:

"She has led an expedition consisting wholly of natives, without the aid of a single white man, through the heart of the East African jungle. She has ruled over her followers like a queen, earning from them the title of Bebe Bwana, or Woman Master, met the swarthy Sultans of powerful tribes on equal terms, and made her way among native peoples, sometimes hostile and threatening, by the sheer force of her indomitable pluck and womanly tact. She descended to the shores of Lake Chala down almost perpendicular cliffs, a feat which so high an authority as Sir Harry Johnston believed to be impossible."

She is a many-sided woman, having distinguished herself as novelist, playwright, and translator; she is licensed doctor of medicine, and has seriously studied sculpture, science and ethics. She saved the life of Garibaldi when a mere girl. She says that she has never found a people so debased and uncivilised that she has not been able to find some way of appealing to them. She had, however, to establish her authority over a mutinous troop by threatening to shoot the ring-leaders. By shooting a sacred eagle instead, which opportunely hovered overhead, her authority was confirmed once for all.

A Kidnapper's Night Attack.

She had much more perilous adventures, however. She says:

"One day an Arab slave-dealer got into the encampment and stole into my tent with the idea of carrying me off to sell to an old Sultan in the northern part of East Africa, who had made a great bid for a white wife. I allowed this man to come into my camp one dark night with his slaves, though I did not at all relish his presence, and was in fact very suspicious of his intentions. He stole past the askari who guarded my tent, but I am a light sleeper, and awoke just in time to see him crawl into my tent and take my gun. Seizing my pistol, which lay loaded beside me, I fired two shots in quick succession, the second striking him in the upper part of the arm. In an instant the whole camp was aroused and was in full cry after the wretch, who, despite his wound, had taken to flight. My orders to the men were to capture him instantly, but they doubtless shot him instead. There was nothing more said about his fate."

Waking in a Python's Embrace.

Her most horrifying experience was of another kind: "One night I was lying asleep in my palanquin, placed inside my tent, when I awoke with a sense of indefinable fear. Something cold and clammy seemed to be moving about me—in fact, almost touching me—and the rattans of the palanquin were cracking as if under the pressure of a mangle. I struggled to slide out of the palanquin without rising from my recumbent position to avoid touching the thing. At that moment the askari entered with a lantern, and to my utterable horror I saw that it was what I had feared—a python. The man called loudly for help, and about a dozen others came rushing in, armed with knives, and cut the reptile to pieces."

In the course of her travels she has gone through the ceremony of blood-brotherhood with thirty-five dusky potentates.

A Night in a Storm on Aconcagua.

Major Rankin completes in "Longman's Magazine" an account of his ascent of Aconcagua, when he spent a night in the open at 22,000 feet. As he ascended the last 3,000 feet, his followers deserted him, and he attained the summit altogether alone. He gives a vivid impression of the magnificent panorama of mountain range and ocean disclosed to view. He was on the summit at half-past one. A tiny cloudlet, and then a flake of snow, warned him of a brewing storm.

The Horrors of the Blizzard.

He remembered Sir Martin Conway's statement that life would be impossible in a storm on the upper reaches of Aconcagua, so:

"With one glance at the cairn I turned and hurried down the way I came. Half an hour later an enormous cloud rose off the Pacific, and in ten minutes the whole sky was darkened, and snow fell in deadly earnest. The rest is a confused mental tangle of intense cold, blinding snow, semi-darkness, crushing falls, despair, and the certainty of death. The further I went the worse grew the storm; soon I could only see a few feet in front of me. But I managed, as occasional rents in the pall of falling darkness helped me, to get upon the great northern snow slope, and blundered on, shouting in my agony for help—cries which the jeering rocks sent back to me unanswered. Twice on slippery hard snow I fell, and was at once whirled down the slope at a terrific pace. I clawed at the snow with my axe, but it would not grip on the hard surface, and I felt myself whirling onward at lightning speed to destruction. It was a most horrible sensation. But both times by some miracle I came to a patch of stones which stopped me."

The deadly cold of that blizzard at 22,000 feet paralysed him with despair, and he felt he could go no further. He found by the side of a big rock a little scooped-out hollow in the snow. This he thought his appointed grave. It was half-past four, and the snow was falling as thickly as ever. He tried to trace a scrawl of farewell in his pocket-book to his wife, and with the storm still in progress he fell into dreamless sleep.

The Sensation of a Dead Man.

When he woke he thought he was dead. The sight of the deep blue sky, the white peaks and the crescent moon filled his soul with exultation. Then, strangely enough, the sight of his toes turned inward towards him made him feel squeamish, and he argued that if he felt squeamish he could not be dead. He gradually released himself from the frozen snow and witnessed a dawn of indescribable splendour. He had bivouacked in the storm near the summit of the mountain, and had survived. Slowly he hobbled down to his tent, which by rare luck he discovered, and eventually reached his wife at Inca. That he survived at all is a marvel. His toes, however, have had to be amputated.

"Navigation Above the Clouds," the title of a paper in "Harper's," by Mr. E. C. Rost, does not refer to balloon voyages. It is the description of a trip by steamer across the lake of Titicaca, in Peru, 12,540 feet above the sea level. There are three twin screw steamers plying on the lake, which measures 117 miles across, and is the highest lake in the world on which there is steam navigation.

A Canadian Lourdes.

A writer in the "Sunday at Home" gives a very interesting illustrated account of St. Anne de Beaupre and her miracles. A little wooden chapel, erected to St. Anne as an offering of gratitude for deliverance from a storm on the St. Lawrence, 250 years ago, has grown into a large church, which has become the centre of innumerable pilgrimages, and the scene of marvellous cures. The crutches, walking-sticks, and artificial legs left by those who had been healed form piles heaped up against the columns of the church. Of many instances of cure one or two may be cited:

"On July 26, 1887, a farmer's daughter was helping her father to load hay, when she suddenly lost her balance, fell from the top of the load, and struck a hay-fork, one of the prongs piercing her chest below the collar-bone and coming out at her back, after passing through her left lung. The father feared that when he drew out the fork the child would bleed to death. He uncovered his head, fell on his knees, and promised that if St. Anne would cure the child he would have a high monument set up in her honour, and would publish the fact in the 'Annals.' Then, making the sign of the cross, he drew the fork out. Not a drop of blood fell from the wound, and the child rapidly recovered."

Another child, mangled by a hay-mower in motion, recovered without pain on the parents promising a high mass and a pilgrimage.

"A poor woman, crippled with rheumatism, both in hands and feet, comes on pilgrimage, and is instantly cured. Still another good woman had been bedridden for three years, when, as a last resource, she was taken to Beaupre and carried into the church: 'After Mass they brought her the relic of St. Anne to venerate, and at the very moment when they applied it to the most suffering part of her body, she felt a sensation both extraordinary and indescribable. She felt cured, and able to rise up and walk. Then she began to cry, to laugh, to speak, without being quite aware of what she was doing. Then she rose up and began to walk, to the great wonder of all those who saw her.'"

A case is mentioned in which the mere promise of announcing the cure, if effected, in the newspapers was sufficient to secure the saint's intervention! These and similar stories have brought vast numbers of pilgrims. The writer says:

"Seventeen hundred and fifty pilgrims from Quebec and other parts arrived on the 10th, and on the 11th there came a steamboat containing 900 pilgrims from the neighbourhood of Montreal. So it goes on all through the summer, the pilgrims coming by thousands daily, in special trains and by specially chartered steamers, from north, south, east, and west. It is a very pleasant trip, especially by steamer, from the centres of population along the river; and with the combined attractions of a summer excursion and the hope of temporal or spiritual advantage, the priestly organisers at Quebec have not much difficulty in filling up the ranks of the pilgrims."

"Writing for intelligent Protestant readers," the narrator thinks it necessary to adopt a sceptical attitude, either denying the deadly nature of the diseases said to be cured, or attributing the cures to the effect of excitement on the nerves. He remarks that the editor of the "Annals," which records the miracles, promises to say two masses a week for subscribers to his paper and their families—if subscriptions are paid in advance.

The Lake of the True El Dorado.

It is a very strange tale which Mr. Benjamin Taylor tells in the "English Illustrated," under the title of "A Quest for Sunken Treasure." Away up in the heights of the Andes, just north of the equator, some 9,000 feet above the sea, lies in the plateau of Bogota the Lake Guatavita. This plateau is supposed to be the birth-place of the potato, which to this day is its principal crop. This lake is being drained by a joint stock company with the consent of the Government of Colombia, and the purpose of its draining, sordid in itself, rests on a basis of quaint romance:

"This lake, says Dr. Zerda, is the celebrated 'El Dorado.' Here, it is said, the Cacique of Guatavita was covered with a sticky substance, over which gold dust was strewn, which golden covering constituted his vestment when making the sacrifices. The term 'El Dorado,' it should be explained, means the Golden One, or the Golden Man, not the Golden City, as is commonly supposed."

The Cacique of Guatavita, who had an army of 30,000 men, used to rule there over a million people:

"This lake, between nine and ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the summit of a conical mountain, they regarded as the residence of their protecting deity, to whom they thought it necessary to make offerings twice a year. In consequence, all the Cacique's subjects assembled at the stated times, with their gold offerings, and forming in grand procession, advanced with music to the lake. Arrived there, the Cacique and the principal chiefs embarked on the lake in large canoes, by steps formed in the bank, and the people at the same time spread themselves all around the lake. On arriving at the centre of the lake the chiefs anointed the Cacique, and powdered him over with a profusion of gold-dust, hence the name of El Dorado—the Golden One.

"On a signal given, the people turned their backs on the lake, and at the moment when the Cacique plunged in, they shouted and threw in over their shoulders, as far as they could, their own offerings. This done, the Cacique landed, and returned to his capital, in the same manner as he came, persuaded that the sins committed by himself and his people during the last six months were expiated."

This annual deposit must naturally have mounted up to a huge sum:

"According to a calculation made from a basis laid down by Monsieur de la Kier, of the Royal Institute of Paris, who examined every document relating to the lake, Captain Cochran was assured that there ought to be gold and precious stones yet buried in it to the amount of one billion one hundred and twenty millions sterling! After the Spaniards conquered the country, they so cruelly prosecuted the natives to obtain gold, that most of them threw what they had left into this lake. The then Cacique himself caused to be cast into the centre of it the burdens of fifty men laden with gold-dust."

Previous explorations have always been rewarded with lucrative results. The lake is said to be 1,200 feet long by 1,000 feet broad, and about 46 feet deep at its deepest part.

"Our noisy, bustling city life may be no more than a necessary transition state between Arcady and the millennium." This is the suggestion of Mr. Marcus Reed, in "Macmillan's."

Scouring the Floor of the Pacific.

The "Windsor" opens with a very interesting paper by the Hon. W. E. Meehan, Fish Commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania, describing what his countrymen have learned of the floor of the Pacific. The U.S.S. "Albatross" has investigated the ocean depths around the Hawaiian Islands, and has practically drawn up a map of the bottom of the Pacific between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands. Their record sounding took five miles of wire rope. The bottom was touched at a depth of 28,878 feet, practically the height of Mount Everest. The writer states:

"If the waters of the Pacific could be drained, there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface,—lofty mountains, besides which the Himalaya and the Andes would look like hillocks, and tremendous hollows or basins, only to be compared with those on the face of the moon. The summits of these great subterranean mountains, projecting above the present water surface, are the islands which dot the Pacific."

By the aid of the Tanner-Sigsbee net, many important discoveries have been made. This net can be operated at any depth with accuracy. "When the desired sounding is reached, the mouth of the net opens, and remains open until ready to be hauled aboard." From 5 to 10 per cent. of the fishes found were new to science, though in several cases familiar to the natives. Some of the specimens found are very beautiful, though one, the Lion fish, was a freak of horror. But in the greatest depths there is little or no animal life. The exploring party found the water at great depth to be extremely cold. At the bottom of the Moser Basin it was only three degrees above freezing. They found, also, that the floor of the Pacific was almost paved with manganese discs and nodules ranging in size from cannon balls to peas. On land surface manganese is found only in small quantities, and never in native form excepting in meteoric iron. The dredgings show that there is "a bewildering wealth" of the valuable metal at the bottom of the ocean.

Fire-Extinguishing in London and America.

Mr. Harold Spender contributes to the "Pall Mall Magazine" an interesting and well-illustrated paper concerning the London Fire Brigade. Some of the figures which he gives concerning the strength of fire brigades in London, New York, and Chicago are very remarkable. He says that the London Fire Brigade has only 26 men per 100,000, Berlin 47, Paris 69, Brussels 99, and New York 182. The excessive number credited to New York is due to the fact that they have a large number of volunteers called "Hook and Ladder Companies" who are trained by special drill to save lives from high buildings, and are entirely distinct from the corps employed in fire extinction. Chicago has twenty-seven such companies, New York twenty-three, but London has none. As to fire alarms, the contrast is even more remarkable. London has 750 street fire-alarms, New York 3,293, Chicago 2,792. Mr. Spender suggests that the American system of training horses to harness themselves is superior to the English method by which the horses stand harnessed all day long. Chicago has twenty-seven chemical engines, London none. New York finds search-lights very useful for

night fires, and we continue to confine ourselves to acetylene lights. Chicago has two water towers for very high buildings, but we have none.

Liqueurs.

M. Dastre contributes to the first June number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" one of his informing, scientific articles on those aromatized drinks which are known generically as liqueurs. It will be remembered that in 1900 the French Government forbade the manufacture and sale of any essence recognised as dangerous, and declared as such by the Academy of Medicine. About two years later the Minister of the Interior requested the Academy of Medicine to decide which of all the essences in common use were particularly poisonous, and ought to be either absolutely forbidden or specially regulated. The Academy declined to make the two lists which the Government asked for, it declined to set up a scale of harmfulness; instead, it preferred to condemn them all wholesale, as well as their common principle, namely, that of alcohol—all these beverages, it said, were uniformly detestable. It particularly condemned those appetisers of which the poisonous effect is much increased by their being swallowed before a meal. Naturally, this wholesale condemnation had no effect at all. How could a Government completely upset its Budget by attempting to forbid the consumption of all alcohol; obviously, no Government that attempted to do that could live a day, either in France or in any other country. M. Dastre, however, points out that a beginning might at any rate be made by attacking that particular form of alcoholism which is called "absinthisme," by which is meant the abuse of liqueurs in general.

We need not follow M. Dastre in his highly technical study of the comparative intoxicating effect of pure alcohol and of the other ingredients in the various liqueurs of commerce. Modern medical science distinguishes three kinds of alcoholism—(1) Due to the abuse of wine; (2) to the abuse of spirits; (3) to the abuse of liqueurs; while alcoholism itself is also distinguished as either (1) temporary; (2) the result of drinking bouts leading to delirium tremens; (3) a sort of chronic soaking, the subject being always more or less intoxicated. Of course, in practice, these different classes are not always clearly marked off from one another, and it often happens that a lover of spirits will take for a time to drinking wine or liqueurs, and so on. Enough, however, appears to be known about the mischief done by absinthisme, especially its heavy hereditary transmission of epilepsy, to make it a subject for legislation. At any rate, it is clear that the harmful effects of liqueurs are not solely due to the alcohol contained in them, but are also due to various essences which give them their distinctive colour and taste. Generally speaking, the most expensive absinthe is the most injurious. It is evident from M. Dastre's article that legislation will in future have to begin by scheduling as poisons these highly toxic essences.

The nobler aspect of Imperialism is well expressed by the Sultan of Pahang as he witnessed the Colonial Review at the Coronation. He said: "I consider that I am very much greater than any of my predecessors, because I am a part of something so very great." This is, perhaps, one of the most striking things in Mr. A. F. White's sketch in the "Young Man" of Mr. Hugh Clifford, C.M.G., British Resident in the Malay Peninsula.

The Roman Catholic and Modern Fiction.

The sentiments of Roman Catholics in regard to the literary treatment received by their faith and its adherents in modern fiction has been made the subject of a paper in "The Reader" (New York) by Mr. John J. a'Becket. Mr. a'Becket is himself an adherent of that faith, and a literary critic as well, and in each capacity he takes earnest exceptions to what he considers perversions of truth on the part of recent novelists. His criticism is chiefly directed at Mrs. Humphry Ward and Emile Zola, though he pays more or less attention also to Mrs. Edith Wharton, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Richard Bagot, Henry Seton Merriman, Hall Caine, and Marie Corelli.

Mr. Bagot, in "A Roman Mystery," represents a Roman Catholic as accepting the dogma of Papal infallibility while not believing it—a position which Mr. a'Becket terms "idiotic." As for Mrs. Ward:

"Mrs. Humphry Ward is far more offensive to the Catholic than the petulant Mr. Bagot, because she is more intellectual; her antagonism to the Church is more virulent, and it is displayed with insidiousness. She gets in her fine work by the obtrusion of a dispassionate, philosophic spirit, with not even a flicker of humour to derogate from it. Take her 'Helbeck of Bannisdale,' the drastic study of a Catholic layman. He is a good Catholic and consistently portrayed. At bottom, a rather noble character, relentlessly faithful to his ideals, he has the misfortune to fall in love with a cheery young girl, considerably his junior, who has been reared in an atmosphere of agnosticism, and affectively, rather than rationally, is repelled by the Church. Helbeck is a not particularly attractive man, though entitled to respect and no little compassion, in that his idiosyncrasies lend a somewhat unsympathetic quality even to his practice of the faith. The main objection to this book is that Mrs. Ward so deftly saddles on the Church, or, at least, inveigles the non-Catholic reader into so doing, what should be ascribed to the severe, gloomy personality of Helbeck himself."

Mrs. Ward has also been guilty of what Mr. a'Becket calls "nasty direct stabs at the Church," a number of which he cites. One of them is her statement that "the Catholic who is in love with his Church cannot let himself realise truly what the Rome of the Renaissance meant." The most intelligent and fervent Catholic, says Mr. a'Becket, in reply, can admit with unruffled composure of faith the scandals that have occurred among clerical and lay members of the Church. He knows that not even the Pope is immune against sin.

Mr. a'Becket devotes several pages to M. Zola, with special attention to "Truth." He writes:

"There is one writer who claims more notice, not that he is more puissant, but by reason of his greater notoriety and the phrenetic violence of his attacks on the Catholic Church, more especially in his last work, one which will have no successor, since death has checked forever his prolific and vitriolic pen. Emile Zola, in 'Truth,' though merely vomiting forth calumnies which are decrepit from long service, has made such a cesspool of his rabid arraignment that to ignore him here might seem the evasion of something formidable. Here, indeed, if the Catholic feeling is to be neatly expressed, one may borrow Mrs. Ward's 'nauseous hysteria.' It is a sentiment which others than Catholics must feel, when they read the purulent gush of this exquisitely misnamed novel."

American Variations from the English Language.

Mr. Herbert Horwill contributes to the "Leisure Hour" a paper on "The Pitfalls of American English," which illustrates how even in a common language the difference of use is beginning to create a new language, or at least dialect. Beginning with the meal, the writer says:

"Once we demand 'biscuits.' We receive hot rolls. We should have asked for 'crackers.' We conclude our meal, perhaps, by ordering an ice, but still we are not understood. Ice is in such general use for all kinds of purposes that when we want 'ice-cream' we must say so. We go shopping—not, however, in the 'shops,' but in the 'stores.'

"We inquire our way about of the 'floor-walker,' who directs us to the 'clerks' or 'sale-ladies' who will wait on us. 'Shop-assistant' is unknown in America, and 'shop-girl' would be insulting. For ironmongery we proceed to the department of 'hardware,' and for dress materials to that of 'dry goods.' Games and athletic appliances are classified as 'sporting goods.' At the sign of 'notions' we must not expect to gain any ideas, except that of the novelty of using this word to signify haberdashery. Clothes made to measurement are known as 'custom made.' We find that 'calico' means a printed cotton cloth, and that for a 'blouse,' a 'shirt-front,' and a 'reel of cotton,' we must ask for a 'shirt-waist,' or 'waist,' a 'bosom,' and a 'spool of thread' respectively. What we call 'boots' are in America 'shoes,' while our 'shoes' are 'low shoes,' 'ties,' or 'Oxfords.' Other curiosities that will strike our attention are 'rubbers' for 'goloshes,' 'picture mats' for 'picture mounts,' and a stall of more or less damaged publications labelled 'hurt books.'

"A newcomer is likely to be puzzled by the locution 'good and' which has no reference to virtue, but is another way of saying 'very.' Its use may be understood from such sentences as 'it's freezing good and hard.' 'Twill be good and cold to-morrow.'"

A Donkey Story.

Miss Elizabeth Magill, a painter of Royal pets, is the subject of an illustrated interview by Mr. A. F. White in the "Young Woman." She is said to be quite unique in the rapidity with which she completes her sketches. Strange to say, she was diverted from music to painting when a girl of sixteen, by the spontaneous advice of a phrenologist. She is a great lover of animals, and has been on the committee of the Anti-Vivisection Society. Readers will probably most remember the article by the following story. Miss Magill said:

"I am going to tell you a story about some donkeys which I can vouch for as absolutely true. I had been painting two of these animals, and though they had been rather troublesome at first, they succumbed to the allurements of the carrots which I had provided, and behaved very well. A day or two after the picture was finished, and I thought I had seen the last of my long-eared visitors, the servant heard a great knocking at the door of the studio, which opens on the street, and there were three donkeys outside waiting to come in. Two of them were the identical animals who had sat for the picture, and the other was evidently a friend which they had brought with them. They had run away from their own mews, and come here because they had been treated so well."

The New Theories of Matter.

Professor Crookes' Berlin address on modern views of matter has been the forerunner of a number of confessions of a new faith in the scientific world. It is prophesied that "we are on the verge of the greatest revelation that science has yet vouchsafed to mankind," but unfortunately the capacity of the human mind to receive and transmit to others an intelligible idea of these wonderful things seems to be limited. "Public Opinion," New York, gives the best outline of the new trend of ideas among English scientists:

"We are told that each atom is a whole stellar system of infinitely smaller, but absolutely identical, units, all in orbital motion. A hydrogen atom consists of 700 such units, or ions. The nature or identity of each substance depends upon the number of such ions contained in each atom; thus 11,200 ions in each atom produce what we know as oxygen, and 137,200 of the same ions if combined in a single atom would yield what we regard as gold. The nature of these ions is, for want of a better word, electrical. In other words, electricity and matter are one and the same thing.

"An examination of radium and other phenomena leads Professor Lodge and his associates to believe that matter is not stable in its atoms, as has been heretofore supposed by everybody familiar with the disintegration of matter, which means the rearrangement or recombination of elements. Thus, water may be separated into oxygen and hydrogen, but it was never before imagined that the atoms themselves were capable of disintegration. Professor Lodge suggests that this is the normal process of Nature, yet it is proceeding at a rate so slow that it baffles the powers of conception of the human mind to estimate the length of time required.

"In radium alone it proceeds so rapidly that the phenomena are easily observed. Professor Lodge surmises that this process of disintegration of atoms may constitute the evolution of the chemical elements. He announced that within a few weeks Professor Ernest Rutherford, of McGill University, in Montreal, had observed the breakup of the most massive atoms. He found that some few atoms of a radio-active substance seemed to reach a critical stage, at which they fling away small portions of themselves with great violence, the residue having the same property of instability for some time, until ultimately it settles down into what is presumably a different substance. Changes of this sort, in more stable atoms, would seem to require millions and millions of centuries, so long, in fact, that the longest periods in astronomical evolution would seem but hours in comparison.

"So the state of flux and decay is recognised, not only in the stars and planets, but in the foundation stones of the universe, which are the elemental atoms themselves. The process of regeneration, however, can also be imagined, and it would occur if the separations ever aggregated themselves together by their mutual attractions into fresh material. The progress of the research may lead us to recognise the existence of atoms, some of which were recently formed, and others very ancient."

Of course the ideas of Professors Lodge, Crookes, Curie and others are not accepted without question by the scientific world. Professor Richards, of Harvard, says:

"The new idea which has been heralded in London as a discovery that would revolutionise science is but

an interesting hypothesis, a modern dream of a ready dreamer. There is no doubt that this so-called radium is a new manifestation of energy in matter that tends to an amplification of the case concerning that of the discussed subject, but to say that it takes the place of matter, and that matter is a thing of the past, is a radical statement which the facts do not bear out.

"The facts concerning radium are the most important that have been brought out for twenty-six years, but no conclusion has been deduced from these facts that would go to show that matter and electricity are one. This particular contention may be correct, but that remains to be proved.

"Dreamers like Crookes and Lodge (for they have always been dreamers) are prone to jump at conclusions when they have hypotheses and very weak hypotheses. They are not the world's foremost seekers after the ultimate secrets of the universe, but they are of the most radical group of scientists. They have no right to say, from the facts in their possession, that electricity and matter are one, nor can they state definitely how many ions there are in an atom. Such statements are not worthy of true scientists."

The Creed of a College Class.

President William Dewitt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, U.S.A., asked a class of 60 students, most of them seniors, to write out their individual creeds. "In these individual creeds," he writes in the "Outlook" (New York), "I asked each man to state as exactly as possible both his belief and his unbelief; and to define, as far as possible, the sense in which he held the things in which he believed and the sense in which he rejected the things he did not believe." President Hyde then reduced these sixty creeds to a composite creed. As he puts it:

"Into this composite creed I put everything which any student had affirmed, except what some one of them had denied; aiming in this way to get a class creed to which each individual member would assent. I distributed copies of this composite creed to each member of the class, and invited criticism and amendment. We then spent two hours together in discussing the articles of the creed one by one; making such modifications and concessions at each point as were necessary to secure their unanimous acceptance by the class. At the end of the second hour the creed was adopted by a unanimous vote."

Here is the creed—that of the class of 1903—thus evolved:

"I believe in one God, present in nature as law, in science as truth, in art as beauty, in history as justice, in society as sympathy, in conscience as duty, and supremely in Christ as our highest ideal.

"I believe in the Bible as the expression of God's will through man; in prayer as the devotion of man's will to God; and in the Church as the fellowship of those who try to do God's will in the world.

"I believe in worship as the highest inspiration to work; in sacrifice as the price we must pay to make right what is wrong; in salvation as growth out of selfishness into service; in eternal life as the survival of what loves and is lovable in each individual; and in judgment as the obvious fact that the condition of the gentle, the generous, the modest, the pure, and the true is always and everywhere preferable to that of the cruel, the sensual, the mean, the proud, and the false."

The Curse of Eve.

Margaret Bisland writes an article, under this title, in the "North American Review" for July, which is one long sigh over the decay of modern women in general, and of the American woman in particular. It is a long wail from a woman's lips on the decline of her own sex!

"Does not the tree of knowledge," she asks, "still bear fruit accursed for the daughters of Eve, who did eat thereof and lost her Eden?"

It is the decline in the birth-rate among native-Americans which provokes this question.

"In the old colonial State of Massachusetts, of its present 2,805,304 inhabitants, more than half are foreigners, or the children of foreign-born parents. In New York city, boasting the greatest urban population in the United States, 76.6 per cent. of its citizens are foreign-born, or the children of aliens. Fall River, the American city claiming the highest birth-rate, claims also the greatest number of foreign-born inhabitants; and the census statistics for 1890 give the birth-rate per thousand among foreign-born inhabitants as 38.29, while among the native-born it registers but 26.35. . . .

"To speak frankly and to the point, this failure in natural and wholesome increase among our white natives is due to nothing more or less than the over-education and abnormal public activities so ardently encouraged among our women since the close of the Civil War.

Why the Race Fails.

"The denial to woman of an equal share in man's intellectual and physical career is not, as the near-sighted advocates of feminine enfranchisement would have us believe, a useless relic of barbarism and savagery. It is not an indication of mere male covetousness, selfishness, and blind prejudice, upheld and exercised through ages by force of sheer physical superiority, and serving now as a stumbling-block in the path of beneficent progress. It flows from an ancient and profound realisation of and respect for an inexorable law of nature—a law that never fails to deprive intellectually developed woman of her fecundity. It flows also from a knowledge, gained through the tragedy of experience, that only in the domestic shelter does civilised humanity find the environment congenial to reproductivity and proper development.

The Experience of Imperial Rome.

"The ease with which the Roman achieved his supremacy over Greek, savage and barbarian alike was due to the fact that his civilisation had afforded her full opportunities for that high, yet normal development through which woman can insure the invincibility of her race. In the great days of the Republic, the Roman woman stood, to her men and her country, in exactly the same relationship as our pioneer women of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries stood to the men who were engaged in founding this Republic of the West. Her crown of distinction was her pure wifehood and motherhood. Lucretia, Virginia, Cornelia, and Beturia were no less invaluablely ennobling in the ideals they personified, no less indicative of the majesty and character of Rome, than were Horatius and Regulus, Cincinnatus and Brutus. The vigour and value of the Roman matron were made evident in her sons. To mother great men was her highest distinction. Hannibal was overcome, and Rome became the dictator of the world, by virtue of

the fact that the Roman woman of the Republic was the finest flower of femininity produced by any civilisation preceding the Christian era. . . .

"In his lust for rapidly-gained wealth and swiftly-acquired empire, the Roman failed to perceive that, by filling the house with slaves and luxury, he committed the self-destroying crime of denying to his women their home-compelling avocations. At this point he was forced to give them a share in the non-domestic life, or to follow the example of the luxurious and slave-loving Asiatic, and immure the idle womankind in the seraglio.

"From the date of this 'emancipation' we begin to mark the rapid degeneration of Roman life and of the Roman type. 'Morals,' says de Tocqueville, 'are the work of women. Consequently, whatever affects the condition of women, their habits and their opinions, has great political importance in my eyes.' The sound logic of this reasoning is made most evident by the state of Roman society in that period when its women had secured their legal and social equality with men.

"There was no more seclusion for women. They became acquainted with life, tested its charms, but, unfortunately, found pleasure in its intrigues.' ('Roman Life in Pliny's Time.' M. Pellison.) Divorce was granted very easily. Seneca speaks of ladies who reckoned years by husbands, and not by consulships. Juvenal, in one of his satires, laughs grimly at one woman who was wedded and divorced eight times in twelve months. In consequence, as there were few or no children to claim or to secure the common interests of the wedded couples, wifehood was unguarded, and motherhood was considered a grievous imposition.

The Americanised Woman.

"The most marked and deleterious effect of Americanisation upon woman is the false energies and abnormal ambitions it excites in her life. Her endeavour is no longer toward the realisation and glorification of her sex in its femininity. The education she receives tends to render her either contemptuous of or indifferent to her own peculiar forces and their normal expression. For them, she not only strives, but is encouraged, to substitute an individuality which is purely hybrid and unessential, a grotesque falsetto masculinity.

"It was when the greedy current of commercialism tore out of her hands all her home employment, that she followed her tasks to the mills and factories. Then she first began to envy and grasp at the estates and prerogatives of men. As skilled hands are guided best by trained minds, it behoved men to give this willing, cheap, and efficacious feminine labour a fitting education. Forced thus to gain her support outside the home, it is no matter for wonder that she has found it necessary to demand legal and social privileges, property rights, and new marriage laws.

"So far-reaching and thorough has been her alienation from the true aims of her sex, so complete has been the hasty sacrifice made to the mere temporal and transitory prosperity of this Republic, that we now detect, as a consequence, certain tendencies to decay gnawing already at the roots of its new civilisation.

"First, in the diminution of the family; and, again, in the weakening of the marriage tie.

"The prodigious increase in divorces among Americans of every class and religion is, perhaps, the most serious menace to the moral and physical stability of our race that has resulted from the non-domestic avocations of the average woman.

"By the last census, the increase in divorce is estimated as two and one-half times greater than the increase in population. In the Western Reserve of Ohio there is one divorce to every eleven marriages. Nor so appalling a social condition as this, we find no parallel save in the empire of the Romans."

Mosquito Music.

Harold Bolce contributes an interesting article to the "Saturday Evening Post" on "Mosquito Music," in which he explains "a new method of extermination, which takes the mosquito singing to his death." He says:

"In making experiments for the purpose of developing new and effective methods of fighting mosquitoes, practical application has been made of the remarkable discovery that a certain musical note, raised to a great number of vibrations per second, will cause these insects to experience sudden and complete paralysis. Not only does this intensified note arrest the mosquito in flight, or hurl it from ceiling or wall, but also, because of a strange construction of the insect's auditory system, it causes the mosquito to plunge undeviatingly toward the spot whence the music issues.

"Hence, by sounding this note and arranging a paper screen or any receptacle in the immediate vicinity of the musical instrument, all the mosquitoes in a room or house, and, in fact, all of these insects within the radius of the undiminished sound-wave, may be caught and destroyed. A scientific electrician has invented a screen charged with sufficient voltage to electrocute the insects as they are thus precipitated.

"In the series of investigations leading up to this phenomenal discovery of the potency of certain sound-waves, scientists have learned that in ability to detect the direction whence sound issues, the mosquito is unequalled in the entire animal kingdom, the insect's auditory acuteness in this regard surpassing by far that of the human ear.

"From each of the twelve joints of a mosquito's antennæ radiates a whorl of fibrils whose length is three hundred times their diameters. These fibrils, which are remarkably elastic, are attuned to catch sounds ranging from middle C to high C. These facts have been disclosed by experiments which also develop the phenomenon that the sensitive auditory system of mosquitoes serves the purpose of enabling them to locate their mates in the darkness of night.

"By cementing live mosquitoes with shellac to a plate of glass held horizontally, it was possible to test the effect of certain sounds upon the external portion of the insects' auditory system. By sounding a Ut3 tuning-fork producing two hundred and fifty-six vibrations a second an amazing response was produced in certain fibrils of the mosquitoes. Higher and lower harmonics of this note also affected the auditory fibrils, but intermediate notes made little impression. In other words, a Ut2 tuning-fork, producing one hundred and twenty-eight vibrations a second (one-half as many as are caused by the first fork), would exert a far greater influence upon the fibrils than a Mi4 fork, producing six hundred and forty vibrations a second, which sum is not a multiple or harmonic of the other two. In some instances fibrils were found to be so delicately attuned to notes produced by the Ut3 fork that they vibrated through eighteen divisions of the micrometer, whereas sounds which were not harmonics of that note, although giving forth more than double the num-

ber of vibrations to the second, scarcely made a visible impression.

The Mosquito's Delicate Attunement.

"The practical application of these ingenious experiments has been effected by raising to a far greater number of vibrations the second the particular note to which the mosquito is most sensitively attuned. This intensified note was produced by sudden electrical impulse upon a musical instrument, whereupon the astonishing discovery was made that every mosquito in the room had plunged headlong to the instrument. Windows were then opened, and the room was soon filled. Again the amplified note was sounded, and instantly in a cloud the mosquitoes, apparently lifeless, were precipitated against the apparatus. It is not alone the sensitiveness of the whorls of fibrils in receiving certain sounds that makes the mosquito so susceptible, but also the tiny creature's special network of nerves for the transmission of the shock. Through the medium of the nerve of the antennæ, beginning at the cerebral ganglion and connecting with branch nerves sending out ramifications in company with the large trachea, sound-vibrations of the character employed in the experiments are instantly communicated to every portion of the mosquito's system. The mosquito is, in other words, thoroughly alert to catch its companion's notes, and so, at the sudden sounding of the note, which, in reality, was an intensified reproduction of some special call in the mosquito song, there resulted the instantaneous plunge of the insects against the musical device.

"It was found, moreover, that it was not mere concussion nor volume of sound per se that prostrated the mosquitoes, for the clanging of a bell, much louder in tone, but of a different note, or the discharge of a gun, had no effect. The condition of temporary complete paralysis was manifestly produced by a spasmodic effort of the mosquito's auditory system to respond to the note to which it is by nature attuned, but the sound came with so sudden an intensity that absolute prostration ensued for the time being.

"The fact that the mosquitoes were involuntarily and spasmodically attempting to respond to the magnified note of the call peculiar to this family of Diptera is believed to explain, also, why they were hurled with far greater force than gravity alone could exercise upon the body of an inert insect.

How to Give Mosquitoes Nervous Prostration.

"Discovering that mosquitoes lured and prostrated by certain notes of high vibration were not killed, but simply stunned, and that after the cessation of the tone they would gradually revive and be ready anew to attack victims, arrangements were made to catch them with adhesive flypaper as they fell. This proved to be very simple and effective. Pursuing the experiments further, for the purpose of devising a method of mosquito slaughter that should prove more pleasing to the eye, it has been found practicable to electrocute the mosquitoes as they hurl themselves toward the musical instrument.

"This part of the unique method of mosquito extermination consists of a wire screen, similar to a window screen with the frame removed and mounted on a board. Numbers of wire nails driven between the meshes are connected by electric wires, by which arrangement one electrode of an induction coil is provided, the opposite electrode being formed by the wire screen itself.

"Ready now to proceed to the electrocution, the operator presses a button, which sounds the note

whose vibrations have such potent effect upon mosquitoes and simultaneously turns on a current to the screen spread across the musical instrument. Instantly every mosquito in the room is dashed upon the screen and electrocuted.

"As long as these notes were repeated, and the windows of the room kept open, mosquitoes continued to be lured to their death from the outside, until the electric screen became a veritable insect abattoir. It was found that the mosquitoes would lunge, rather than fly, as they neared the source of the sound impelling them.

"That this novel method of mosquito warfare could be conducted successfully in the open on a large scale, especially at night, when mosquitoes are affrighted, there seems to be little doubt in the minds of experimenting scientists.

"Science has made wonderful progress since the French failed in their efforts to construct the Panama Canal," said Major J. R. Kean, of the office of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army. "One of the chief causes of the discouragement which finally contributed to the failure of that gigantic enterprise was the impossibility of successfully combating the plague of yellow fever. In spite of the popular apprehension to-day the scientific branches of the United States Government look forward to the construction of the Isthmian Canal as an opportunity to demonstrate to the world that the scourge of yellow fever and malarial fever may be absolutely conquered.

"I am making no chimerical statement when I say that yellow fever can never more gain a foothold in any part of the world over which American authority can be exercised or invoked. The last case of yellow fever in Cuba was cured in April, 1901. Since then that pestilence, which for ages has terrorised the islands of West India, has not recurred. In my opinion this triumph over that hitherto fatal epidemic is one of the greatest achievements in history.

"To-day medical men, entomologists and progressive scientists the world over accept the truth that yellow fever is transmitted by a genus of mosquito. If the sanitary work incident to the construction of the Panama Canal is placed under the charge of the United States Army we shall organise our system upon the latest scientific plan. The French sought to limit the ravages of yellow fever by isolating victims and carefully destroying supposedly infected clothing and household articles, and fumigating houses from which victims of the plague had been removed. From time immemorial this had been the approved method of fighting fever, and up to two years ago these precautions were recommended by American scientists in their investigations. Notwithstanding all endeavours upon the part of French surgeons and physicians, the mortality of workmen engaged in canal construction was appalling. Thousands of labourers were shipped in to fill the ranks thinned by yellow fever. But as the system of fighting it was based on a total ignorance of its etiology, the greater the number of recruits, the greater was the list of victims.

"Our programme will be not to fight the disease by disinfection, for that is unnecessary and of no avail. Yellow fever is not contagious. If a case of yellow fever develops we shall send members of our corps at once to the house or tent where the patient is, and destroy all the possibly infected mosquitoes of the place by burning pyrethrum powder.

"The next step will be to convey the patient to the hospital. No isolation, further than to place

him in a bed fixed inside a big wire cage with a five-millimetre mesh, is necessary. By preventing the mosquitoes from attacking the patient, all danger of spreading the malady will be avoided.

"All the prophylactic measures which the medical men of the Government will introduce in connection with the construction of the Panama Canal will be based, not on theory but successful practice in the West Indies. Other scientists agree with Major Kean in regarding the Isthmian problem as a simple one, and even predict freely that the entire world will very soon be freed from the scourge of yellow fever."

The Modern Dispersion.

In connection with the remarkable influx of eastern Jews into the United States which is now in progress, it is interesting to get the view-point of the American-born Jew on this great world-movement of a race. In the "Menorah" for June there is published an address recently delivered at Cleveland by Mr. Leo N. Levi on "The Modern Dispersion," in which are set forth with evident candour, impartiality, and moderation the respective views and prejudices held by eastern and western Jews in regard to each other.

Concerning this great change in the situation of the Jews, which he calls "the modern dispersion," and which began about twenty-three years ago, Mr. Levi says:

"During many generations, the majority of the Jews have dwelt in Russia, Galicia, Roumania, and Hungary. In Russia and Galicia alone, their number reached to almost five millions. It is needless to dwell on their condition; the story is well known. Suffice it to say that a little over twenty years ago the Jews began to leave these countries in large numbers, and that since then there has been an uninterrupted flow of immigration to the Orient, to western Europe, to South America, and last, but not least, to the United States.

Compared with the Exodus from Spain.

"During the period under consideration, 10 per cent. of the Jews of the world forsook their native homes in eastern Europe, and took up new abodes in this country. At the present time, this influx to the United States equals or exceeds annually one-half per cent. of the world's total Jewish population. Add to this number those who settle in western Europe, the Levant, the West Indies, Central and South America, South Africa, and Canada, and we can readily foretell that within the first half of the twentieth century the Jewish centre of gravity will be far removed from eastern Europe. Indeed, since the stream to the United States grows larger with the passing years, we may count with some confidence that in this century the majority of the world's Jews will have established their domicile here, or certainly on the Western Hemisphere. The migration from eastern Europe in our day is strikingly like the migration from Spain at the end of the fifteenth century, except that in the expulsion from Spain not over 3 per cent. of the world's Jews were, while now considerably more than one-half are, involved.

"In short, the present dispersion has all of the tragic and romantic features of the Spanish expulsion, is impelled by an equal intolerance, endured with equal martyrdom, but exceeds it in interest and importance, because Spain only had, at most, three hundred thousand Jews, while eastern Europe is driving forth five millions."

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The National Review.

The "National Review" for July is a rather dull number. Several articles, however, deal with the Zollverein controversy.

Anglo-French Questions.

M. Eugene Etienne, Vice-President of the French Chamber of Deputies, deals at some length with "The Colonial Controversies between England and France." He bears tribute to British administrative success in Egypt, but concludes by saying that France expects the fulfilment of the evacuation promise, and that the Egyptian status quo cannot last for ever. In Morocco he demands that the status quo should last, and condemns any form of partition. As regards Siam, he says that France desires no new acquisitions of territory, but that she has the right of exercising a more than nominal control over the valley of the Mekong. As regards the French shore, he expects that England, not France, should make an offer. The only point on which France is uncompromising is that the French fishermen should be able to pursue their business freely. Another Anglo-French article is that of the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, who writes brightly on "Social and Literary Relations between England and France."

Other Articles.

The Archbishop of Armagh contributes some commonplace verses. Mr. A. M. Low, in his American chronicle, makes a ferocious attack on Count Cassini, which the Count will survive. Curiously enough, Mr. Low, after using Count Cassini's alleged callousness over the Kischineff business as a stick for his malice, proceeds to recount, with proper scorn the latest instance of the negrophobe madness of the Americans in the Southern States. The Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies writes on "The Church, Dissent, and the Nation."

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" has an important article by Lord Welby on "Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy," and two articles on Serbia, which we notice elsewhere. Sir James Crichton-Browne replies to Mr. Ronald McNeill's defence of Froude, and all one can say from reading the two articles is, that both are overwhelmingly convincing. Major-General Robinson, writing on Army Commissions, gives the following table of the expenses for meals which a second lieutenant has to meet:

"In an average infantry regiment his reasonable expenditure for living—i.e., for meals alone—should not exceed his pay, but it does amount to just about his entire pay—i.e., 5s. 3d. a day, or a little over £95 a year. His expenditure is thus made up:

Breakfast and luncheon (between them) ..	2s. 3d.
Dinner	2s. 3d.
Beer, coffee, and other liquids	0s. 9d.
	5s. 3d.

"(I exclude wine, tobacco, and afternoon tea, as some may say that these are not essential.) Is this expenditure excessive, compared with that of young men of civil life, at colleges or clubs?

Then comes the expense of his uniform and plain clothes, of regimental moves, of the ordinary social amusements of the station he is in, and other small claims which are incident to his position.

"Without entering into more detail, I may say that £100 a year private income, in addition to pay, conceding the latest concessions recommended as granted, thus becomes an allowance on which a subaltern can only live with the exercise of a most strict economy."

"A Famous War-scare."

Mr. Charles Lowe contributes a paper under the above heading, which is not very complimentary to the late M. de Blowitz, and still less complimentary to the "Times." The famous war-scare is that of 1875, when war between Germany and France was supposed to be imminent, and to have been averted owing to M. de Blowitz's famous despatch to the "Times," which led to Russian and British intervention. According to Mr. Lowe, who cites documents innumerable, the scare was a "fake," for which Prince Gortchakoff's vanity and the credulity of French diplomatists were chiefly responsible. Early in 1875 Herr von Radowitz, German Minister at Athens, was sent on an extraordinary mission to St. Petersburg, to take the place of Prince Reuss during the latter's illness:

"Bismarck had found Gortchakoff wanting in some matters of diplomatic form—which he specifies in his 'Reminiscences,' and sent Radowitz as 'a counter move against him of a personal more than political character.' In order to conceal his chagrin at this rebuff, or, rather, reproof, Gortchakoff felt it necessary to offer some other explanation of the Radowitz mission to the foreign diplomatists, and thus caused it to be whispered about that Radowitz had come to sound Russia and offer her a free hand in the East, as the price of her neutrality in the event of Germany declaring war on France!"

This was the origin of the great scare, and Mr. Lowe shows that the "Times" at first discredited Blowitz's letter, and after his death claimed that it was genuine, and that he alone had averted war. The prolonged intrigue and misunderstanding described by Mr. Lowe is too detailed to be summarised here, but his article is well worth reading.

Other Articles.

There are two other articles, one by Mr. Robert Donald, entitled "The Trust and the Town," and the other by Professor Muirhead on "The Survival of the Soul," which deals with Mr. Myers' book.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly" for July leads off with sixty-six pages equally divided between the condemnation and the advocacy of Protection. We have dealt elsewhere with the Zollverein controversy, with Mr. Herbert Vivian's characteristic article on the Servian revolution, and with Miss Sellers' character sketch of Herr Bebel.

The Bi-Centenary of St. Petersburg.

Miss Mary J. Johnston paints a vivid picture of "The Building of St. Petersburg." St. Petersburg was built on an uninhabited swamp. Workmen had to be

brought from all parts of Russia, and, what with floods, disease, and starvation, 100,000 of them died during the first year. The city was peopled by ukaz, hundreds of nobles, merchants, and tradespeople being ordered to leave their comfortable homes in Moscow and elsewhere, to live in wooden huts in the new capital. Apparently insuperable difficulties were got over by the energy of the Tsar. When stones were wanted, every large vessel entering the port was commanded to bring in thirty blocks, and every peasant's cart entering the city had to bring in three blocks. To encourage seamanship no rowing boats were allowed on the river. Twenty-five years after the foundation of the city it contained a population of 75,000. But as late as 1714 wolves prowled about the city in search of food.

The Anglo-French Entente.

Mr. Frederick Lees has a paper entitled "Some Promoters of Anglo-French Amity." He credits a good deal of the recent rapprochement to M. Delcasse, whom he describes as a resolute and sagacious statesman. After M. Delcasse he mentions M. Cambon, the French Ambassador. Dr. Barclay is the most prominent of non-official propagandists. M. Passy's services are to the cause of peace in general. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant presides over a group of one hundred French deputies formed to support the cause of arbitration in Parliament. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, M. Lavissee, and M. Molinari support the cause in their writings; but why does Mr. Lees omit M. Pinot, who has propagandised in favour of an Anglo-French alliance more recently and more vigorously than any of these? Finally, there is the considerable group of Frenchmen, headed by M. de Coubertin and M. Demolins, whose admiration for English educational methods makes them strong advocates of better relations.

The Eternal Carlylean.

Mr. W. H. Mallock makes a vigorous defence of Froude against the attacks of Sir J. Crichton-Browne, and particularly of Mr. W. S. Lilly. He says that the faults which Froude ascribed to Carlyle only look black because they are placed in artificial contrast with a Carlyle ideally perfect who was the gratuitous invention of his admirers. Just as, according to Froude's assailants, Mr. Froude caricatured what Carlyle really was, so do these assailants caricature what Froude said about Carlyle:

"A part of the charge preferred against himself, Mr. Froude admits to have been correct. He did garble his evidence. He did suppress facts; but he did this, as he shows us, not in order to blacken his friend's memory, but to screen it. Whether Mr. Froude was right in acting thus or no, the point here to be noted is that his fault, if fault there was, was of a kind precisely opposite to that with which the literary vulgar taxed him."

Touching on the Ashburton affair, Mr. Mallock maintains that Carlyle gave good cause for offence to his wife:

"As everybody who knows anything of the human heart knows, there is an infidelity of mental devotion, of admiration, and of pre-occupation, compared with which an infidelity of the mere flesh is trivial, and of this deeper infidelity Carlyle was, beyond doubt, guilty. That this infidelity was variegated by returns to his marital allegiance—that between the hours of cloud there were many moments of sunshine—this no doubt is true, and is also in fullest accordance with the ordinary behaviour of men in circumstances of this kind. But the fact remains that Carlyle's conduct in this

respect wounded Mrs. Carlyle in a far profounder manner than any infidelity of a more tangible kind could have done."

The Westminster Review.

The "Westminster Review" for July is a very good number. It opens with a sarcastic paper upon Mr. Chamberlain's ignorance of the Zollverein. The writer quotes a mild expression of regret by a moderate Liberal Hamburg editor that the British Colonial Secretary should not know that Free Trade within the German States is an institution which does not belong to the competence of the several federated States, and that he has not even heard that Hanover lost its quality as a State as long ago as thirty-seven years. Mr. J. G. Godard has a long and powerful paper entitled "Benevolent Despotism," the moral of which is that there is no such thing. Despotism cannot be benevolent; it must begin by conquest, and continue to exist by studying its own interest and sacrificing remorselessly the welfare of the subject populations.

Mr. Franklin Thomasson writes once more upon the wickedness of private land monopoly. He is persuaded that the level of the wages of unskilled labour will always be kept down to the barest minimum by the necessity labourers are under of paying competitive land rent for permission to make use of the natural materials and forces of the globe. There are a couple of papers dealing with the question of women, one by "Ignota" reviewing M. de Morsier's statement of the women's question from the French point of view, and Mrs. Montenore's paper on "The Economic Independence of Women in the Nineteenth Century," which appeared in "L'Humanite Nouvelle." Mrs. Diggs deals with Mrs. Woolsey in her review and rejoinder to her book on "Republics versus Women."

The Nineteenth Century.

With the exception of the Zollverein papers, which are dealt with among the Leading Articles, there is nothing in the "Nineteenth Century" which needs detailed summary.

Radium.

Sir Oliver Lodge writes on "Radium and Its Lessons," mentioning many curious facts. Radium, for instance, when brought near a diamond in the dark will make it glow, whereas it has no effect upon a paste diamond. Sir Oliver Lodge protests against the current idea that the discovery of radium in any way shakes the long-accepted laws of science. On the contrary, it confirms them, as the instability of matter which radium proves was theoretically required if the electric theory of its constitution were true, and radium completes this theory instead of destroying it. Radium gives us in embryo a transmutation of the elements:

"The recognised elements which we know so well must clearly be comparatively stable and persistent forms, but it does not follow that they are infinitely stable and perpetual; the probability is that every now and then, whether by the shock of collision or otherwise, the rapidity of motion necessary for instability will be attained by some one atom, and then that particular atom will fling off the fragment and emit the rays of which we have spoken, and begin a series of evolutionary changes of which the details may have to be worked out separately for each chemical element. If

there be any truth in this speculation, matter is an evanescent and transient phenomenon, subject to gradual decay and decomposition by the action of its own internal forces and motions, somewhat as has been suspected, and to some extent ascertained to be the case for energy."

Motoring and the Law.

Mr. W. B. Woodgate contributes a paper on "The Motor and the Birthright of the Highway," in which he makes the distinction that motor traffic has only a statutory right to use the roads, whereas horse and pedestrian traffic has a right under common law. It appears in fact that a pedestrian or driver can do anything that is not prohibited on the road, whereas a motor-driver can do only what he is allowed to do by statute—"while the motor needs statute to bring it on to the road, other traffic requires statute to denude it of any of its common-law privileges." Mr. Woodgate argues in favour of registration and numbering, and against granting motors unlimited speed privileges. The roads, he says, are meant primarily for use, whereas fast motoring is mainly a pastime. Motor-buses and motor-vans do not need to exceed the present time-speed:

"When children of the poor, whose facilities and locality of pastime are far more limited than those of the wealthy classes, desire to multiply hoops in thoroughfares, or to seek enjoyment at impromptu football or skittle-cricket on the macadam, they are promptly tabooed by the police; and divers local councils very properly enact by-laws against the dangers of children's hoops in the roadways. While disclaiming any sentiment of Socialism, it seems to the writer to be an anomaly to recognise a claim for pastime on the highway that may result in any curtailment of the enjoyment of that highway by the rest of the public, and which is inconsistent so long as use of the highway is refused to the toys of the children of the poor. Any legislature that would overlook this, and would legislate for higher motor velocity for machines designed almost exclusively for pastime and not for commerce, risks the imputation of legislating for the classes against the masses; for plutocrat pastime to be privileged to the detraction of public convenience."

Other Articles.

Mr. Lionel G. Robinson writes on "Constitutional Government in Hungary." Mr. C. Milnes Gaskell complains of "The Pollution of Our Rivers," and mentions that on the Calder River in time of flood forty dead dogs would pass one spot on a single day. Mr. R. Bosworth Smith has one of his charming natural history papers.

The Engineering Magazine.

The July number opens with an article by Sylvester Stewart which most thoroughly upsets the theories advanced by many motorists who predict that the automobile will wipe out the railway.

Steel Rails v. Macadam.

Mr. Stewart devotes his attention chiefly to an article by Sir Henry Norman, upon the doom of the railway, and destroys its arguments piecemeal. He admits that the automobile has a great future, but it can never compete with cars which run on steel rails. The fact that the traction or pull of a vehicle on the very best macadam road is at least four times as great as on steel rails makes Sir Henry's claims of "equal comfort, capacity, and economy" look rather ridiculous:

"If the immense traffic of a long-distance railway, on which hundreds of trains must run at night, were transferred to a macadam road, that road would have to be lighted its entire length, or every vehicle would have to carry a light as powerful as, or more powerful than, the railway locomotive now carries. As a locomotive on macadam could not round curves with a train of more than two cars, it would be necessary to use ten to twenty times as many locomotives as now, which would mean much greater expense for light."

As for "equal speed" being attained by the automobile on macadam, Mr. Stewart says:

"Sixty miles per hour is safe on rails; fifteen miles is dangerous on macadam, as would soon be realised if the immense traffic on one of our railways were thrown on to a macadam road. On a railway we see thousands of cars daily passing thousands of others, almost touching, yet so accurately guided by the rails that accidents are rare, and would be much rarer if we could be satisfied with fifteen miles per hour, all that we could expect from passenger and freight vehicles running on macadam."

The chief mission of the automobile is to change city streets from manure yards to clean thoroughfares. The horse is unfit for use on city streets. He occupies too much space; he is too hard to steer, and he has the wrong kind of feet on him.

Electricity in Agriculture.

Emile Guarini writes upon the application of electricity to agriculture. By far the most important is the adaptation of electric motors to the work of ploughing. Electricity is used to run various machines used for cutting straw, hay, carrots, for breaking up oil-cake, threshing wheat, etc. One of the most novel machines is said to be much used in Galicia; it is used for felling trees, and is said to do its work very well and quickly. In Algeria electricity is used for driving a sort of collector which picks up grapes from the ground, and carries them to the press.

Other Articles.

Mr. F. M. Kimball concludes his series of articles upon the use of the small electric motor. Mr. Kershaw gives his third paper upon the promotion of industrial efficiency and national prosperity. Commercial management of factories by S. Andrews, iron pipe in structural work by E. P. Watson, and liquid fuel for power purposes by A. L. Williston make up a very interesting number.

Page's Magazine.

Mr. Rous-Marten continues his interesting articles upon British locomotives for abroad in the July number.

Automatic Sprinklers.

Fire protection of workshops forms the subject of an interesting article by Mr. J. W. G. Simons. He deals with the many different systems in use. He concludes with the automatic sprinklers which are now pretty generally fitted in fair-sized shops. He says:

"I have been present at various times at tests of these sprinklers, and they have always seemed to perform their work very satisfactorily. They are undoubtedly fully capable of holding a fire in check, and the automatic fire alarm, which is a special and most useful factor in the system, calls attention to a fire having started. Perhaps the most eloquent testimony this form of appliance can have is the large rebate allowed by fire insurance companies, for it has certainly not:

been my experience that fire offices allow any reductions unless they have very good grounds for so doing."

The Great Manchurian Railway.

An interesting article on the Manchurian railway is contributed by Mr. Alfred Stead. It is illustrated by some good photographs, chiefly of the work of construction. The cost of the whole line is 308 million roubles. The railway was built almost entirely by Chinese labour, directed by Russian engineers and under engineers. To a great extent the labour had to be brought in from Northern China, and the coolies employed had not the most rudimentary idea of engineering work. The average wage for this work is 10d. a day. The steel work of the numerous bridges comes chiefly from Russia and Belgium, having been brought by sea to Inkow, on the Liao River. On the southern section of the line there are many stone bridges, some having a length of 1,400 feet. The stations are built of stone, and the line is well laid. The railway guards are stationed every 15 versts, and there are never less than twelve men in a post. The railway is the connecting link which makes it possible to travel from Paris to Dalny—the Far Eastern terminus—in a fortnight.

The New Liberal Review.

The "New Liberal" for July is an armoury of facts and arguments against Protection. There are only four general articles in the number. Mr. W. H. Dawson deals with the German elections, which, he says, were fought upon one question, whether the interests of trade and industry should be sacrificed to the interests of the landowners. It had been estimated "that if the Tariff should be passed in its present form the average German family of five—husband, wife, and three children—would have to pay from £6 to £7 10s. more per year for foodstuffs of all kinds. What that would mean for the working-classes, who are already sufficiently handicapped by restricted resources, may be imagined."

Mr. Atherley Jones writes on "The Tragedy of Finland," without saying anything new except his attribution of the attack on the Finns to M. Pobiedonosteff, who was in reality only a supporter, and by no means the original inspirer of the anti-Finnish crusade. Mr. Leicester Harmsworth puts "The Case for the Crofter," which he maintains is a case for land legislation on the Irish pattern. Mr. A. W. Myers writes on "The Revival of Lawn Tennis."

Blackwood's Magazine.

There is a great deal of quaint and curious reading in the July number. Its most serious article is the last, that quoted elsewhere, on "A Self-Sustaining Empire." It laments our having rebuffed the Shah of Persia in such a way as to cause him to fling himself into the arms of Russia, with Russian ascendancy at Teheran as a consequence; and it earnestly enforces by right of our historical position and present trade in the Persian Gulf Lord Lansdowne's declaration that any attempt to establish a foreign naval foothold in the Gulf would be resisted with all our powers. The author of "Musings Without Method" endeavours to gibbet Sir James Crichton-Browne for his attack upon Mrs. Carlyle. In the course of much satiric advice to young journalists, he reminds them that already the star of the journalist is paling before the supremacy

of the advertiser. Mr. Andrew Lang, after exposing the ruthless massacre of prisoners by Covenanters, and those under the influence of Covenanting preachers, describes, under the heading of "A Christian Under the Covenant," the more merciful policy of Sir James Turner, the original of Scott's "Dugald Dalgetty." Mr. Harold Parsons revives the memory of Captain John Smith of Virginia, whom he describes as the founder of the United States, and as the Jacobean counterpart to the Elizabethan Drake. A review of a history of Scottish literature remarks with pleasure that "the period of the kailyard assault on the dignity of Scottish literature synchronised with the beginning of a remarkable development of interest in the older vernacular literature." Under the heading of "Personalia" "Sigma" contributes several pages of gossip about noted or eccentric lawyers of bygone days.

The World's Work.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Henry Norman upon the very admirable magazine which he is now editing, and which is not only a credit to himself, but also to British magazines. The July number is capital from every point of view. It is admirably illustrated, its contents are varied, there is not a dull article in the whole number, and it is full of interesting information brightly told. It is true that the editorial record and comment upon the March of Events is somewhat meagre and might be extended with advantage; the items deal only with questions of Protection, the assassination at Belgrade, and the massacre at Kisheneff, but that is almost the only criticism we have to offer upon the magazine.

The Gordon-Bennett Race.

The most important paper in the magazine deals with the motor world, and occupies twenty-two pages, the greater part of which is devoted to the Gordon-Bennett race. Mr. Norman says that two firms are about to put on the market motor-cars priced at 120 guineas, and that each firm is building a thousand for sale this season. He points out that while horse-drawn vehicles within the last nine months have killed 320 persons and injured 2,142, there was not a single person killed last year in the London district by motor-cars. Mr. Norman also contributes a very sensible and lucid paper upon the Preferential Trade, and promises to devote next month's issue to a complete guide to the study of Protection in theory and practice, at home and abroad. Mr. Chalmers Roberts describes a new form of recreation which electric tramways are introducing into our country districts. The tram-tripper promises to be a great feature in the rural life in England in the near future. There is a brief paper describing the introduction of the railless trams which are now being used in Germany. These trams are driven on ordinary roads by overhead wires, and the saving in cost of construction is estimated at £8,000 a mile.

An American Sculptor.

Another admirable paper is Mr. Arthur Goodrich's account of Solon Borglum in a paper entitled "The Sculptor of the Wild West." Mr. Borglum is of Danish descent, but was born in St. Louis, and he, better than any other sculptor of the present day, has succeeded in embodying the spirit of the Wild West, with its horses and buffaloes in sculpture. In his work, says Mr. Goodrich, there is a swinging rush of the stampeded herd, the sway of the wind in the prairie grass, and the mystical union of all with the

horse and its rider. There are several papers dealing with life in the country; one gives a pleasant account of open-air life and camping out. Another, which is illustrated with a number of charming photographs, describes the difficulties in the way of those who go back to the land and endeavour to live in the country on limited means. Mr. Tighe Hopkins writes a paper on international language, in which he says that Esperanto is holding its own against many rivals; it is so simple, that with the help of Mr. O'Connor's admirable grammar, published at the "Review of Reviews" office, it can be understood in an hour, and after mastering this, and committing to memory some nine hundred words, you have a working knowledge of the language. "No international language will succeed," says Mr. Hopkins, "which cannot be learned within a month." Esperantists say that a fortnight is enough to learn it in, and the cost of the acquisition is 1s. 6d.

East and West.

A great shock has been given to public sentiment by the suggestion, founded on Mr. Booth's and Mr. Rowntree's researches, that nearly one-third of the population of the United Kingdom is in a state of poverty, i.e., ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed. Yet a much more terrible state of affairs is alleged in "East and West" to prevail in India. "Rusticus," writing on "a peasantry of paupers," avers:

"The bulk of the King's people are paupers, without organisation and without a poor-law. The ordinary course of their passage through life is one of debt and distress; its sole relief being an occasional period of starvation, which ends the suffering for many. By far the greatest number of His Majesty's subjects are always on one side or the other of the line that marks the minimum of subsistence."

Wanted: Sympathy with the Natives.

In consequence, our well-intentioned Indian Government, he says, seems to be confronted by the not very remote prospect of a pauperised population and a national insolvency. He refers to the action taken by the Indian Famine Union. Another writer, Jiwanram Mehtaji, puts in a plea for the peasant. He says the ryot is a born debtor, and he much prefers dealing with the money-lender to dealing with the Government. The money-lender is an intermediary, who understands both. The writer's plea is for greater sympathy with the natives and endeavour to understand his position on the part of the Indian officials. He says "a little accessibility, a smiling face, and a few kind words may go a long way to induce the poor ryot to speak out his mind without fear of consequences. The Indian heart is always responsive to kindness." A similar pathetic note is struck in unsigned reminiscences of forty years ago. The writer laments the departure of "the old disinterested intimacy" that used to prevail between Englishmen and natives. He says "the English in India are constituting a new caste—the white official caste. Need it be more exclusive than our Brahmin caste?"

Asiatic Quarterly Review.

The "Asiatic Quarterly Review" for July contains several very interesting papers, which we regret not to be able to notice at greater length; the first is by Mr. C. W. Whish, who discusses the Indian problem of social intercourse, both in India and in England. He

thinks that the English people ought to do more to show hospitality to Indian visitors, and he suggests that special efforts should be made to open up as many opportunities to Indians as possible of enjoying the charm of English home-life at its best. Periodical social gatherings should be arranged, where Indian visitors could meet members of Parliament and others. He thinks that there should be a topic for discussion as well as refreshments. He also suggests that it would be well to revive the salon, so as to afford social centres where our Indian fellow-subjects could meet for the social discussion of political subjects. He also urges that something should be done to protect Indian students from the danger of the metropolis, and would utilise the Imperial Institute as a general meeting-place.

The Indians in South Africa.

Mr. A. R. Bonus reviews with hostile intent Mr. Digbie's "British India." A considerable portion of the review is devoted to Sir William Wedderburn's paper on the grievances of our Indian subjects in the Transvaal, and the discussion which it evoked at the East Indian Association. Sir William Wedderburn sketches the way in which we first of all complained of President Kruger's ill-treatment of our Indian fellow-subjects, and then forthwith proceeded to treat them worse ourselves. He proceeds to give us conclusions as to what ought to be done at once, which are to be found in the following passage:

"First, that before any anti-Indian legislation is sanctioned, a full and formal inquiry as to the necessity for such legislation should be made by an impartial authority, under the direction of the Colonial Office; secondly, that the burden of proof lies entirely upon those who desire to impose disabilities upon the Indians, or any other class of His Majesty's subjects; and, thirdly, that, pending the inquiry, the Pretoria notification of April 8 last should be withdrawn, so as to place all the parties on a fair and equal footing. So far as we can judge from the records, trade jealousy and race prejudice have been the principal inciting causes of enmity."

Boxerism a Benefit to China.

A Chinese contributor, of the name of Taw Sein Ko, writes jubilantly concerning Reformed China and Her Destiny. In the course of his paper he makes one remark that is somewhat novel: he maintains that Boxerism has rendered indirectly good service to China, and proved among other things the high regard in which female honour is held by the Celestials. In the slaughter of nearly two hundred missionaries, no dishonour was done to feminine modesty. The race which has a respect for woman, and esteems female chastity even above life, deserves a high place in the nations.

The Origin of the Minotaur.

Mr. Lucas, in an interesting paper describing Crete as the bridge by which the culture of Asia passed into Europe, suggests a curious explanation of the old legend of the Minotaur:

"The bull-fights depicted on the palace walls of Knossos, with the practically nude toreadors of both sexes, may have originated the other legend. Such a sport was, of course, highly dangerous, and only too likely to be accompanied by frequent fatal accidents. If the Knossians compelled or persuaded subject cities to furnish youths and maidens to be trained for these bull-fights, the legend that captives were transported to Crete and devoured by a bull-like monster requires but little imagination to account for its growth."

The American Review of Reviews.

The "American Review of Reviews" for July contains a considerable number of interesting articles dealing with the topics of the moment. The editor of "Forestry and Irrigation," for instance, describes forest fires in the United States, which he says destroy annually ten millions sterling worth of property. The United States, however, suffer as much from water as from fire, and Mr. C. M. Harger describes the recent floods in the Middle West, where in May ten inches of rain fell in twenty-four hours. The Western rivers, swollen by the floods, changed their courses in many cases, and, rushing through populous towns, tore away the buildings, swept away railway bridges, and inflicted enormous damage to both life and property. Mr. Silas C. Adams describes the latest results of an Arctic exploration. The longest and most elaborate paper deals with the past and the future of the Erie Canal. By this canal the average cost of transportation from Buffalo to New York will, when the canal is enlarged, be only one-fifth of the railway rate. When the changes now contemplated are carried out, New York expects that it will once more become the master of the trade of the West.

The Century.

In the July number of the "Century" is begun the publication of a series of letters written by Sir Walter Scott to Mary Anne Watts Hughes, the wife of Dr. Hughes, Canon of St. Paul's, and grandmother of Thomas Hughes, author of the "Tom Brown" books. This correspondence seems to have begun as early as 1808, but the letters were not regularly preserved until 1821. It is surmised by Mr. William H. Hughes, a surviving grandson of Mrs. Hughes, that it was about this time that Mrs. Hughes began to suspect Sir Walter Scott's authorship of the famous novels, and perceived for the first time that her correspondence would some day be of interest to the world at large. For ten years from that date the letters were religiously preserved. The period that is covered by this correspondence is perhaps the most interesting period of Sir Walter Scott's life, at the time when he was at the zenith of his powers and fame. In the first instalment of the correspondence, which is given in this number of the "Century," there are several references to points of literary interest, and especially several sly allusions to passages in "Kenilworth" and other tales, the authorship of which had not at that time been revealed.

Another Study of Wesley.

The first portion of an elaborate study of John Wesley, by Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, is published in this number of the "Century." Wesley's Georgia mission is pronounced a failure in some respects, but Professor Winchester notes the influence on Wesley of a number of Moravians who had accepted Oglethorpe's invitation to settle in his new colony. In these Moravians, Wesley seemed to see a new type of religion, and on his voyage home he writes in his journal the bitter words quoted in the June number of the "Review of Reviews" by Dr. Buckley: "I, who went to America to convert others, was never converted myself." Wesley's personal experiences following his return from the Georgia mission determined all his subsequent life and work.

Harper's Magazine.

In the July number of "Harper's," Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard, writing on the subject of "Plant and Animal Intelligence," declares his belief that not only is the animal series, from the lowest to the highest forms, in some measure influenced by intelligence, but that the old views as to the strong demarcation between plants and animals must be revised, that there is reason to conclude that plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, and that hence we are in no condition to say that intelligence cannot exist but among men. "In fact, all that we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work."

Dr. A. F. Chamberlain, writing on "The Survival of Human Personality," declares that while we may never be able to demonstrate to a certainty the survival of human personality after death, science has absolutely no quarrel with religion in the matter, and will not consent to be set off against faith as altogether antipodal. "The true scientist is pre-eminently a man of faith, and a poet besides, and in his own personality he discovers the proof of its immortal destiny."

McClure's Magazine.

Under the title "Philadelphia: Corrupt and Contented," Mr. Lincoln Steffens makes, in the July "McClure's," a scathing exposure of boss rule in the Quaker City for the past generation, concluding, however, with a commendation of the present mayor, the Hon. John Weaver, who is described as the hope of Philadelphia; but with this parting shot at the Philadelphia voter, who has complacently submitted to all manner of fraud and injustice in the past: "It looks as if the Philadelphians were right about Mr. Weaver, but what if they are? Think of a city putting its whole faith in one man, in the hope that John Weaver, an Englishman by birth, will give them good government! And why should he do that? Why should he serve the people and not the ring? The ring can make or break him; the people of Philadelphia can neither reward nor punish him. For even if he restores to them their ballots and proves himself a good mayor, he cannot succeed himself; the good character forbids."

Snake Fallacies.

"The Story of the Snake," by A. W. Rolker, is really a collection of interesting stories of many species of the snake family. Some of the old misconceptions regarding the lives of snakes are knocked in the head by Mr. Rolker's article. He tells us, for example, that the setting of the sun has nothing to do with the death of a snake. When a snake is decapitated, it is dead at once. The tail will remain sensitive, and will wriggle for several hours after death, but the movement is purely spasmodic, and ceases in time without reference to the position of the sun. Another popular fallacy that this article explodes is that a rattlesnake will commit suicide, when hopelessly cornered, by sinking its own fangs into its sides. No poisonous snake is susceptible to the poison of its own kind. Again, it has often been said that a black snake will open its mouth to swallow its young in time of danger. It is a fact that the black snake does swallow its young when threatened, but we are told that there is no record that the little ones ever see daylight again. In fact, the mother snake has been convicted of the worst form of cannibalism.

Scribner's Magazine.

General John B. Gordon's vivid account of the battle of Gettysburg in the July number of "Scribner's" marks the fortieth anniversary of that great contest. Perhaps the most interesting feature of General Gordon's paper is his personal explanation of how the Confederates failed to seize Cemetery Ridge on the evening of the first day's battle, when the Federal troops were driven from the field. It was General Gordon himself who begged from the Confederate commanders the opportunity to occupy the position, but was prevented by superior orders. Pickett's charge on the third day has been many times described, but never before has so stirring and eloquent an account been given from the Confederate side. It is General Gordon's belief that had Lee's orders been promptly and cordially executed, the Union army would have been defeated.

The Most Ancient of Living Trees.

"The Cedars of Lebanon," famous for thousands of years, and now surviving in a remnant of about four hundred trees, are described by Mr. Lewis Gaston Leary. These trees, Mr. Leary says, are not the largest of the members of the tree family, though some of the trunks measure over forty feet around. Their beauty lies in the wide-spreading limbs, which often cover a circle two or three hundred feet in circumference. The vitality of the cedar is remarkable. A dead tree is never seen, except where lightning or the axe has been at work. The cedars are also remarkable for their slow growth. A little sprout, hardly waist-high, may be ten, fifteen, or twenty years old. Mr. Leary says that by the aid of the microscope he has counted more than seven hundred rings on a bough only thirty inches in diameter. Some experts have come to the conclusion that some of these trees must be more than a thousand years old. One or two of the group may have been young trees when Hiram began cutting for the temple at Jerusalem.

The Cosmopolitan.

In the "Captains of Industry" series, Mr. James Stillman, the president of the National City Bank of New York City,—the greatest bank in America,—is the subject of a sketch contributed to the July "Cosmopolitan" by Mr. Edwin Lefevre.

Co-operative Housekeeping.

An experiment in co-operative housekeeping, in which two families participated, is described by Martha Martin. These two families were neighbours in a New York City apartment. Each family was keeping a maid for cooking and general housework, and, in addition, had a woman to come in once a week to do the laundry work. It was agreed to combine the machinery or appliances of the kitchen, and to reduce the working force. This was done by dispensing with the laundresses. One kitchen was used solely for cooking purposes, while the other was made the common laundry. One of the maids became cook for the combined household, and the other did the laundry work for the two families, and waited on the table, besides helping the cook wash the dinner dishes in the evening. It was found that whereas each family had formerly spent about eight dollars a month for light and fuel, for the combined households the bill was about ten dollars, a saving of about six dollars a month.

For service, each family had spent sixteen dollars a month for general housemaid, and eight dollars for laundress. By dispensing with the laundresses, each saved eight dollars, making a total saving of sixteen dollars a month on this item. When alone, each family had spent about sixteen dollars a month for meat. For the larger family, only eighteen dollars was required. Each family had been spending about thirty-five dollars a month for groceries, and on this item there was a saving of about thirty dollars, for bills under the new arrangement were only about forty dollars per month. It should be said, however, that each of these families consisted of only two persons.

King Menelek of Abyssinia.

In a character sketch of King Menelek of Abyssinia, Mr. W. T. Stead says that Menelek's personal authority is the only bond that unites the Abyssinian Kingdom, and he asserts it constantly, in small matters and in great. If a chief displeases him, he calls him to the palace, and administers with his own hand a severe beating. He roams at all hours of the night through the streets of his capital, and with the aid of a powerful field glass keeps watch upon his subjects and his courtiers.

Munsey's Magazine.

In the opening article of the July "Munsey's," Mr. Harvey Sutherland describes some of "The Gardens of the Rich," showing how American millionaires have created great country-places, decorated in the landscape gardener's finest art. Pre-eminent among these country-places, of course, is Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's "Biltmore," near Asheville, N.C. The parks and villas of a different type are also described,—for example, the Italian garden of the Hollis Hunnewell estate, in Wellesley, Mass. This writer voices a criticism that is frequently made of these magnificent estates,—that they are in places too remote and inaccessible for the general public to inspect them, and are too often screened off from the public, whereas in England, as a rule, the people are invited to look in upon and enter these private parks.

A few of "The Men About the President,"—that is, those officeholders and private citizens whom President Roosevelt most frequently calls into consultation,—are sketched in a brief article by Mr. Day Allen Willey.

A Rising American Sculptor.

Mr. Charles Hall Garrett contributes a sketch of Henry Merwin Shady, the self-taught young sculptor, who has won the competition for the quarter-million-dollar Grant monument to be erected in Washington. Three years ago, Mr. Shady was an employee of a match company. On his way home from work, afternoons, he used to stop before a fancier's window and make sketches in a note-book of the dogs and cats he saw there. He painted a portrait of a fox terrier that he owned, and his wife, without his knowledge, offered it to an exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Mr. Shady, when he went to the exhibition, was surprised to see it there, and to learn that it had been sold for fifty dollars. Mr. Shady's next undertaking was to model the group known as "Artillery Going Into Action." A photograph of this work caught the eye of a representative of a New York silver house dealing in Russian bronzes, who called on Mr. Shady, and suggested that he should devote himself to modelling miniature statues. Two small Rus-

sian bronzes, one a moose and the other a buffalo, attracted the attention of Karl Bitter, who induced Mr. Shradly to enlarge them for the Pan-American Exhibition in Buffalo. All this work was successful, and won immediate recognition. Mr. Shradly is particularly strong in his knowledge of animals, for he made a special study of biology, and spent much time at the Zoological Gardens at Bronx Park. His studies and sketches are principally of moose and buffaloes.

Frank Leslie's Monthly.

In the July number of "Frank Leslie's," Mr. William Thorp tells the story of the expedition of M. Eugene Andre through the heart of Venezuela. As a voyage of scientific discovery, this expedition, which cost the lives of six men, was practically fruitless, excepting that M. Andre got some geographical knowledge. Andre had hoped to reach the summit of Mount Ameha, but on the second day of the ascent the climbers were brought face to face with a sheer wall of granite that was absolutely insurmountable. Early in the expedition, Andre had made valuable collections of unknown and very rare specimens, but these were lost in the river rapids, and with them the clothing, cooking utensils, tools, provisions, and everything of use to the expedition. It was only after a series of almost unendurable hardships that the party finally got back to civilisation.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The July number of the "Atlantic" is largely made up of contributions from Pacific coast writers, although the subjects of these contributions are by no means merely local. The number opens with a paper on "The Literary Development of the Pacific Coast," by Mr. Herbert Bashford, followed by a characteristic criticism of Professor Sargent's "Silva of North America," by John Muir, written with special reference to the trees of the Pacific coast; "Life at a Mountain Observatory" is described by Ethel Fountain Hussey; "The Voice of the Scholar" is the subject of a contribution by President David Starr Jordan; President Benjamin Ide Wheeler outlines the possibility of "A National Type of Culture," as based on the American system of public education; Mr. Bradford Torrey contributes an interesting sketch of "A Bunch of Texas and Arizona Birds."

Continental Magazines.

La Revue de Paris.

M. Monod's very suggestive and interesting paper on the public health, also a Berliner's article on the German elections, are two articles of importance in the "Revue." The visit of King Edward to Portugal has inspired M. Chaumie to describe the relations which have so long bound that country to Great Britain. The writer considers that the day may come when the British Empire will not only absorb the Portuguese Colonies, but also Portugal herself! In any case, he severely blames the French Government for having practically neglected its country's interests in Portugal, and he wishes to point out how dangerous it is for a small country to link its destinies in any way to one which is mighty and ambitious. It would appear as

if the "Revue de Paris" had become quite definitely the organ of the French Colonial party, for out of fifteen articles published in the two June numbers, three deal directly or indirectly with foreign and colonial affairs. Of the three, the least important is that on Portugal and her relations with England, while the most interesting is undoubtedly M. de Guzman's paper on the several parts played by French capitalists and French colonists in Tonkin.

Perhaps because the French are such thrifty and industrious people they attach a far greater importance than is done here to the possession of capital. There are few examples in France of the boy who, starting out with half-a-crown in his pocket, lives to become a millionaire. The French lad only possessed of half-a-crown would certainly be lacking in the spirit of enterprise, one might almost say the spirit of gambling, which sometimes enables the shrewd Scotch boy gradually to accumulate from the humblest beginning a vast fortune. On the other hand, a Frenchman is content to start a business with far less capital than would be considered safe or wise in Britain, and M. Guzman believes that with a sum of £400 a Frenchman can emigrate to Tonkin, and, after an interval of comparatively few years, accumulate many thousands of pounds. He admits that, in order to ensure success, the kind of man he has in his eye must be himself a strong and determined worker, full of hope and determination, and willing to put his own shoulder to the wheel. The French Government offer every kind of concession to the right kind of colonist; still, the writer gives a very melancholy, and obviously a very true, picture of the many difficulties which meet from the outset the Frenchman who goes to Tonkin much as his English brother goes to Canada. He points out that many Frenchmen arriving at Hanoy are eager at once to accept far larger concessions than they can have any hope of turning to profit, without a more practical knowledge of the country, and of its possibilities, than they are likely to acquire in a few months' stay in the capital. He very warmly recommends a would-be Colonial land-owner to take a subordinate position on the estate of a French planter who is known to be successful, for after an apprenticeship of two years so spent he will be able to place a few hundreds of pounds to far better advantage than he could have done thousands at an earlier stage of his knowledge of Tonkin. The man who can start with a capital of some five or six thousand pounds he advises to go in for rice culture, but he apparently considers equally profitable the raising of rice, coffee, tea and cotton. The whole article is interesting, as it strikes almost for the first time in the French press the warning note with which Englishmen are so familiar, and which may be briefly summed up by the words, "No man who is rich and idle, or who is industrious and penniless, can hope to make a fortune in Greater France."

General Trochu continues his notes on the Crimean War, and he pays a high tribute to a certain General Simpson, whom he implies had been raised from the ranks, and the terms of whose despatch, when describing the taking of the Malakoff Tower, filled the French commander with emotion, for in it the British leader did not hesitate to give all the credit to the French, thus injuring his own career.

The new Fourth Party supplies material for Mr. Alexander Mackintosh's portraiture in the "Woman at Home." He remarks on the new life and colour which have been lent to the previously humdrum movement of the House of Commons by the sudden emergence of these young men.

La Revue.

"La Revue" for June 1 opens with a paper by Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, M.P., on "Ireland; Its Language, Its Liberty." Professor J. Jussieu, writing on "Le Krach de l'Intellectuelle," records the failures of Feminism, and of co-education in particular. He points out that even women's colleges recruit their professorial staffs from among men, and claims that women have shown themselves decidedly intellectually inferior. The question of the rights of women has nothing to do with the question of intellectual equality. Legitimate feminism's object is to see that society shall make women suffer as little as possible from their natural inferiority—in other words, shall play the part of a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But intellectual feminism as tested in America, says M. Jussieu, has proved a failure. This article is appropriately followed by a paper on "Nos Droits sur l'Animal," in which M. Camille Melinand shows good reason for thinking that animals are not really inferior to men. The fact that they do not progress is merely proof that they have attained the perfection of their species, a perfection which we are far from. M. Jussieu has just been showing that women do not progress, so if M. Melinand is right, women are superior to men; or, to put it otherwise, as animals are equal to men, and women are lower, women are lower than animals.

Brittany.

Count Antin de Croze writes on the Great Misery of Brittany, apropos of the recent famine, which he declares was not due to the failure of the sardine fishing, which occupies only a small part of the people, but to lack of foresight, indolence, routine, clerical exploitation, and alcoholism, which he declares are national vices. The average Breton is of an apathy and improvidence incredible. The fishers never insure their boats, and lose heavily every year; they specialise in one kind of fishing and are helpless when it fails, and the country is overrun with publicans. Famine is, therefore, periodical, and returns each winter without exception, and Count de Croze denounces the appeal for assistance of last winter as a mere political manoeuvre.

Serum in Powders and Pastilles.

Dr. R. Romme describes the new methods invented by Drs. Martin and Calmette for replacing the subcutaneous injection of anti-diphtheritic and anti-tetanic serum. Dr. Martin administers serum in the form of a pastille which destroys all bacilli in the throat of a diphtheritic patient. Dr. Calmette has invented a powder which, when laid on a wound within a short time after infection, effectually prevents lockjaw, a complaint which Dr. Romme asserts kills a fifth of the children born in hot countries, in Indo-China and in Africa. The serum acts exactly in the same way as when injected under the skin, and keeps its anti-tetanic qualities indefinitely; and the operation is as simple as the laying of a pinch of powder on a cut. There is an article on Enrico Corradini, as "The Poet of Caesarism." Max Nordau concludes tragically his story "Panna."

The French Army.

The second number opens with an important article by M. Messimy on "The Armed Peace," the burden of which he alleges France can alleviate. Compared with America, he says, Europe is in the situation of an old business house, burdened with heavy debts, encumbered with a uselessly great staff, competing with powerful and young houses which have reduced their

expenses to a minimum, are perfectly equipped, and have no debts. France is, of course, most burdened of all, for she spends 35 per cent. of her resources on military preparations. Every Frenchman is born into the world with a debt of 750 francs upon his shoulders. For every million Frenchmen 5,260 are annually called under the flag, as against 4,120 Germans and 2,810 Russians. M. Messimy states that to get these recruits weaklings have to be taken, and he says that the mortality in the French Army is three and a half times greater than that of the German. In view of the non-increase of the French population, M. Messimy recognises that this is inevitable if France is to keep up as large an army as her rivals. His recommendation is to abandon this ambition, and to reduce the army by at least 100,000. He also urges that the number of generals should be cut down by half, and younger men appointed. The military budget would fall from 910,000,000 francs to 775,000,000 francs, and the army, as a fighting machine, would be superior to the present.

The Insurance of Future Children.

Augusta Moll-Weiss, in a short paper entitled "To Conquer the Mothers," suggests that every couple, before marrying, should compulsorily insure the future of their children. She suggests that five centimes a day would be a sufficient premium. At every birth the mother would receive a certain sum, which would diminish as the child grew older and capable of shifting for itself. She demands, also, the foundation of "schools of mothers," where young girls should be taught, in addition to housekeeping, how to bring up children.

There are several other interesting papers in this number, notably one on Eugene Tchirikoff, a new Russian writer. Tigrane Yergate deals with the poetry of the Greek Literary Movement, and M. Georges Pellissier with the last novels of Anatole France and of Edouard Rod.

La Nouvelle Revue.

The only really interesting and noteworthy article in the two numbers of "La Nouvelle Revue" is that which deals with the lot of the half million children workers of France. In this matter, France is now in the same position as was the England of 1803, and had it not been for the efforts made by such philanthropists as the late Lord Shaftesbury, our country might still be undermined by this most horrible evil. Indeed, quite recently have we not seen honoured members of the theatrical profession coming forward to defend the practice of allowing quite little children to take part in theatrical performances?

M. Dagan, the writer of this excellent paper, has made the subject of the child worker one of exhaustive inquiry. He finds that an extraordinary number of children are employed in the delightful cake shops and confectioners' which are one of the glories of mercantile Paris. Sometimes the poor little creatures engaged in this branch of trade work from twelve to seventeen hours a day, and in some cases they are expected to be up all Saturday night preparing for Sunday's work, for the Paris confectioner does most business on the day when other people are idle. Strangely enough, the children employed by confectioners are in almost every case apprentices; not only do they earn nothing, but often a premium of from £8 to £20 has been paid in order that they may learn the business. Yet another trade in which boys play

a great part is that of printing; and many girl children are employed, at a wage of twenty francs a month, in all those businesses which concern what may be called the luxury of clothes. The Bishop of Nancy lately made a determined effort to put an end to the child worker in certain religious houses which make a speciality of fine needlework, and the letter written by the Bishop to the Cardinal Prefect of the Roman Tribunal, which had for difficult task that of deciding between a certain convent which employed child workers, and its ecclesiastical superior, is quoted at great length. It is to be hoped that M. Dagan's eloquent pages will cause the French Government to look well into this question, so important for the welfare of the nation.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

The "Revue des Deux Mondes" for June are both interesting numbers. We have noticed elsewhere M. Dastre's article on liqueurs; and M. Pinon's on Gibraltar and Malta, and M. Farge's on how to make France "the Playground of Europe," will repay perusal.

The Sorcery Case.

M. de Segur continues his account of the trial of the Marshal of Luxembourg for sorcery. The most appalling charges were made against the Marshal, of orgies and sacrifices offered up to the devil, and that he had not only had three children by his sister-in-law, the Princess of Tingry, but that he had put them to death. As a peer of France, Luxembourg had the right of being tried by the Parliament, but the King had established his species of Star Chamber to investigate all these sorcery cases, and the Marshal's submission to this was afterwards made a great reproach against him. The so-called trial dragged on until ultimately Louis XIV. ordered the prisoner to be released from the Bastille; but on condition that he should leave Paris for one of his country estates, and should not come nearer than twenty leagues to the capital.

The German Magazines.

The "Socialistische Monatshefte" contains an article by William Duwell, which should have great interest to English readers. It tells of the fearful worm disease of which cases are now reported from Cornwall. Mr. Duwell bitterly attacks the decision of the conference on the subject, which assembled on April 6 this year. It decided that no drastic measures were to be taken against the plague until further researches had been made. Meanwhile, the number of sufferers increases rapidly year by year. In 1897 there were 125; in 1901, 1,029; and in the first nine months of last year 1,200. A man may be discharged from hospital cured, and before long be back again as bad as ever. The only satisfactory thing about the scourge that has as yet been found out is that women escape the attacks of the worms entirely. The plague was imported into Italy from the Tropics, and thence workmen carried it to Austria-Hungary, and Hungarian workmen brought it to Germany. They were supposed to be rigidly examined before being permitted to work in the mines, but the examination was superficial, and sometimes was not even made. In fact, according to Mr. Duwell, the mine authorities have all along thrown many obstacles in the way of preventive measures. These, he says, entail expense, which must be avoided at all costs. The worm itself is from six to eight millimetres long—the female four milli-

metres longer—and belong to the *Dochmius* species. The eggs are laid in the human body, but, unless they are voided, do not germinate. The sanitary arrangements—or lack of arrangements—prevalent in the mines afford the best possible germinating ground for the eggs, 100 of which occupy no more space than a pin's head. The larvæ are carried about on boots or any other mud-bearing body, and those find their way everywhere. Miners' work makes it impossible to avoid handling earth and mud, so that many larvæ find their way from hands to face and mouth and stomach. Some men have as many as 300 to 400 worms, which suck the blood and poison the system.

The "Deutsche Revue" contains several interesting articles. Sir Hiram Maxim writes upon that favourite topic of his, "Our Injustice Towards China." He says that the sending of missionaries to China cannot be justified either by reason or ethics. He points out the superior and more ancient civilisation of the Chinese, their happier family life. China has never attacked a Christian nation, she has always tried to be entirely independent of the rest of the world. Sir Hiram's conclusion, however, detracts considerably from the value of the article. He says: "In my opinion the mission propaganda is simply the discharge of a misdirected and wrongly-placed effort. If we have a class of men amongst us which we cannot make useful at home or abroad, and if we must spend money in sending these people as missionaries, it would be better to send them to Greece, Italy, Spain, and Portugal to plant and tend trees in unfruitful hills of these countries, by which effort mankind would be greatly benefited, instead of sending them to old, highly-civilised nations, like China, in order to unfold a harmful propaganda, which, even if successful, would benefit no one in the least. To coin a motto: 'It is more blessed to plant one tree than to save a thousand souls.'"

The "Deutsche Rundschau" contains, amongst others, articles by E. Fitger on the Anglo-Russian rivalry in Persia, by Marie von Bunsen on widow burning in India, and by Carl Krebs on Clara Schumann. Richard Ehrenberg concludes his paper on the Parish House in Hamburg in the series devoted to the description of the rise and significance of great businesses.

The Italian Reviews.

The "Civiltà Cattolica" (June 6) takes advantage of the recent visits of King Edward and the German Emperor to the Vatican—visits which it hails with the highest satisfaction—to publish one of its periodical articles in favour of the Temporal Power, but without bringing forward any fresh argument. The "Nuova Antologia" (May 16), on the other hand—and English readers are more likely to be in accord with this view—points out how the visits demonstrate once again the entire independence of the Holy See in the exercise of all its spiritual functions. But while it rejoices unreservedly over the visit of Edward VII., it voices a certain discontent felt in Rome at the unexpected splendour with which the German Emperor was pleased to invest his visit to the Vatican, making it appear as though this, and not his visit to the Quirinal, was the main reason for his presence in Rome.

The same number of the "Civiltà" contains an exceedingly interesting account of the great "Dictionary of the Bible," on which the Abbe Vigouroux—now one of the secretaries of the new Biblical Commission in Rome—set to work over a dozen years ago, and of which he has already superintended the publication

of twenty-two out of the thirty-five parts. Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, supplies the introduction, the illustrations are numerous, and the work in every sense up-to-date. A series of articles aims at showing how the Popes have invariably done their utmost to suppress slavery; another series discusses the Christianisation of China in the eighth century, as proved from certain ancient Chinese inscriptions.

English subjects receive even more than their usual share of attention in the "Nuova Antologia" this month. Professor C. Segre bases an article on Addison and Bolingbroke on the volumes dealing respectively with these authors by W. J. Courthope and Walter Sichel, and the editor himself. Maggiorino Ferraris deals exhaustively with State-aided agriculture in Australia, and its possible effects on Italian commerce, quoting largely from W. P. Reeves' recent volumes on "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand." A summary is also given of a recent article in the "Bibliothèque Universelle" of Lausanne on the interesting problem started by Dr. Engel, of Berlin, whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. The probabilities seem all in favour of such a visit, which, however, would seem to have been restricted to the Northern provinces, as Shakespeare never introduces either Rome, Naples, or Florence.

In the "Rassegna Nazionale" (June 1), Dr. Willoughby Wade discusses the frequent recurrence to the knife in Italian quarrels, and suggests that no one should be allowed to carry a knife with a blade more than four centimetres in length when sharpened at the point. With such a restriction the wounds inflicted would scarcely ever prove fatal.

The Dutch Magazines.

"Elsevier" opens with an interesting sketch of the late Nicolaas Beets, preacher and litterateur, with illustrations of events in his career. Beets earned popularity and celebrity (not always the same thing) unconsciously: he did not seek it, but had greatness thrust upon him, and this article—only one of the many which have appeared—will be eagerly read by Dutchmen. There is no art study in this issue of "Elsevier," which is exceptional, but we have a popular

scientific study on Ice Floes. One often finds in the Dutch magazines certain notions which strike a British reader as odd; for instance, the idea of an article on ice in the June number is queer from our point of view. British editors would reserve such a contribution for December, except in the case of the comic journal which issues a Christmas number in June. In another Dutch magazine for this month is a poem on an autumn evening. This appears to be a trifle previous; nevertheless, the article on ice is good reading, and these remarks are not to be regarded as depreciatory of its quality. The struggle for existence, says the writer, affects not only living creatures, but also the dumb world of ice plains and floes; and he tells us how this principle works in connection with these reasonless and ungainly masses. The idea is a fanciful one, but novel and attractive; it amuses us to imagine that these blocks of ice adapt themselves to their surroundings! The notion that a block of ice rounds off its corners and does other things, presumably with full consciousness, is entertaining. It suggests a new sort of fairy story for the Christmas issue!

In "Onze Eeuw," Dr. Chantepie de la Saussaye has a powerful essay on the latter-day tendency to make a religion of almost everything; he quotes the famous remark of Brunetiere on this subject, and shows us how this mental seeking after ideals, after something to worship, is likely to affect the human race. Will it finally bring everyone to the belief in, and the worship of, an Almighty Power? is the kind of question which the thoughtful person will ask himself; it is highly probable. If we make a religion of human suffering (as Brunetiere hints), then we are getting well on the road! The question of State-controlled railways is often touched upon by long-suffering travellers and others, and opinions vary (naturally!) on the advisability of handing over the railways to the Government. In the number under review there is an article on this subject, and the author arrives at the conclusion that State exploitation is not desirable. He believes that the balance of argument is against it, and mentions the Dutch strike in support of the contention. An essay on the political eloquence of Demosthenes contributes to the make-up of a good number of this excellent review.

Do Plants and Animals Think?

This is the question raised in "Harper's" by Mr. N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology at Harvard. His theme is "Plant and Animal Intelligence." He reports that "naturalists are tending towards the idea that there is some form of intelligence resident in all organic forms, not only in those of the animals, but also in the lowlier plants." The automaton hypothesis is giving way before the evidence in favour of intelligent action. He says: "That a chimpanzee thinks, whether he thinks that he does so or not, rests upon as good evidence as that which affirms the existence of chemical laws in the processes of the sun." Following the series of species downward through the vertebrates in pursuit of a point where intelligence gives place to automatism, the investigator finds no such point. Even in the protozoa there are actions such as motion, feeding, choice of stations, etc., in no way essentially different

from like actions in the higher vertebrates. The writer concludes, "Seeing that there is reason to conclude that plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say that intelligence cannot exist among them. In fact, all that we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work." It may be remembered that a professor of psychology in one of the English universities argued that the trend of recent scientific opinion was towards regarding Nature as a realm of social sentience. Ancient animism seems to be returning, only on a higher form and on a surer basis.

Admirers of Ellen Terry will be interested in Mr. Sidney Dark's paper, "Concerning Ellen Terry," in the July number of "Cassell's Magazine."

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY "AUSTRALIAN."

Prospects.

There has been no set back in the crop prospects of Australia since we last wrote, and everything still points to a bumper harvest. A very treacherous period of eight to ten weeks has yet to be passed through before the harvest can be considered assured, but the crops have had such a splendid start, and are now so well grown, that even with a long spell of drought an exportable surplus is assured. With a good rain at the end of this month, and a fairly moist September, it is possible for Australia to produce a far larger quantity of grain than ever before in her history. Notwithstanding several successive bad years, farmers have hopefully maintained cultivation, and the area sown with grain this season is stated to be about equal to that sown in 1902-03, when a big effort was made to secure a "recovery." With really good weather from now until harvest time, anything between 50 and 70 million bushels of wheat may be produced in the Commonwealth, against 12,000,000 bushels last year, and 45,000,000 bushels, the best previous return. If the weather be only moderate and the crops get a set back, between 30 and 50 millions would more likely be the outturn. We trust that the general anticipations of the higher figures by agriculturists will be realised.

In South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales, agriculture finds its largest support. Given a really good spring and large yields of grain, we should rapidly see improvement in the commercial position throughout the Commonwealth, but more particularly in these three States. Queensland reports very hopefully, and has sown a far larger area with grain this year than last. West Australia's agriculture so far has not had to contend either with droughts or low prices, while in Tasmania and New Zealand producers are very prosperous.

The wool exports of the Commonwealth for the first month of the new season showed a considerable advance over the shipments for July, 1902. This was probably due to old wool being held back for higher prices. All experts agree that Australia cannot look for any advance of extent in her wool clip during the now current season, though with fair weather the following year should see considerable improvement. In the case of Victoria, the clip will probably be heavier, and in New South Wales and Queensland the wool will be better grown, and for that reason more valuable, but the quantity produced on the whole will probably be slightly less than last season, or perhaps just about equal. Higher values will increase the returns to pastoralists.

A rather interesting movement is noticed in New South Wales and Queensland. A good few large stations are changing hands, and to prevent ruin in the case of another prolonged drought the purchasers are forming small limited companies to work each station. The system is a safe one for the station owner, but of course while it limits his loss it also limits his credit, and, to some extent, will cause greater caution to be exercised by lending institutions. At the same time, the system is thoroughly sound, and could be very profitably extended.

The gold yield of the States is increasing, and, in addition, flocks and herds are slowly but surely recovering from the low points touched at the end of 1902. In these circumstances, there is every reason to expect that commerce in the Commonwealth will show considerable expansion and improvement during

the closing month of this year and the opening of 1904. We do not look for any early revival. We pointed out that that was almost an impossibility, as far back as January last, in reviewing the position, but, at the same time, there are signs of a revival, and it will probably be more extensive, and come more quickly, than many critics, particularly in London, suggest.

Gold Production and Exports.

The gold production of the States is rapidly expanding. The best of the advance is credited to Western Australia, but Victoria, Queensland, and South Australia also show improvement. The figures available for the first seven months of the year are appended.

	1902.	1903.
Western Australia (fine oz.)	1,048,293	1,215,552
Victoria (fine oz.)	392,609	423,973
Queensland (fine oz.)	335,507	377,140
New South Wales (fine oz.)	143,538	139,825
Tasmania (crude oz.)	28,696	20,644
New Zealand (crude oz.)	255,852	286,141

The increase in the Australasian gold production to date is estimated to be equal to £1,100,000.

Large as the advance in the gold production has been, the exports of coin and bullion are far greater. Owing to the failure of local grain production, and

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the consequent necessity for importing breadstuffs largely, the trade balance has been much against Australia. Difficulty in effecting loans in London has also materially reduced our credits on the other side, and as a consequence Australia is being freely drawn on for coin. The exports to date compare thus:

To date, 1903	£11,250,000
To date, 1902	7,350,000

Increase £3,900,000

At the present rate, exports for the year will total somewhere about £17,250,000, which will mean the entire production of Australasia and a small proportion of our large stocks. The movement is not a very unfavourable one, when the circumstances are fully considered.

A Victorian Brewing Combine.

Apart from debentures, there is somewhere about £600,000 invested by shareholders in brewing in Victoria, upon which the losses have been very large for some time past, owing to the severity of the competition among the various concerns. This competition has reduced prices for the finished article greatly, and this has been all the more unprofitable as it has taken place at a time when the cost of materials was steadily rising. It is now proposed to form a selling association, to enable standard prices to be fixed and a fair profit to be obtained by shareholders. All the leading breweries have come into line, and have formed an association for this purpose. A scheme is to be submitted at an early date. The magnitude of the Victorian brewing trade may be gathered from the following figures, which are taken from the latest official sources:

	Gallons brewed.	Hops used. lbs.	Malt used. bushels.	Sugar used. tons.
1899 ..	15,326,289	676,386	594,601	5,487
1900 ..	16,162,550	648,418	597,882	5,590
1901 ..	16,663,068	649,812	608,148	5,680
1902 ..	17,162,680	677,262	625,441	5,762

The association of brewers will probably arrive at definite selling prices in September. In the meantime we note improvement in some brewery stocks on 'Change, and inquiries for others which have been neglected for a long time past.

Bank Stocks.

A very healthy demand exists in this and adjoining States for bank shares, and substantial rises have occurred in the stock of the larger institutions, and also in "reconstructs," which are making very steady progress. We pointed out the opportunities of the market some time back, when prices were low and the demand trifling. Particularly good advances have been made by Colonial preference and ordinary, Commercial preference, Victoria and National ordinary, and in Bank of Australasia, Union Bank of Australia, Bank of New South Wales, and Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney there have been further upward movements following last month's rise. The published accounts of the banks indicate that, notwithstanding the drought, income and note taxes, and a few other imposts our governments are wont to impose on private concerns, the banks are doing well, and the upward movement in stocks is in every way justified. There is no truer gauge of the soundness of a country than the prosperity of its financial institutions.

The Union Bank of Australia Ltd.

This well-managed institution marks the worst drought year in Australia by the largest profits ever earned! The net profits for the six months ended February last were £113,649, and, with the balance brought forward, there was £133,793 available. From this sum £4,000 was taken to swell the bank's guarantee and provident funds; £50,000 was applied to writing off the remaining £50,000 from the contingency account, and adding

it to reserve, and from the balance a dividend of 8 per cent. was paid to shareholders, and £19,793 carried forward. The growth of the Union's business may be gathered from the following figures:

	Feb., 1900.	Feb., 1901.	Feb., 1902.	Feb., 1903.
Capital...	£1,500,000.	£1,500,000.	£1,500,000.	£1,500,000.
Reserve...	750,000.	850,000.	900,000.	1,000,000.
Contingency acct.	250,000.	150,000.	100,000.	—
Notes...	489,083.	483,731.	473,766.	497,589
Deposits...	15,793,602.	15,249,039.	15,418,748.	15,949,227
Bills payable	2,307,642.	1,929,241.	1,170,565.	1,966,032

Special bullion and cash at call	3,923,499.	3,200,478.	3,559,941.	4,446,523
Investments	1,145,746.	1,466,069.	1,493,440.	1,458,239
Bills and advances...	15,412,707.	14,874,519.	14,498,977.	14,371,228
Colonial premises	601,603.	601,011.	593,744.	589,020
London lease	129,134.	128,670.	128,188.	127,690
Gross profits...	203,459.	203,130.	217,785.	238,513
Net profits...	92,002.	86,628.	96,714.	113,643
Dividend...	7 ..	8 ..	8 ..	8

The bank has a reserve fund of £1,000,000, invested entirely in British Government securities, and specially earmarked for reserve purposes, being under the control of special trustees. This is probably the best reserve among Australian banks. It is true it is not the largest, but it is the only reserve entirely invested apart from the business of the bank, and therefore truly represents the amount which is available in times of trouble. The Union has been markedly successful of late years, and its shareholders will probably reap substantial advantages in the shape of increased dividends in the near future.

The Victorian Conversion Loan.

Matters are still much mixed in connection with this operation. The Treasury official should be in London by this time, and probably some definite announcement will be made before long. London advices received from private but authoritative sources state that the dealers in Australian stocks favour strongly a 3½ per cent. inscribed stocks issue, for twenty to twenty-five years, carrying a good sinking fund, and issued at about £97 to £98 with the usual underwriting allowances. The amount of the loan falling due is £5,000,000 at 4½ per cent., and against this the Government has £234,000 coming in from the Board of Works. This cash would doubtless be sufficient to pay off any discount it is found necessary to allow. The fact that the Government would not make a saving of 1 per cent. net on the interest at present paid will, we assume, prevent any large sinking fund being created, but we trust the new Treasurer will see his way clear to appoint shortly London trustees for the investment and control of a proper sinking fund, to be commenced on the 1st of January next. A regrettable tendency was shown by the ex-Treasurer, Mr. Shiels, to dip freely into sinking funds, or suspend their working or cancel them altogether, or, again, borrow in a form which did not require a sinking fund. Such financing lowered our credit rapidly. Mr. Irvine has now an opportunity of improving the credit of the State by adopting a straightforward debt-redemption policy by means of a sinking fund. The time has passed when tiddlywinking with the finances was overlooked by our London creditors. The position has to be faced without demur, and a strong attempt made to lighten the burden of indebtedness which the States are now bearing must eventually greatly improve our credit.

Queensland's Borrowing Attempt.

Queensland offered £750,000 at 96, less the usual expenses for underwriting, etc., in London, and obtained public offers for £250,000. The net proceeds of the issue could scarcely have been more than £93 per cent. The result was exceedingly unsatisfactory, and illustrates the position the London market has adopted to

Australian borrowers. This loan compared with Queensland's previous issues thus:

	Interest.	Amount.	Gross receipts.
	p.c.		
1894	3½ ..	£1,250,000	£102 0 6
1897	3 ..	1,500,000	97 1 5
1900	3 ..	1,400,000	94 0 0
1901	3 ..	1,374,213	91 10 0
1903	3½ ..	750,000	96 0 0

*Underwritten—fixed price.

The Queensland Treasurer can only congratulate himself if he be not forced to apply to the London market for some years to come. States with debts of about £77 per capita are not likely to be able to borrow with any freedom for a very long time, even if the debt is represented largely by profitable assets.

New South Wales Finances.

There are rumours concerning the position of the New South Wales finances which suggest that, ere long, a local loan of at least £500,000 will be raised on behalf of the mother State. The loan fund is in a bad way, large works are in hand, and the money to carry them on to completion cannot be borrowed, at least for the time being, in London. The financial outlook for the Government in New South Wales is bad. Money has been squandered recklessly in all directions, and now that the supply of loan funds has suddenly stopped, the Treasurer is hard pressed for funds. A local loan at 4 per cent. will probably be the outcome. New Zealand continues to borrow on 4 per cent. debentures for five years, interest payable throughout these States. Fair sales have been made during the past month. New South Wales may adopt similar means of raising much-needed funds.

A Big Irrigation Scheme.

Many rumours are current regarding irrigation proposals to the Victorian Government; but, so far, the few press notices have been vague, while the "man in the street" is really ignorant. We understand that representatives of London capitalists have made an offer to the Governments of Victoria and New South Wales to carry out large irrigation schemes, to give an irrigable area of 2,000,000 acres in Victoria, and 4,000,000 acres (at least) in the Riverina. The great drawback to a Government policy at the moment is the difficulty of finding the money. Nothing but a piecemeal system can be carried out while funds are so difficult to obtain, and a piecemeal system is of little use. Victoria and New South Wales require a scheme big enough to protect their vast area of excellent agricultural land from drought, to thereby largely increase production and retain and increase population. But it must be done quickly. There must be no delay. No squabbling over water rights and the like. British capitalists are offering to carry out the works and alternative schemes are proposed:

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(1) The Governments may have the works carried out to their own orders, plans, etc., the syndicate finding all capital, and being repaid by annual instalments. The works to be entirely controlled by the Governments.

(2) The works to remain under the control of the capitalists for a stated term.

The second proposal does not recommend itself; but the first offers New South Wales and Victoria a glorious opportunity of greatly increasing their production and the prosperity of the country population.

Victorian Factories, 1902.

The official factory statistics for 1902 have been issued, and, mainly owing to improved methods of collecting the returns, a much better showing is made. The chief figures are appended:

Dec. 31.	Number of Factories.	Average No. Employees.		Approximate Value of			
		Males.	Females.	Machinery and Plant.	Lands.	Buildings, etc.	
1898 ..	2,869 ..	40,631 ..	11,147 ..	£4,500,727 ..	£2,968,331 ..	£4,408,227 ..	
1899 ..	3,027 ..	44,041 ..	16,029 ..	4,632,629 ..	2,867,413 ..	4,471,693 ..	
1900 ..	3,097 ..	45,794 ..	18,413 ..	4,710,834 ..	2,591,653 ..	4,592,462 ..	
1901 ..	3,249 ..	47,059 ..	19,470 ..	4,847,130 ..	2,711,990 ..	4,739,384 ..	
1902 ..	4,003 ..	49,658 ..	23,405 ..	5,082,023 ..	3,045,291 ..	5,125,962 ..	

These figures do not include stone quarries, which, last year, employed 567 hands, produced 323,485 cubic yards bluestone, 3,964 cubic yards sandstone, etc., and 3,099 cubic yards of granite. The value of the stone raised was £53,395, and the value of land, plant, and buildings, £39,314. The total value of machinery plant, land, buildings employed (including stone quarries) was £13,292,590, while the number of hands was 73,063. The greatly improved prospects, if followed by larger production and consequent active trade, should benefit Victorian factories greatly, but we do not expect the figures for 1903 to show much, if any, expansion.

The National Bank of New Zealand.

The accounts of this successful institution submitted to shareholders in London early in July were again satisfactory. The available profits were £62,761, after applying £5,000 in reduction of premises, and adding

£6,500 to the officers' pension fund. Interim and final dividends were at the rate of 10 per cent., and absorbed £25,000. The sum of £30,000 was added to reserve (raising it to £180,000), and £7,761 carried forward. The deposits had increased to £2,833,524. The only competition this bank has to fear is from the establishment of a State institution. Mr. Seddon, not content with running butchers' shops, is intent on a State bank.

Elder, Smith and Co. Ltd.

This company is making great headway. We compare its last three balance sheets (June 30) in the annexed table:

	1901.	1902.	1903.
Capital paid.....	£190,000 ..	£190,000 ..	£190,000 ..
Reserve fund.....	— ..	— ..	10,000 ..
Deposits and other accounts	554,426 ..	565,851 ..	623,777 ..
Bills payable.....	15,562 ..	30,715 ..	13,819 ..
Premises, property, etc.	54,136 ..	47,942 ..	44,986 ..
Bills and advances on shipments	127,895 ..	77,672 ..	94,096 ..
Other advances and goods ..	489,585 ..	550,515 ..	574,034 ..
Govt. stocks, cash, etc.	170,435 ..	207,558 ..	199,749 ..
Net profit	25,283 ..	28,077 ..	29,965 ..

The net profits are the best ever recorded. The sum of £10,000 was placed to reserve, £5,000 written off premises account and dividend and bonus of 9 per cent. absorbed £11,400. The company is building large premises at Port Adelaide, at a cost of £8,000. As an indication of good management we cite the fact that property, plant, goodwill, etc., which originally cost the company £125,845, has been written down, out of profits, to £44,986. The company is prospering greatly.

Tobacco Topics.

Two opposing forces are drawing together in the Australian tobacco trade. The American Tobacco Company became somewhat aggressive in its attitude to Australia, as displayed in its offshoot (The British and American Tobacco Co.), and as a result The British Australasian Tobacco Co. was formed here with an amalgamation of the business of the Dixon Tobacco Co. and Wm. Cameron Bros. & Co. Pty. Ltd., to act on the defensive. The British-American Co. has acquired T. C. Williams' Virginian factories, and has also a lease of the Dunlop factories at Pittsburg, control being thus secured of the leading imported tobaccos that come to Australia. There is, it is stated, every probability of Williams' well-known brands being manufactured here shortly by the American company, and it is just possible that the two companies will fight for supremacy. But the ultimate result looks as if it may be a tobacco trust in the Commonwealth.

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Insurance News and Notes.

The life assurance companies in the United States paid nearly 9,000,000 dollars in taxes in 1902.



Perhaps the best test of the confidence imposed by the public in a life assurance company is the percentage of assurances in force at any given time, compared with the total amount assured since the inception of the company. A table of the 1902 figures of companies operating in Australia has recently been issued from a very reliable source, and it is found, from a perusal of it, that the Citizens' Life Assurance Company is in this respect ahead of all other companies doing business in Australia. Of the total amount insured by it, it had 53.4 per cent. in force, the next being the Australian Mutual Provident Society, with 53.2. Then comes the New York Life, with 42.6,

and other companies follow in fairly progressive order. The table pays a high compliment to the skilful management of the Citizens' Life.



An old-established British fire and life assurance company, the Law, Union, and Crown, has extended its operations to Australia. Messrs. Gibbs, Bright & Co. have been appointed agents for Victoria and Tasmania for the company. Its operations in these States will be confined to fire business only. Its fire premium income for 1902 amounted to £200,000 nearly, and fire funds to about £300,000.



An experiment has been made in Brussels in order to ascertain the efficacy of wireless telegraphic fire alarms. Several of these have been introduced in the city.



Mr. C. Carlisle Taylor, general manager in Australia of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, has left Australia on a trip to England and America, and will return through Canada and via Honolulu and Auckland about the end of the year.



The New Zealand Government, still unabashed at its numerous unsuccessful attempts to introduce State fire insurance, has reintroduced a bill for that purpose in the New Zealand Parliament. The compulsory clauses of the last measure are not included in this Bill.



The "Insurance Press," of New York, states that a contract has been entered into between underwriters at Lloyds, London, and a Chicago house, by which Lloyds agree to write \$15,000 on any risk in the United States where an English or a large American company has a line of \$7,500 or more. The contract is the second of its kind within a few weeks.—"Post Magazine."



It is reported that, by a recent enactment of Japan, foreign fire and marine insurance companies are required to deposit £10,000 with the Government before commencing business in that country.



A story has reached the State Department at Washington of a novel use to which a life insurance policy was recently put by an American travelling in Russia. The citizen in question had neglected to provide himself with a passport, and when he arrived at the borders of the Czar's domains he was held up by an official, with a demand for his passport. For an in-

stant the American was stumped, but he quickly rose to the emergency. Diving into his inside pocket, he pulled out his life insurance policy and handed it to the Russian. The latter gravely looked the paper over, carefully scrutinising the imposing-looking seal and the array of signatures. With a satisfied air he handed back the paper, and the American passed on.—"Policyholder" (London).



The Australian Mutual Provident Society has decided to erect new office premises on the site of its present offices at the corner of Collins and William Streets, Melbourne. It is found that the present accommodation is insufficient for the needs of its staff. Competitive designs will be called for from leading architects throughout Australia, and substantial premiums are offered for the three best designs. During the rebuilding, the society will occupy temporary offices almost opposite, in Collins Street.



A large gathering, representative of the insurance companies, financial institutions, and mercantile houses, met at the new offices of the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society, in Queen Street Melbourne, on July 31, to celebrate the opening of the new premises just built by the Society. The building is a handsome one of two stories and basement, and is elaborately fitted. The Society occupies the whole of the ground floor and basement.



Mr. J. G. Mickleburgh, one of the sub-managers of the Royal Insurance Co. at Melbourne, has retired, owing to ill-health.



The total amount of life insurance policies in the United States in 1850 was something under £14,000,000 sterling. In 1860 it was £36,000,000 sterling; in 1870, £450,000,000. For some mysterious reason the business then fell off, until in 1880 it was only £300,000,000 sterling. In 1890 it had risen to £720,000,000 sterling, and now it is something like £1,500,000,000 sterling. These are large figures. Ordinary British policies figure out at £700,000,000, and industrial policies to over £207,000,000. Our American cousins take to life assurance like ducks to water.—"Policyholder."



Apropos of the numerous walking competitions now taking place, why not an "Insurance Walk"? Among the officers of the many companies in Melbourne such a competition would evoke the keenest interest, and would produce a capital contest.

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It is stated that one of the British fire offices (a young company) has insured the life of its general manager for £10,000, for the benefit of the company. The company evidently considers the cessation of its manager's services would result in pecuniary loss to it, and we presume it looks thereto for an insurable interest in his life.

✱

The actuary of the New Zealand Government Insurance Department reports that the Police Provident Fund shows a deficiency of nearly £189,000.

✱

A correspondent of the London "Post Magazine" has taken the figures for 1902 of a leading British fire and life insurance company, and finds that, with a working day of eight hours, the company received, for every second of time, the sum of 5s. 3d. in premiums, while its losses were 2s. 9d.; commission paid, 9d.; expenses of management, 12½d.; and profits, 8½d. per second.

✱

A serious collision occurred in Sydney Harbour on July 31 between Messrs. Archibald Currie & Co.'s steamer "Argus" and the A.U.S.N. Co.'s "Mildura." The "Argus" was outward bound for Java, and the "Mildura" inward bound from Brisbane. The collision was very severe, and the "Argus" had a great gap cut in her side, through which immense volumes of water poured. Her captain, to prevent her sinking in deep water, ran her ashore on Goat Island, and her passengers were got off without mishap. Her cargo included a number of valuable horses purchased by the Sultan of Johore, who was a passenger by the vessel. The vessel was patched up and refloated and docked. She was insured for £20,000. The "Mildura" struck bow on, and escaped with slight damage.

Sonnets to My Mother.

One dawn she woke me when the darkness lay
Faint on the summer fields, and all the air
Was like a question, and the green was grey
With dew distilled of silver essence where
The wild night-people wrought. She said, "Dear one,
This is our holiday,"—and forth we went
To find new kindred, new bequests of sun,
New glories for the spirit's nourishment.

Oh, it was long ago,—so long ago!
The dead years lie upon her grave like flowers;
The sorcery and alchemy of hours
Have made me someone whom she does not know.
I am become the nurse of days that were,
The mother of the memory of her.

I heard her weeping in the night. Her sobs
Came pulsing and went out as if her heart
Were beating breath, not blood. As silence throbs
With pain, so throbbed the sound. And yet apart
I lay as if asleep,—sick for the peace
Of other nights whose coming did but seem
The kiss with which we sealed the day's release
And watched the window change to door of dream.

I cannot tell what things bring penitence
To other hearts. I know not if regret
For all the ancient sins of soul and sense
Be holier than a longing to forget
The little wrongs. But oh, if I could say,
"That night I kissed my mother's tears away!"

—Zona Gale, in July "Success."

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